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ART. I.—1. *Travels in the Morea.* By William Martin Leake, Esq., F.R.S. 3 vols. 8vo. plates. London: J. Murray. 1830.

2. *Narrative of a Tour through some parts of the Turkish Empire.* By John Fuller, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 560. With map. London: J. Murray. 1830.

THE title of the first of these works is a misnomer, which the modesty of Colonel Leake has supplied, out of that amiable spirit of injustice with which merit is ever prone to estimate itself. These 'Travels,' in the Morea, instead of answering the too generally light and unsubstantial character of that description of writing, will be found to be in effect a most elaborate and important topography, ancient and modern, of the once renowned, and now doubly interesting peninsula, the Peleponnessus. Those who have had the satisfaction of perusing this gentleman's work on Athens, and have had the still greater good fortune of reading his Dissertation on the Demi of Attica, published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, will be prepared to expect, in any subsequent production of his, the display of vast erudition, of great industry well and aptly applied, immense perseverance in enquiry, as well as ingenuity in speculation where opportunity is given for doubt, and above all a degree of precision in his geographical computations, such as must establish a confidence in the mind of every reader, in behalf of this author. These expectations the most fastidious will find realised in the volumes before us. In a Journal such as ours, devoted to branches of literature of a more popular character than those connected with antiquarian topography, it would be, perhaps, out of place, to descend into the details of the 'Travels in the Morea,' particularly as they extend to almost innumerable places within that peninsula. There is, besides, in this work, very little indeed of any of that sort of matter which illustrates characters and manners,

and which, at the present juncture, when the fate of the inhabitants of the Morea demands such a large share of public attention, would naturally be a principal subject of curiosity. Again, the date of those travels is so far back as twenty-five years ago, since which the condition of Greece, even independently of the various vicissitudes which she has actually experienced, would undergo a very considerable alteration. Far then from regretting that Colonel Leake has not aimed at making his book more decidedly popular, by such national and personal notices as we have alluded to, we think it a proof of his uncommon good sense, that he has abstained, after a silence of a quarter of a century, from giving them. With obvious propriety he has adhered to those subjects that are of enduring interest, and which, though they are liable to change, still are less so than any others which he could have chosen. The votaries of ancient geography then, and particularly that enlarged number of our countrymen, who, from the remembrance of their academic days, have never ceased to look upon Greece with a sort of filial delight, we congratulate on the production of a work, which, in our deliberate opinion, leaves nothing whatever to be supplied, for the complete topographical illustration of the Morea. What a magnificent treasure would it prove to the common literature of the civilized world, if the remainder of the classical countries were elucidated in the same way. Asia, and even Italy, to say nothing of northern Greece itself, open an immense field for the ambition of such rarely gifted men as Colonel Leake.

Of a totally different character is the volume which stands second at the head of this paper, and which may be said to comprise the merry history of a merry ramble through some parts of Turkey, undertaken by a gentleman having no more important object (if such an object be not important,) than the gratification of his own curiosity. But Mr. Fuller is not only a gentleman, as is evidenced by every page of his book, that character being as little susceptible of disguise as we know its opposite to be; but he is one that has raised himself far above that class, to whom in common parlance we cede this distinction, by a variety of very remarkable qualifications. Amongst the chief of these, as more germain to the present subject, we are happy to bear testimony to a spirit of universal indulgence, respecting men and manners, which, after all, if good feeling does not create it in the mind of a tourist, common sense will tell him is one of the best travelling companions he can have. And here, let us not forget to do justice to the general body of our more recent travellers on the continent. When the peace of 1814 gave emancipation to the very considerable sect of locomotives, that theretofore had pined so long in captivity, in their native Britain, nothing could equal the exhibition of national arrogance, with which every thing foreign was treated by these representatives of our country. The Englishman abroad acted as if nature had adopted the principle of primogeniture, and as if his community was the heir tail to every

thing, real or personal, that she possessed. Every tome of travels that issued from the press, was a diatribe against some part of the continent: and we firmly believe, that it was only in consequence of the lack of terms of abuse, and for the purpose of getting up some sort of variety, that English travellers began at last to discover something worthy of their attention and respect, amongst the nations of Europe. The wine of France then was acknowledged to be pulling up a little beyond the rival pretensions of sour beer,—the Parisians left off devouring frogs, at least before strangers, and we were brought fairly to the conclusion, that the people of France, and even of Italy which was farther off, were a tolerable set of beings, for foreigners. Our condescension increased with our experience of continental nations, and now we may be said, in our intercourse with them, to observe a most exemplary degree of politeness and good nature. In a word, with respect to travelling, as well as to every thing else, in the long run, British good sense has prevailed over and put down those errors of prejudice and weakness, which too often attend upon this people, in any new path upon which it enters. As a very eligible specimen then of this new and improved school of travellers, we have great pleasure in introducing Mr. Fuller to the acquaintance of the public. The Morea, some of the neighbouring isles, and Constantinople, which were the first places that this gentleman visited, have been so recently and so amply described by various tourists, as to leave little chance to a mere cursory observer, of his being able to discover any great novelty in them. We shall therefore pass over this part of the book, and proceed at once with our traveller to the interesting coast of Egypt, where he arrived in January, 1819. In walking through the streets of Alexandria, he was struck with the unfavourable contrast which it exhibited with what he had witnessed in Greece, Asia Minor, and Constantinople, and which was such, he observes, as to fill his mind with melancholy anticipations as to his journey in the rest of Egypt. Our author having quitted Alexandria with no very sanguine hopes of a pleasant excursion, made a voyage up the Nile to Cairo. This celebrated river is navigated by three sorts of vessels: the Germs are used for traffic alone, the Cangia is used exclusively as a passage boat, and an intermediate description, taking goods and passengers, is called the Mahash. The passage up the Nile furnished some interesting peculiarities:—

'The groups of women going to fetch water form a striking feature in the scenery of the Nile. Thirty or forty of them are frequently seen walking in single file, and at regular distances to and from the river, each with a jar on her head and another on the palm of her hand. From the necessity of preserving their balance in this mode of carrying burdens, to which they are from their childhood habituated, these Egyptian peasants acquire a firmness and grace of step which we scarcely see excelled in the saloons of polished cities. Their erect attitude, simple drapery, and slim figures increased in apparent height by the pitchers on their heads,

give them at a distance a very classical appearance, but if you approach the Naiads, you find them pale, dingy, and emaciated. This opportunity, however, very seldom occurs: for whenever a turn in the river or any accidental circumstance brings you suddenly upon them, they muffle up their faces in their dress, and retreat as hastily as possible.'—p. 138.

The beautiful appearance of nature in the Delta, at the season when Mr. Fuller saw it, was strangely opposed by the squalid appearance of the inhabitants, whom he describes as living in cottages built entirely of mud, and being, men, women, and children, universally in rags. In fact, the slaves throughout the Turkish dominions, are infinitely better off than the peasantry, and there can be no question but that it would be a heavy visitation on the lower orders of that empire, if the principles of a Wilberforce should ever prevail there. However beautiful the extinction of slavery would look in theory, the Turkish people would soon acknowledge that in practice it was an evil. However, let it be understood that the sort of slavery which exists in Turkey, is of a very different nature from that which in this country we are wont with so much justice to execrate, and that the continuance of it there is only desirable, because of this great difference in its favour. The Turkish slaves are domestic servants, and are treated very often with that kindness which families are accustomed to bestow on old dependents. Besides, in most provinces of that empire, the Mahomedans only are allowed to retain slaves. Egypt is one of the exceptions,—here all classes purchase and keep slaves, and as the Khans, or slave markets, are necessarily open to all persons indiscriminately, our author had an opportunity of inspecting that at Cairo.

'We visited it one morning, and its appearance did not certainly confirm those ideas of misery and unhappiness which we are in the habit of attaching to such a scene. It was now the season when fresh caravans were daily expected; but few slaves therefore remained unsold, and of the numerous cells which open into the courts and corridors of the khan, not more than five or six were occupied. To one of these our attention was attracted by some loud shouts of laughter; and on approaching we found there about half a dozen girls all black as ink, the eldest probably about twelve or thirteen years old, which in these countries is the age of womanhood. They all seemed in the height of merriment; and when we presented ourselves at the door of their apartment, one of the eldest, who had a lively smiling face and the whitest teeth imaginable, advanced towards us, arranging her very scanty drapery with the utmost coquetry, so as to show off to the best advantage a very pretty little figure. She offered us her hand, desired the interpreter to say how happy she should be to belong to either of us, and seemed much disappointed when she heard that we were not purchasers, and that curiosity alone was the motive of our visit. Her price we were told was about twenty-five pounds. In another cell we were shown two Abyssinian girls, who being of a lighter colour were considered of much greater value; but they were awkward squat figures, and their countenances were sulky and inanimate, without any of the lively expression of their black companions. It is observed, indeed, that of all

the slaves brought to Cairo, the Abyssinians alone seem to be melancholy, and to regret their native country; they have a great sensibility of disposition, and almost all of them sooner or later fall victims to the *maladie du pays.*'—pp. 153, 154.

Mr. Fuller adds nothing of interest respecting the pyramids, which of course he visited, and continuing his voyage up the Nile, he had an opportunity, on the 10th of February, of witnessing the true Egyptian sirocco.

'The air became dark and murky, as if from the effect of an eclipse, or rather perhaps of a thick London fog. The atmosphere was loaded with clouds of sand of so fine and penetrating a quality, that almost in an instant, our tables, our books, and our clothes, were covered with it; while the wind, hot as the breath of a furnace, produced a parched and clammy feeling on the skin, and a feverishness throughout the whole frame, which can hardly be conceived by those who have not felt it. The slightest clothing seemed a burden, and the only refreshment we could find was from continual bathing in the river.'—p. 165.

Our author was induced to assume the Oriental dress at Antinoe. It is a question with him, how far this costume may be necessary in the countries of the Levant. We should think, that anywhere singularity of dress must be a source of much embarrassment—and in the case of a stranger amongst a prejudiced and ignorant people, we should imagine a similitude in this particular to be absolutely indispensible. The objections of Mr. Fuller to the Oriental dress is, that it is cumbersome to the wearer, and above all, that it so far facilitates the indulgence of an indolent disposition, as to afford the strongest temptations to idleness. These are matters which may properly be considered by all travellers. We cannot think of following our author through his general descriptions of the Egyptian temples and other architectural remains, particularly after his own candid testimony to the accuracy of Mr. Hamilton's elaborate work. Mr. Fuller's account is, however, not without its merits, and may be perused with advantage, even by those who are best acquainted with the production of the former.

The part of Egypt which Mr. Fuller now visited, afforded the best opportunity, perhaps, in existence for investigating a principle relating to man, that is as important as it is curious. Volney, in his travels in Egypt and Syria, made an assertion about the Mamlouks, which, we confess, not a little astounded us, and which, we believe, is treated pretty generally as an exaggeration. He says, that for 550 years, during which there had been Mamlouks in Egypt, not one of them left subsisting issue; but all the children had died off in the first or second descent, and the number of Mamlouks was kept up only by supplies from Georgia. The writer accounts for this singular fact, by saying that the Mamlouks always disdained to marry native Egyptians—and that the Mamlouk race belonging, as it naturally did to a Caucasian clime, could not by the order of nature, subsist

in an Egyptian one. What is more wonderful still, is, that the same law holds good with respect to animals and plants—and it has been proved to demonstration that vegetables, natives of Europe, though they thrive admirably well for the present in an Egyptian soil, are unable to continue their species there. Dr. Elliston, one of our best existing physiologists, informs us, on unimpeachable authority, of the truth of all that Volney here stated. The Doctor quotes the name of a learned traveller, not known, we believe, to the public, for the fact that melon and cauliflower seeds are obliged to be frequently renewed in Egypt; and the seeds of the Brussels sprouts, he says, (though the sprouts themselves grow to great perfection) when saved there, show a wonderful degeneracy, even in the second generation. We are sure that if Mr. Fuller had had his attention turned to this subject, he would by his intelligence and discernment have been able to collect some important information connected with it.

We much regret that points of this description are not more considered by our travellers; we do not send able and acute persons every day to such places as Egypt; and when individuals of such a character venture there, we naturally feel disappointed that an occasion so auspicious for the extension of useful knowledge, should have elapsed without its fruit. Mr. Fuller, however, mentions one fact that may be considered as corroborating the statement of Volney. When the French evacuated Egypt, they left behind about 800 individuals. Some of these joined the Mamlouks, and shared the fate of that race; but of those who became cultivators, the number, he says, was very much reduced by *plague* and *casualties*. The fact is, that the French, who, no doubt were compelled to a great extent to intermarry amongst themselves, fell off as the Mamlouks did before: and even where there are cases of French men having married native women, still according to the same law, no traces of European origin could be found in the third generation from such a marriage. So that the thinning of the French colonists, attributed by Mr. Fuller to the plague and casualties, may be easily accounted for on the principle mentioned by Volney.

In Nubia, Mr. Fuller found matter for much agreeable reflection in the condition of the people, and for some very happy descriptions in the natural scenery, and the architectural treasures, by which it is ornamented. On his return to Cairo, he found the inhabitants busily occupied in making arrangements to exclude that dreadful visitant the plague, which was threatening them. Of the contagious nature of this disease, Mr. Fuller, with most other intelligent travellers, has no doubt—notwithstanding the facts that seem to oppose such a belief, namely, that the plague never rages beyond certain latitudes, or, perhaps, more correctly, beyond certain distances from the sea—and that its re-appearance in Cairo is regularly periodical. A susceptibility to its attacks, our author says, depends, amongst other causes, on the mode of life which a person exposed to it may have adopted. 'The Frank, from his more

generous diet, is least liable to it; whilst the Mussulman, using no strong liquors, is more so.' The same observation was found applicable to the contagious fever in Ireland, for those of the population who had been addicted to the use of ardent spirits, generally escaped the disease, or struggled against it with more success. During Mr. Fuller's stay in Palestine, he has frequent occasion to speak of the friars of the Terra Santa, in whose care the Holy Sepulchre still remains. Many countries of Europe contributed to their support; but the largest donations Mr. Fuller calculated came from South America, particularly Brazil. The friars receive from Spain and Portugal an annual supply of jewels and altar costume, together with some salt fish for the days of abstinence. Though their principal seat is Jerusalem, they are also spread through Palestine and Syria, whither they are sent to perform missionary duties. The bigotry of the natives has been so obstinate as to render all attempts at introducing Christianity amongst them hopeless; and the friars, so far as missionary objects are concerned, enjoy a complete sinecure. From Mr. Fuller's account, however, it would appear that an example of civilization is held out by the order to the surrounding population, which cannot fail of being beneficial.

'But whatever may be the spiritual remissness or local unpopularity of the order, a traveller, and particularly one who travels alone, cannot but view it with feelings of respect and gratitude; and when, after days passed among barbarous tribes, whose language is unintelligible to him; after being lodged on the bare ground or in some miserable hovel, and fed with the coarsest fare, he at length arrives at a convent, and finds a cordial reception, a clean and comfortable cell, a well-supplied refectory, and some jolly friars for his companions,—he will be disposed to think that superstition would have done little harm in the world, had all her institutions been like those in the Holy Land.'—p. 275.

At Nazareth, Mr. Fuller had an opportunity of witnessing the ceremony of a Galilean wedding, which he describes in the following lively manner:—

'Two marriages were to be celebrated at the same time; and the bridegrooms with their friends had been dining in a shady field about half a mile from the village. During the afternoon they amused themselves with firing at a mark, and other sports; and as they were returning home in the evening, I accidentally fell in with the procession. The two bridegrooms rode side by side, turning their eyes neither to the right nor to the left, and retaining a gravity of countenance which did not admit a muscle of their faces to be moved. They were equipped with the best clothes and arms that they either possessed or could collect among their friends. Their turbans were profusely ornamented with flowers, and each of them carried a large nosegay in one hand, while with the other he held his pipe, which he seemed to puff as it were mechanically, at regular intervals. Their whole appearance, indeed, was that of two automatons placed on horseback. The horses were each led by two men, and moved on at the

slowest possible pace. The solemn gravity of the principal actors in this pageant was strongly contrasted with the wild and almost frantic demeanour of their companions, who were all on foot. At every fifty yards these latter stopped and formed a circle round the bridegrooms. One of them held in his hand a large figure dressed in woman's clothes, which he kept moving up and down, and dancing backwards and forwards, the rest clapping their hands and stamping violently with their feet, till they seemed almost overcome with the exertion. Loud shouts were heard from every side, and guns were fired off at intervals. At about half way to the village the women were seated in a group, and as soon as the procession came up they rose and joined it; some of them running by the side of the bridegrooms, whose horses now quickened their pace; others falling into the rear, and all joining in that peculiar cry which the women of the East are accustomed to use on occasions of rejoicing, and which can be compared to nothing more exactly than to the frequent rapid pronunciation of the words *lillah, lillah, lillah*, in the shrillest tone imaginable. When I first heard it, it seemed wild and extraordinary, and more expressive of sorrow than of joy; but finding it always associated with the latter feeling, this impression gradually wore away, and at length I began to think it agreeable. The procession conducts the bridegroom to his own house; after which he escapes to that of the bride, leaving his companions to continue their revelry, which is generally kept up in the same way,—dancing, shouting, clapping of hands, and firing of guns till midnight. The company is composed indiscriminately of Christians and Mahometans, who live together in the greatest harmony. The Christians of Nazareth indeed, except for a short interval during the reign of the tyrant Jezzar, have always enjoyed great freedom, owing in part to the protection which they receive from the Latin friars.'—pp. 313—315.

We have endeavoured a few pages back to sketch the character of the elder class of English travellers abroad. Mr. Fuller supplies us with a portrait, which we think bears a very striking analogy to our description; and we are fearful that the Rev. Mr. S., of whom he gives the following account, is only one of a great number of our countrymen who, in times past, went to distant places under similar erroneous impressions. It was at the convent of the Terra Santa, at Tripoli di Siria, that he met with this singular character.

'At the convent of the Terra Santa, where I lodged, I met with one of those eccentric characters, which perhaps our own country alone can send forth. The Rev. Mr. S. was an English clergyman, nearly seventy years of age, who had taken the pains to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to obtain the cross of the order of the Holy Sepulchre, which is in the gift of the Superior of the Terra Santa. On his arrival, however, he found that this order was exclusively for Catholics, having never been conferred on a Protestant, except in the solitary instance of Sir Sidney Smith, who had rendered signal service to the guardians of the Holy Sepulchre. Mr. S. was extremely disappointed, and thought himself much aggrieved that the rule was not relaxed in his favour also; and in order to dissipate his chagrin, he made an extensive tour in Syria; in the course of which, being little skilled in any language but his own, and moreover of an ex-

tremely warm and passionate temperament, ill-suited to the tedious progress of travelling in that country, he was involved in perpetual quarrels with almost every person with whom he came in contact, and was frequently reduced to circumstances of great embarrassment. At Damascus, for instance, having refused to pay the muleteers who had conducted him thither, they summoned him before the Cadi; and on his refusing also to obey the summons, some janissaries were sent to apprehend him. As the convent of the Terra Santa, however, where he lodged, possesses the privilege of asylum, the friars shut their gates, and the officers were obliged to attempt an entry through the window of his apartment. There they found him barricadoed in, and ready to receive them; and he defended himself for some time with great vigour, till the friars knowing that he had fire-arms, and fearing that some serious mischief might ensue, broke open the door of his room, and conveyed him by force to the judgment-seat. At Balbec he was robbed and left in confinement by his own servant; and on his way to Aleppo, having quarrelled with his guide, he quitted his horses and baggage, and travelled for several days on foot and alone. Our agent at that city, who had been informed that an English clergyman was on the road thither, described to me his astonishment, when instead of the comely person which he had been used to associate with his idea of that respectable character, Mr. S. presented himself at the Consulate, with scarcely any dress but a Mashlakh of the coarsest materials, a large straw hat on his head, and a bag containing his provisions slung between his legs. He afterwards left Syria, and made a voyage up the Nile; during which, disdaining the assistance of an interpreter, he had no way of explaining himself to the boat's crew but by signs, which if they were at all slow in comprehending, he sometimes enforced by firing a pistol over their heads. A mutiny was very soon the consequence; which was only repressed by the strong arm of Belzoni, whom good fortune sent to his assistance. In spite of every difficulty and opposition, however, he reached the second cataract in safety, and there hired a guide to conduct him across the desert to Dongola; his earnest wish being to penetrate further into the country than any other traveller had then done. It is almost needless to say that the scheme completely failed; the guide kept him wandering about till his money was exhausted, and then brought him back to Wadi Elfi. He had now returned to Syria for the express purpose of seeing Palmyra, which he had been prevented from visiting on a former occasion; but was for the present detained in this convent by an attack of ophthalmia.'—pp. 371—373.

A great deal of very interesting information is supplied by Mr. Fuller, relative to the celebrated mountain of Lebanon, and the adjacent villages. He visited, on one of the highest peaks, the clump of cedars, supposed to be the remains of the ancient forest of that wood, which is so often alluded to in Holy Writ. There are about a hundred of these trees altogether; but though a few possess an extraordinary bulk, yet they are inferior in height and in that spiral regularity which distinguishes the cedars even that ornament our English gardens. Mr. Fuller acknowledges that he was rather disappointed with the celebrated city of Damascus, and this, probably, arose from having too credulously adopted the flowery

descriptions of some eastern travellers. Being the place from which the pilgrims to Mecca set out to cross the desart, Damascus is called the "gate of Mecca;" and, as Mr. Fuller was in time to witness the return of some of the pilgrims in November, he took care to avail himself of the opportunity.

'We left the city by a gate very near the convent; and after riding for some distance under the walls, fell into a road which leads to the village of Medoua, and the "Birket el Hadgi," or "lake of the pilgrims," where they assemble at their return, as well as at their departure. The road was covered with camels loaded with baggage, and carrying large *tartarouans* or litters filled with men, women, and children, whose sallow looks and dilapidated equipments bore testimony to the fatigue and privation of a six weeks' journey through the desert. It may give some idea of the numbers of the pilgrims, and of the vast train of baggage which accompanied them, to say, that though they had begun to enter the city soon after sunset on the preceding day, and had continued to come in almost uninterruptedly during the night, yet at noon they had not all arrived. The Pasha still remained at Medoua; and the motsellim, the mollah, the cadi, and all the principal officers and inhabitants were gone out to meet him there, and to conduct him back to the city. The plain where we halted was covered with horsemen, who exhibited every variety of costume, from the ragged Bedouin on his half-starved mare, to the portly Osmanli moving solemnly along on his well fed and richly caparisoned steed; while numerous groups of pedestrians were strolling about, or sitting cross-legged, smoking their *nargillays* in the shade. The weather was finer than it had been of late, and the sun shone out in all the splendour of a southern winter's day.'—pp. 388, 389.

At Malloula, a singular species of religious warfare prevails between two opposite sects, which will, no doubt, appear very unintelligible to those who derive their notions of controversial proprieties from what they observe in England.

'The people are all of the Greek church, but are nearly equally divided into the contending sects of Catholics and Schismatics, each of which has its church and convent. The two parties live on tolerably good terms with one another, neither possessing any exclusive privileges; but once or twice a-year there is a sort of amicable contest between them. Men, women, and children, assemble on the opposite hills, on each side of the valley in which the village is situated, one or both parties being sometimes reinforced by detachments of their friends from Damascus. As soon as they are thus placed in array against each other the conflict begins. Fireworks of all kinds, which the rude pyrotechny of the country can supply, are discharged; large branches of trees are sent flaming from the opposite crags into the valley below, and an incessant firing of guns and pistols is kept up for several hours, amid the shouts of the multitude. That party which makes the greatest display comes off victorious; and according to the number of squibs, crackers, and fire-brands collected by their respective adherents, the pope or the patriarch is held to be triumphant. The mode of controversy practised by these rustic theologians may perhaps excite a smile; but it is at least as humane, if not as rational, for them to

burn wood and gunpowder in honour of their respective creeds, as to burn one another.'—p. 411.

One of the most interesting portions of this book is the account which our author gives of his excursion to Palmyra. He went to that ancient spot with a caravan, which was protected by Bedouins; and the history of the journey to and from Palmyra, involving many agreeable perplexities, and some interesting traits of Arab character and manners, is highly spirited and captivating. The following would be worthy of the pencil of Moreland.

'A caravan presents in the evening a very active and cheerful scene. The camels which had been turned out to graze as soon as they had halted and been unloaded, now return in separate groups, each of which, following the bell of its leader, proceeds directly to the spot where its master's tents are pitched. When arrived there, the docile animals lie down of their own accord in a row, and their heads are attached by halters to a rope which is fastened to a range of stakes about four feet high, extending along the front of the camp. They are then fed with large balls composed of barley meal and lentils, mixed up with water, which they swallow whole, and are left to ruminate till morning. As soon as the night closes in, fires begin to blaze in every direction. They are made with dry thorns and stunted shrubs collected round the camp, and their flames throw a bright light on the different groups of travellers who are seen squatted on the ground in front of their tents, or beside their piles of merchandize, some occupied with their pipes and coffee, and others enjoying their frugal evening's meal. In an Oriental company, of whatever class it is composed, the harsh sounds of vulgar merriment are never to be heard; a low hum of conversation spreads through the camp, and as the evening advances, this gradually sinks into a silence, disturbed only by the occasional lowing of the camels. All those persons who have once tried it, and who understand the Eastern languages, speak of a caravan as a very agreeable mode of travelling. The wild and solitary scenery through which it generally passes, the order and tranquillity with which it is conducted, the facility of conveying baggage, and the feeling of security which prevails,—amply compensate for the slowness of its movements; and among hundreds of persons collected from the most distant parts of the Turkish empire and the neighbouring states, many of whom have spent their lives in travelling, there is to be found a never-failing variety of associates and of anecdotes.'—pp. 442—444.

Wood's account of Palmyra is, we believe, the best we have; but Mr. Fuller thinks that the engravings are too flattering. He conjectures that the buildings are later than those of Balbec. In the course of his interesting circuit in Syria and Palestine, Mr. Fuller came in contact with religionists of the most various kinds. The Ensyrians, who occupy the mountains about Latakia, have made for themselves a strange olio of a creed, composed of Judaism, Christianity, and Paganism. They carry on their rites in secresy, and their is no instance, even in the youngest, of a breach of this religious confidence. The practice of hawking is much used in some parts of Syria. At Latakia, during the great flights of the

quails at Easter, the inhabitants are principally occupied with this sport, every ten yards a person carrying his hawk, being to be met with in the street. These hawks are about the size of an English sparrow-hawk. They do not use their beaks in the chace: the quarry being always struck down, and held by the talons of the hawk.

Notwithstanding we have already given an account of a wedding at Nazareth, there is a description of a similar ceremony at Antioch, which is much too curious to be omitted.

'About three o'clock the young friends of the bride having collected together in the house of Yussuff Saba, (which on this occasion was supposed to belong to the bridegroom,) the latter was obliged to relinquish it to them, and seek refuge at that where I was lodged. He made but a forlorn appearance, as custom required that for several days preceding the wedding he should let his beard grow and wear his oldest and shabbiest clothes. As soon as the bridegroom's house was thus clear for her reception, the women sallied forth to fetch the bride from the abode of her parents. There were about fifty of them, all dressed in white veils which covered their faces and almost their whole figures; they carried garlands of flowers in their hands, and walked in procession with a hurried and irregular pace. There was not any crowd collected in the streets to see them pass, as the Mahometans, either from disdain or from courtesy, make it a rule to keep aloof from all Christian festivals. About an hour after sunset, a party of friends came to fetch the bridegroom, whose chin had been polished in the meantime, but who was still dressed in his old clothes, and he was conducted by torchlight to Yussuff's house. I accompanied the procession, and on our arrival we found the court crowded with friends and spectators. A mat was spread out in one corner, on which the bridegroom's new clothes were placed; and by the assistance of four priests, who acted the part of valets on this occasion, he was speedily disencumbered of his old ones, and re-equipped from top to toe. Like the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, he was dressed to the sound of music; for the priests during the whole of the operation kept droning out a most melancholy and nasal psalm tune, in which the spectators who stood round, each with a lighted taper in his hand, occasionally joined.

'As soon as the dressing was completed, we adjourned into a large room which opened on the court, and in the middle of which stood the bride and the bridesmaid: the bride was covered with a long white veil, which flowed down to the ground and concealed her whole figure; in addition to which, a rose-coloured gauze handkerchief was thrown over her head and face, and fell down to her waist. Her companion wore the same dress with the exception of the handkerchief; and as they stood alone and motionless in the middle of a large room, no one would have taken them for animated beings. At their feet were crouched two of the most miserable squalid-looking objects that I ever beheld, whose dirty rags seemed ill-suited to the place and the occasion. On my asking "how they came there without a wedding garment?" I was told that they were poor sick women, who were admitted, because to hear the marriage benediction was considered a certain remedy for their disorders.

'As soon as the immediate friends had been introduced the doors were

closed, so that the room was not at all crowded, the party consisting perhaps of about thirty persons, The bride and bridegroom were placed side by side, the chief priest stood facing them and repeated certain prayers or lessons, to which the others responded; he then crossed the ring three times on the forehead of the bridegroom, and as often on that of the bride, and gently drawing her delicate little hand from under the rose-coloured veil, placed it on her finger. A coronet ornamented with flowers and gilding was set on each of their heads, and each took a sip of wine from a silver cup, the priest drinking the remainder. They then joined hands, and with their attendants walked at a measured pace, keeping time to a chaunt sung by the priests, three times round the altar, which on this occasion was typified by a small joint-stool placed in the middle of the room. After this the benediction was pronounced, and the ceremony concluded. The bridesmaids now led back the bride to join her companions in the women's apartment, from whence during the ceremony the joyful cry of *Lillah, lillah, lillah* had frequently reached our ears, and the house was again left to their sole possession.

'All the men immediately retired to my lodgings, and the evening and great part of the night was spent in the same revelry as the preceding one had been; singing, dancing, and drinking being kept up till near day-break. The bridegroom, accompanied by a young friend who acted as his bridesman, remained in one corner of the room aloof from the rest of the company, with a large candle burning before him, and exhibiting him as a clearer mark for the jests, neither few nor delicate, with which he was assailed on all sides. I was told that according to strict etiquette he ought to have been kept standing on one leg: but this inconvenient formality was dispensed with; he was allowed to use both, and even to sit down, except when any person of consequence was singing or dancing. With all this, however, to quote the words of another traveller on a similar occasion, "for a man in so enviable a situation as that of a bridegroom, he made but a sorry figure;" and being moreover a very grave and staid looking person of about fifty years of age, the effect was the more ludicrous.'—pp. 479—482.

We have by no means selected the whole of the best parts of Mr. Fuller's work. Our object was to choose such passages, as in our opinion most fairly represented the merit of the whole; and we fear, after all, that those who will be induced to peruse it for themselves, will be inclined to think that we have not succeeded in conveying to the reader, any adequate idea of the excellent manner in which a book of travels may be composed by an unprejudiced and enlightened gentleman.

Art. II.—*The Life of a Lawyer.* Written by Himself. 8vo. pp. 421. London. Saunders and Benning. 1830.

Those who can make up their minds to afford a liberal allowance for absurdities and mistakes without number, to accept as the history of the past, the anticipations of the future, and not to be very nice in enquiring into facts, or weighing probabilities, will be amused

with this piece of imaginative biography. The author's misfortune was, that he chose a subject which is too intimately interwoven with the course of public events. A successful lawyer, such as we have here pourtrayed before us, becomes of necessity connected with the highest offices in the state. If he be described merely as a creature of fiction, his story will want vraisemblance, and will at once be thrown aside. If he be represented in connection with the realities of life, his career may excite curiosity so long as it would appear capable of being identified with that of any particular individual. But if, as happens in the present case, the hero be a combination of many features of character, taken from a variety of prototypes; and if just when we have discovered a trait of Lord Eldon, we light upon two or three dashes of Lord Lyndhurst; and after these upon a shade or two of Lord Thurlow, Lord Erskine, or Lord Gifford, it must be admitted that there is ample room for the exercise of our indulgence.

We can hardly believe that in this volume the author discloses the picture of his own life to any considerable extent. If he be a 'Lawyer,' it would seem that he has not yet at least been promoted from that branch of the profession that belongs to the attornies. Certain it is, that he makes his hero guilty of many things as a counsel, which no other man could have perpetrated with impunity. He begins his career by transacting the business of other counsel at half price; a practice which, if it ever prevailed, is, we should hope, now quite passed away. Undertaking a heavy cause, he not only attends to its progress, but he makes a journey to Italy for the purpose of collecting evidence. This any tyro would have told him, it would not become a counsel to do. Defending a man, who is on his trial for life, our Lawyer makes a most eloquent address to the jury on behalf of his client, whom he saves from execution, by virtue of a law which does not yet exist. These and many other things, equally incongruous and improbable, might be specified as among the blemishes of this story. To some minds, those faults will appear as mountains, to others as mole-hills, not worthy of turning attention aside from the interest which, under disadvantageous circumstances, this tale awakens, or from the moral which it so strongly inculcates.

There is scarcely any profession in which the young disciple stands in more need of all the encouragement which a sanguine imagination can hold out, than that of the Advocate. His preparatory studies are severe; they require his deepest and most persevering attention. His chambers must be for him a monastery, in which he is to live secluded for years from the distractions of society. Upon his entrance into the arena, which is to yield him a series of successes or disappointments, his pretensions are scrutinized by a thousand eyes. The ordeal which he undergoes is hostile to the acquisition of that self possession, without which he cannot deserve, or obtain, the confidence of suitors; and as he must get on solely by the exhibition of

superior talents, learning and skill, he is much more likely to fail in his first efforts, than to succeed. Failure is followed by disgust, and disgust by retirement from a contest, in which fortune always has her favourites; and thus it happens that for one advocate who triumphs over the early obstacles with which his career is beset, there are hundreds who, after having been called to the Bar, attend court for a term or two, and then are heard of no more. Any work, therefore, which like the one now before us, is calculated to cheer the brow of despair, and to shed a gleam of hope upon the heart of the labouring and unrewarded student, must be admitted to be productive of good, even though it should not in all its parts bear the probe of criticism.

It was necessary, of course, to the moral of the present tale, that the hero of it should have been born in indigence and obscurity. He does not forget to tell us that at all times he was of a mild and peaceful temperament, and that his dispositions were obliging; indeed, it is wonderful how far these qualifications generally contribute to the prosperity of those, who have to make a name and a fortune by their own exertions. After picking up some little crumbs of education, such as he could be supposed to find in the petty school of a petty village, he assisted in a seed and fruit shop, at Winchester, belonging to his uncle, the only relation he had at the age of four years—a circumstance, which he the rather mentions to show that he had no friends of his own blood to assist him in his struggles through this world. His business was to sweep the shop in the morning, and to serve customers with small articles during the day. His attachment to this small description of commerce, was overturned by the first assize week, which he witnessed at Winchester. 'How well,' he naturally exclaims, 'I remember all connected with it! The procession to meet the judges, their solemn entry, and the pomp of opening the commission, all sunk deep in my mind. I watched every person about the court; the faces of the javelin-men were eagerly gazed upon and examined: it was my greatest pleasure to meet any of the barristers strolling about the town, in which case I invariably took off my cap, and, if I received any recognition in return, I was happy for the rest of the day. In the evenings I lingered about the doors of the Black Lion, the inn at which the counsel dined together, and listened with eager attention to the merriment of their carousal!' Henceforth his nights and days were filled with dreams of ambition, which illuminated his little shop with their splendour, and soon induced him to exchange his dealings in seeds and flowers, for a situation as clerk in a country attorney's office. Here he was an attentive observer of every thing that passed; he particularly noticed the routine of the office; he fagged hard at the rate of twelve hours a-day, and acquired habits of industry which were afterwards to be of so much value in the higher duties that awaited him. The whole description of this part of his career has about it a certain air of reality.

'I worked on in this way for nearly two years, gaining some knowledge, but not nearly so much as might be expected; having no one to guide me in the labyrinth of technicalities in which I was placed, and my duties being entirely confined to the mechanical part of the profession.

'But even here I was not without my enjoyments. Perhaps one of my greatest, at this time, was when I was entrusted, at assize-times, with a brief to deliver to counsel, and sometimes with the fee marked upon it. I had great delight in seeing the benign and gracious air assumed by the barrister, to whom I was thus commissioned, when I unfolded the nature of my message, and I felt gratified by the condescension with which he would often talk to me about the matter.'—pp. 7, 8.

The failure of his employers drove him of necessity to the great mart of the metropolis; he had already acquired a little Latin through the kindness of a clergyman, who now furnished him with a letter of recommendation to a barrister, one of his quondam pupils. Our adventurer's proceedings on this occasion, are related with a particularity that puts us in mind of Gil Blas.

'I was just entering my seventeeth year when I arrived in London. I thought it proper to remain at the inn where the stage coach stopped (which was one of the long row of coach-inns in Holborn), until I had found Mr. St. Leger, the gentleman to whom I had been recommended by Mr. Wadsworth.

'He lived in the New-square of Lincoln's-inn, No. 10, and was a chancery barrister and conveyancer, so that I had no difficulty in finding him out: however, I remained half an hour walking round the square, before I could summon up courage enough to mount to the second floor, where his chambers were situated. At last, however, I found sufficient resolution, and, on knocking at the door, I was told that Mr. St. Leger was not at home, but was expected every minute. I stationed myself therefore within sight of the entrance, with the intention of waiting his arrival, and remained there in great anxiety for about an hour and a half. At last a gentleman drove up in a gig, entered No. 10, and proceeded to the chambers of Mr. St. Leger. I could hardly fancy that this was the barrister, so gay was his dress and equipage: however, I thought it better to enquire, and I was admitted. My doubts were groundless, as it was indeed the gentleman I wanted. I sent in my letter, and in about half an hour afterwards was told to come in.

'I was received with no very great kindness by Mr. St. Leger. He recollected "old Wadsworth," as he called him, very well. He said he did happen to want a clerk himself, and begged me to remember he was dismissing his present one for impertinence. He supposed I could write, "*and all that*;" but he asked me more particularly as to my talents in getting up suppers, or any little thing of that sort which he might choose to have in chambers.

'I professed my willingness to endeavour to please him; and after a little more hectoring, he informed me he would take me on trial, and that I might come to him on the morrow.

'Mr. St. Leger was by no means an uncommon character in the profession. He was a well-dispositioned young man, and of rather superior talents; but he had none of the patient assiduity which the profession of

the law demands, and most of all that branch of the profession to which he had attached himself. His thoughts were wholly occupied by the gaieties and pleasures of high life; his great wish was to make a figure at the west end; to be the best-dressed man, and to drive the best gig and the best horse about town. He had rather an exaggerated notion of his own abilities, from having taken a high degree at Oxford, where perhaps he really had worked: he was well connected both with the rich and the great, and also with the solicitors, so that he had a good deal of business. If he had only paid reasonable attention, he must have got on; but he was rarely at chambers till twelve or one o'clock in the day, and then two or three parties in the evening, and all the numerous engagements that the variety of the town and his numerous friends put at his command, completely unfitted him for the demands which his profession made on him. Now and then he would come down early, and work hard all day and night, but this was of very little service; there was no steady or regular attention, and he was sure to relapse again into his former carelessness in three or four days.

'This was my master. The dismissal of the former clerk was completed, and I was regularly installed. Thus good fortune attended me as she had hitherto done; but I feel pleasure in thinking it was in some measure owing to myself. I was removed from a state of doubt to one of great comfort; for I was very well paid, and had a place of some importance; and my obtaining it so easily was a strong proof of the disposition of Mr. St. Leger.'—pp. 10—13.

Here the young clerk found himself in a capital library, and met with every facility for studying the great profession of the law—a pursuit for which, he says, he had always an unspeakable love and affection. The technicalities in which he had been hitherto employed, and which he did not understand, now became intelligible to him by the aid of the books with which he was surrounded. He shone already in conveyancing, and on one occasion had the good fortune to correct an opinion which had been hastily written by his gay master. In this situation, he went pleasantly on for two years, when Mr. St. Leger was appointed an Indian judge, and our adventurer was once more thrown on the kindness of fortune. His plan was to article himself to an attorney, when an unexpected legacy of some fifteen hundred pounds, enabled him to sing a higher strain, and straight he became a student of Lincoln's Inn. This step was not taken without due consideration. The arguments, *pro* and *con*, were well stated by his quondam tutor.

'I met the kindest and most valuable treatment from Mr. Wadsworth. Although a man of good family himself, he never discouraged me on account of my mean birth and parentage: he said he highly approved of what he considered a laudable ambition; he rejoiced in my good fortune, which, he said, was mainly owing to my own good conduct: he applauded the spirit which made me seek to profit to the utmost by it, and rise above that state in which I had originally been placed; and he pointed out to me the long roll of illustrious men who, in this country, had gained all I could hope for by their own unassisted exertions. At the same time he represented to me the dangers and difficulties which would necessarily at-

tend my path: he kindly suggested how utterly friendless I was, and how necessary connexions were in the profession of my choice; he reminded me of the men with whom I should have to contend—men of great talents, of unwearied industry, and of fortune and figure in the country; he said, that although the prizes were great, yet they were attained with infinite difficulty: he urged upon me the necessary expense that I must incur, first, in preparing myself for the bar, and then in keeping up the appearance of respectability that the station required. "I am now in the church," he said, "but I first sounded the depths and shallows of the law, and I abandoned it in despair. To obtain distinguished success at the bar, a man must possess great and varied qualifications. He must not only be able in his closet to grapple with and conquer the most abstruse, fatiguing, and inexhaustible of studies, but he must also be thoroughly acquainted with the subtle mysteries of human nature: he must be able to penetrate with equal facility into the researches of the dead, and the motives and actions of the living: he must be able to wield at his pleasure all the splendours of rhetoric and eloquence, and to descend in a moment into minute and trifling technicalities; he must be able to adapt his feelings, language, and ideas to the highest or the lowest level; he must be endowed by nature with a frame and constitution capable of enduring fatigue and anxiety, the most constant and enthralling; he must not only have commanding talents, but both energy to rouse and keep them constantly alive, and judgment and discretion to direct them. Having all these qualities, he must be full of honourable feeling, and be blest by good fortune, or he will never succeed at the bar." Having said this, Mr. Wadsworth assured me that he had great confidence in my own judgment, advised me to think on all he had said, and whichever path I should conclude to follow, all the assistance that he could give should be fully at my command.'—pp. 24—26.

Having made up his mind upon the subject, our student, with more of a disposition towards liberal accomplishments than characterizes most of our legal aspirants, devoted a year to general literature, and then placed himself under the tutelage of a Chancery Barrister, who upon his first introduction, placed before him ten manuscript volumes of "Equity Precedents," which he would have to copy for his peculiar edification and delight. In the same chambers were several other pupils, who thought infinitely more of balls and flirtations, than of bills in Chancery. Our hero was prone to very different habits, and whether he be a hero of fiction, or of reality, he could not in his then state of initiation, have adopted a better rule than the following one:—

'I always came early to chambers, before any of my fellow pupils arrived, and stayed after they had gone; and by this attention, I not only saw all the business that passed through the chambers, but avoided the interruption which the different pursuits of my companions occasioned.' —p. 32.

Having fagged for the due number of years, and descended from the attics to the second floor in Fig-tree Court; having moreover hired a boy to open the door and to attend chambers, when he was away, our student for a while sought practice under the Bar. In the

picture, which he gives of his position during these three years of experiment, many a counsel will recognise traits with which he must be more or less acquainted.

'I was once more afloat: I had now no regular occupation, and I had full leisure to reflect on my situation. I had always felt secure, that if I was once fairly set up, all difficulties must end. I might not have been able precisely to have told where the assistance was to have come from, but I was certain that it would come. How different were my reflections, before I had been a month in the way of life I am now describing!

'I soon discovered that the great channel for legal employment was a connexion with attornies and solicitors, and that I did not know one. I looked around me, and my friendless situation struck me to the heart. My little fortune was daily decreasing, the friends I had made at Mr. Dyott's were falling off, and if I had an invitation to any of the houses I had lately frequented, it only served to make my present mode of life appear the more desolate and lonely.

'My situation was certainly deplorable. I had to make up my mind to no great privation—I had to undergo no great struggle. My only chance of success was in keeping up my present expense and establishment; I had to bear a daily disappointment; I had to live in the hope of employment which never came; I had to see the anticipations of the morning always disappointed by the evening.

'It is difficult in this situation to engage in regular study;—the zeal and eagerness of the student have fled: a man requires some stronger excitement than the mere acquirement of knowledge; he then requires the stimulus of responsibility and actual employment, and he scarcely feels satisfied unless he is carrying on the actual affairs of mankind.

'My situation always pressed heaviest on me when I encountered in my walks some former companion of my happier hours, and was passed unnoticed by them, or only formally saluted: all my bitterest feelings would then rush in upon me. It was then that I proudly felt my superiority to my situation, that I threw back their indifference with scorn and contempt, and looked boldly forward to the time when their unkindness would only be remembered by them with regret.

'Thank God! my disposition was cheerful; although some hours were very uneasy, yet the chief thought that troubled me was a fear that my little fund would fail me, before I had reached that success which I was sure would ultimately reward my exertions; although my situation might occasionally sadden, it did not prevent my studies. I worked on steadily and constantly, and extended my researches and labours to the other branches of the law, and I now attended the courts of law and equity with regularity and very considerable profit to my studies.

'I must not forget to mention Mr. Vincent Amers; he was always the same: kind, considerate, affectionate, he ever encouraged me by his sympathy and good opinion, although it was not in his power to give me any other assistance in the way of my profession.

'Thus did I spend my three years, nor did I in the whole of that time make one single guinea, or had I ever the ability during that time to advance myself in any way.'—pp. 36—38.

Nor was our draughtsman's situation apparently much altered for

the better, after he was called to the Bar. Here too the truth and keeping of the picture will justify us in transcribing it.

'I recollected at that time the feelings which I had had, when a boy at Winchester, of the station and happiness of a barrister; and although I did not perceive any substantial change in my situation and prospects, yet I could not but reflect, with some exultation and triumph, that I had now gained the situation which then appeared to me one of so much grandeur.

'The second day I went to Westminster Hall, I received my first fee; it was on a motion, of course. Why I was chosen from all the others then in court, I cannot tell; but so it was. I knew nothing of the person who gave it to me, and never saw him afterwards. I went back with great elevation of spirits; this being the first money I had ever received since I entered the profession, and was indeed the only pecuniary encouragement I received for two years after I was called to the bar.

'I soon found that my situation was not bettered by my new dignity, although my expenses were increased. I had the same anxious hopes, which only met with the same disappointment. So lively was my imagination, that I never climbed up the narrow staircase to my chambers, that I did not indulge the thought that some business might await me; but my eager looks and enquiries were never rewarded: there was only one answer —nobody had been there.

'I could not then often help regretting that I had not chosen the more humble, but more certain part of the profession, where I thought I must have been employed in some way or other; but then a vivid gleam of hope would come across me, and light up all the future.

'It was not the habit for the gentlemen of the Chancery bar (to which I belonged) ordinarily to go any circuit; I had been glad, therefore, to avoid the expense, as I conceived that my chance of business would be no better in the country than in town.

'However, about a year after I had been called to the bar, my friend Amers received a strong invitation to go to the —— circuit, and he pressed me very much to accompany him.

'I had now only 500*l.* stock remaining, and the expenses of the circuit I knew would be serious: after some reflection, however, I resolved to go. I saw that my present way of life afforded no opening, and I knew that, unless I was soon able to gain something by my labour, I must abandon my hopes for ever.'—pp. 39, 40.

We shall not follow the author in the sketches which he has given of the judges and leading barristers of the circuit which he joined. They are freely drawn; but we cannot recognise in them more than a few scattered features of likeness to men of the present day, for whom they were most probably intended. Neither shall we attend to a certain love affair, in which our hero got entangled on circuit, by catching the eye of a young boarding school lady in court, and by following up this opening with romantic energy. This episode takes up, rather unworthily, a considerable portion of the volume. When we say unworthily, let it not be supposed that we are unfriendly to the display of the tender propensity; the very reverse. Nothing delights us more than the nonsense of young engagements, and the enthusiastic dreaming and insatiable feeling

which send lads and lasses into the fields on summer evenings, to listen to waterfalls and nightingales, and the waving of the woods, and all that mystic combination of soothing sounds which seem to come rather from the skies than the earth, during that animated season. No, we object to our lawyer's romance, because it is no romance at all; it is an awkward piece of business throughout, and serves only to furnish him with occasions, whereon he may boast of his magnanimous contempt for the gifts of fortune, and his hatred for all intriguing governesses.

Allusion has already been made to the blunder by which he traces his first day's journey on the road of celebrity, to his defence of a prisoner who was tried for murder, and on behalf of whom he made a long speech. In addition to this gross mistake, he commits another, which leads us strongly to suspect that our man of adventure has not yet attained to the honour of the wig and gown, for in order to become thoroughly acquainted with his client's case, he tells us, that he repaired to the prison for that purpose—a proceeding which is against one of the most indispensible rules of etiquette, established by the Bar. His next great success was in a question of the illegitimacy of a peer of the realm, which he conducted in the King's Bench; for our counsel, contrary to the usual routine, appears to have practised in any court in which he could obtain business. It was in the conduct of this affair, that he committed that other enormous mistake, already mentioned. We allude to his journey to Italy, to collect the evidence upon which his case was to be founded. Our hero's fame now became extended, and after some years of increasing prosperity in the Court of Chancery, to which he eventually devoted himself exclusively, he aspired to the dignity and emoluments of the silk gown, and sought and easily obtained political connexions. He was at first inclined to support the tory party; but with the true facility of his profession, whose political unsteadiness is, perhaps, its only great stain, he soon ran the gauntlet of every party that could promote the views of his ambition. He rises rapidly to the offices of Solicitor and Attorney-General, propounds and carries in Parliament all those law reforms which are as yet hardly discussed, or even known to us, and converts the courts of law and equity into perfect tribunals of Utopia. He next tastes of the "bitter sweets" of unpopularity, in consequence of his having prosecuted a set of traitors, who had conspired against the state, and in whose trials the histories of the mutineers of the Nore, of Lord George Gordon, and of Hardy, Thelwall, and others, are mixed up together in a sort of forensic *olla podrida*. It savoured more of ambition, than of judgment, in our Attorney-General, to expose himself to the chances of a popular election at Liverpool, after his state prosecutions. In this, however, as in all things, he succeeded of course, and subsequently ascends rapidly from the seat of Chief Baron of the Exchequer to

the Woolsack. The great event of his life, after he became Lord Chancellor, was the passing of the famous act for the equalization of church property—a grand reform, which, however desirable, is not so easy to be carried as our fortunate adventurer imagines. We had almost forgotten to state that amongst the other delights of his career, he had the good luck to be married to the object of his first circuit romance. The representation of domestic uneasiness, which on one occasion distracted him during the performance of his judicial and legislative duties, affords, no doubt, a just idea of the state of mind in which a Chancellor may be sometimes involved, who has not altogether merged the feelings of the man in the duties of the officer.

'It was very soon after I had been appointed Lord Chancellor, that I had to undergo great anxiety of a different nature from all legal or political matters, and from a novel source to me.

'I had been, as I have said before, without any family relations all my life, and therefore as I had been exempt from the annoyances and anxiety, so also I had not enjoyed the pleasures and advantages, which they bring with them. Since I had been married, I had indeed partaken of much of that pure happiness which can only be tasted by those who enter into that holy sanctuary; but hitherto the exercise of my affections had been confined to my wife alone; for we were childless.

'Oh! how often have I longed to be a father. Unconnected as I was with every one, I often felt as if I could have resigned all my fame, honours, and fortune, with cheerfulness, if I could but have enjoyed that one blessing. It appeared to me that I had hitherto proceeded in the world a solitary and isolated adventurer, and thus also I was to depart from it, and leave no trace behind me. My name was to be elevated to the most extensive renown—was to be in the mouth of every one—and was then to fall suddenly and die away for ever.

'How bitterly I often felt this, I cannot express. Neither can I think of it without calling to mind the firmness, the soothing resignation, the true and unchangeable affection, with which this deprivation was borne by her who must have often felt it even more deeply than I. To me a thousand employments and lofty projects were ever present to engage my thoughts from all that was not immediately present; yet to me it was a bitter grief; but to her the want of children must have been a source of continual and recurring sorrow.

'Years had now, however, passed over, and our feelings were much tranquillised, yet not deadened, on the subject; although, indeed, there was, on my elevation to the peerage, a fresh reason for wishing for an heir. I cannot say how it would have been, but perhaps, in the autumn of my life, it was more joyful intelligence, than it would ever have been, when it was communicated to me, that Lady Malvern would soon become a mother. I received it with exultation, and the greater because such an event was utterly unexpected, as she was fast approaching that time of life when all hopes of this nature vanish.

'All my former feelings and wishes revived, and I felt the most intense anxiety as to the result. For a fond husband it is indeed an arduous

time; he may see himself at once a husband and a father; or perhaps be deprived at the same moment of his wife and his child. When he is expecting an increased happiness, he may find himself suddenly bereaved of all that before rendered his life dear to him.

'My feelings were perhaps more violent from being perfectly new to me, and from the thought that, if I now lost my wife, that loss would be irreparable; it is certain that few men suffered more than I did at that time.

'It was expected that all doubts would be over by the month of May; and on the 15th of that month, Lady Malvern was accordingly taken ill, late in the evening.

'I passed the whole of that night sleepless and agitated, but the morning brought no relief; and my public duties called me at ten o'clock to the Court of Chancery, as it was then Easter Term. I knew that I should now have to fix my attention on abstract and technical matters, when all my thoughts were engrossed by one great and overwhelming subject. I knew, however, that I could be of no service at home, and that my presence in the house was an additional anxiety to Lady Malvern. I therefore determined to set off for Westminster Hall.

'I directed that the event, or any alteration in the state of Lady Malvern, should be immediately communicated to me, wherever I should be.

'I arrived in court, and it was indeed a distressing day. I had to sit in a public court, crowded by the counsel and the public, all gazing at me and watching my slightest movement. I had to appear to give my mind exclusively to the business to be gone through. I had to endure all the wranglings and squabbles of the day, and seem to be concerned with nothing but them. I tried in vain to fix my attention to what was going on; but the words which were uttered seemed perfectly unintelligible to me. The court at times passed from my view, and my whole thoughts rushed back to my own house, and the scene that was there transacting.

'A manner, I may be allowed to say, so unusual in me, soon attracted the notice of the bar; questions were asked, and the truth was soon communicated to them. It was immediately agreed that no further business should be done that day, and, with great kindness and courtesy, every counsel in court delared that no other cause was ready to be tried, and I was consequently released from my duty.

'I had received no message, and on going out of court, I proceeded immediately with great haste on foot to Berkeley-square. A thousand fears beset me as I approached the house, but they were all unnecessary; nothing had as yet occurred, although I was assured by Dr. Beynon, who was attending Lady Malvern, that every thing was going on well. However, I still remained restless and anxious.

'I stayed at home for some hours, counting the minutes as they passed, but all still continued uncertain. I remained walking backwards and forwards in my study—not able to employ myself, and not daring to go into my wife's room,—listening attentively to every sound.

'Four o'clock approached, and I had to appear to preside in the House of Lords. I hoped that the occupation and change of scene would calm and employ my mind, and I determined on going down as usual.

'The house met; I took my seat on the woolsack, and the ordinary business was transacted, but it could not fix my attention. I had, indeed,

nothing to do; but what was said by other lords was almost unheard. The whole scene appeared to me as a dream. A confused noise sounded in my ears, but I could attach no distinct idea to the place I was in, or the persons I was apparently listening to. I looked round anxiously every moment for some message or letter to me, but I could think of nothing else.

'At last, I observed a note in the hands of one of the clerks of the house. He looked towards me, and seemed in some doubt whether he should give it to me. I soon understood that this letter was intended for me, and stretched out my hand for it, and tore it open. I read as follows:

'"My Lord; "Berkeley-square, 8 o'clock, (evening.)

'"I have to inform your lordship that Lady Malvern has just given birth to a son. I am sorry to say she is at present lifeless, but I have nevertheless, great hopes that her ladyship will recover. I am, my Lord,

'"Your Lordship's most obliged servant,

'"THOMAS BEYNON, M.D."

'This letter, joined to my previous excitement, was more than I could bear. I remained for some moments perfectly stupified, and only recollect hearing some expressions of alarm as to myself, from the peers sitting near me. I then fell forward quite insensible.

'The house was, of course, in immediate commotion. All business was suspended, and I was removed to the open air, when I soon recovered. I did not at first come to a correct knowledge of all that had passed. I had a vague notion that a child had been born to me, and that my wife was no more. I soon saw that the best place for me was my own house. I got into my carriage, therefore, and was quickly at my door, and had in the mean time fully recollected the alarming intelligence conveyed in the letter of the doctor.

'I jumped out of the carriage and ran hastily into the house. I was met in the hall by Dr. Beynon. I was unable to speak, but his look restored me.

'"All is well, my dear Lord," he said; "I hope I have not alarmed you."

'"My wife?" I gasped out; "but my wife?"—

'"Lady Malvern has now recovered," said Dr. Beynon. "She was at first dreadfully overcome. She is now quite safe—quite safe, I assure you, my lord."

His calmness did assure me. This was happiness enough for some little time. Another thought soon, however, revived.

'"Ah! Doctor Beynon," I cried, "my child—have I a child?"

"You have, indeed, my lord," he replied, earnestly; "in perfect health, a son!"

'This seemed too much to realize at once; but the doctor well knew the feelings of my mind, and merely pointed me up stairs. I immediately felt his meaning. I rushed up, and my child was soon indeed brought to me, and in my arms. I could only welcome him by a flood of tears.

'Let me not attempt to describe my feelings on that occasion. He can alone know them who holds in his arms his first-born. They are too fine and pure to bear a detail.

'I felt, indeed, my life renewed at this moment. I felt I had not lived

in vain. I now enjoyed the full privileges of a man, and could look with tranquillity and comfort to my future life and dying moments.

'My next thought was of Lady Malvern. I deposited my little infant, as yet almost unconscious of existence, in his nurse's arms, and stole softly to her room.

'She was now in a sweet and placid sleep, and all danger had passed over her. I would not awake her. It was here that I could collect and tranquillise my own perturbed feelings. I then wanted no better companion than her sleeping form, that I might reflect upon and reconcile myself to all my new-born happiness.

'She at last awoke.

'Let those who call this world one of unmitigated sorrow and vanity, but drink one draught from the fountain of pure affection, and they will then think an age of misery redeemed by the feelings of one hour.

I hope that all who read this life, may have the happiness of such a meeting as that between my wife and myself at this time—a meeting of devout thankfulness to the Giver of every blessing—a meeting of pure devotion and joy.'—pp. 358—366.

Having discharged the functions of his high office for twelve years, our noble and learned lord resigns, while his honours are still blushing around him, thereby giving a lesson which is not very likely to find many imitators.

The reader will have observed, that we have treated with little respect that part of the present volume that is filled with the trials in which our hero was engaged, the speeches which he made in Parliament, the reforms which he introduced into our courts of justice, and into the bosom of the church itself. We have passed hastily over all these things, because we really felt no sort of relish for them in a book which professed to be the personal history of a lawyer. We were prepared to allow much latitude in the way of invention, so long as the man himself in his progress from obscurity to fame, from poverty to opulence, was kept in view. But as soon as his tale began to be mingled with, or rather lost in, reports of trials, and Parliamentary debates, reforms in the law and the church, and when matters were brought into discussion before us, which would have been much better confined to pamphlets, we felt yawn after yawn irresistibly coming upon us, until at length they terminated in a profound sleep. The introduction of such topics as these may, as we have already hinted, be a misfortune in some measure necessarily connected with the subject of a lawyer's life; it is, however, not less a misfortune, since we freely confess that the student through the first years of his career, in chambers and on the circuit, excited infinitely more influence over our sympathies, than the solicitor, or attorney-general, the chief baron, or the chancellor, with all his dull speeches and his pomp of authority around him.

ART. III.—*Travels through Central Africa to Timbuctoo; and across the great Desert to Morocco, performed in the Years* 1824—1828. By Réné Caillié. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

OUR Gallic neighbours,—who, with all their acknowledged love of science, are far behind our own countrymen in the career of geographical discovery,—appear to be highly delighted with these travels of M. Caillié. A poor Frenchman, they exclaim, unprotected by Government, trusting entirely to his own resources, not gifted with any remarkable talents, and but partially educated, has accomplished that which has hitherto baffled so-many and such expensive English expeditions, conducted by men of the greatest capabilities and enterprise:—he has penetrated to the hidden and mysterious city of Timbuctoo, the grand sanctum sanctorum of travellers during the last forty years, the sight of which, like the favour of some of the gods of old, seemed destined to be refused, until at least a hecatomb of human victims should have been slain upon its altars. The journals of Paris have resounded with the praises of this fortunate wanderer; and one of the most distinguished members of the Institute, M. Jomard, has written an elaborate essay to prove that M. Caillié is no impostor, that his narrative deserves credit, that he is a simple and an honest man, and that he has really visited the true and undoubted spot upon which Timbuctoo stands in all its glory.

The two volumes are composed of about a thousand pages, six hundred of which are occupied with the author's narrative. As Timbuctoo was, according to his own statement, the great object of his journey, is it probable that if he had really visited that city, he would have confined his description of it within the compass of twenty-five pages? On other occasions, he is remarkably and even tediously minute in noting particulars of the dress and appearance of persons with whom he came in contact, the plan of their houses, the furniture, the aspect of streets and public buildings; and from the familiarity of his details, it is manifest that the man only tells what he actually saw, and was well acquainted with. But when he proceeds to relate his impressions of Timbuctoo, he generalises a good deal. His narrative is broken and imperfect, and he leaves upon the minds of his readers an unalterable impression that he is describing rather what he learned from others, than matters which had come within his own observation.

It is rather a singular circumstance that the only European who had been to Timbuctoo, before our author commenced his journey, was a Frenchman, Paul Imbert, a native too of the same province which has produced M. Caillié. Of *his* travels, however, little is known. Adams, the American sailor, whatever doubts may exist as to certain parts of his story, appears beyond all question to have

visited that city. The narrative which was published for him in 1816, was taken from his lips by a friend of ours, than whom a more honourable or a more clear-headed man, does not exist in England. The information thus obtained was sifted by frequent cross-examination; it has never yet, so far as we are aware, been assailed with effect, so as to lose the general character of credibility which it appears to us entitled to possess. In France, we know, the narrative of Adams is not believed to be authentic, and this circumstance might have induced M. Caillié to set it aside as a guide. It is certain that in many essential points the two accounts of Timbuctoo not only differ, but are diametrically opposed. We shall mention but a few.

According to the report of Adams, the houses in Timbuctoo are "not built in streets, or with any regularity." M. Caillié informs us, however, that 'the streets of Timbuctoo are clean, and sufficiently wide to permit three horsemen to pass abreast.' Again, we learn from Adams that the inhabitants of Timbuctoo "did not appear to have any public religion, as they have no house of worship, no priest, and as far as he could discover, never meet together to pray." But the very reverse of this is the case, if the French traveller is to be credited; for he positively states that 'all the native inhabitants of Timbuctoo are zealous Mahometans,' and that 'Timbuctoo contains seven mosques, two of which are large,' and further, that 'each is surmounted by a tower.' It may, perhaps, be said that the Mahometan religion has within the last twenty years made rapid strides over Africa, and drawn millions to the mosque, who before were worshippers of idols. This undoubtedly is the fact; and as more than twenty years intervened between the visit of Adams to Timbuctoo, and that which M. Caillié is reported to have made to the same place, it would not be at all improbable that within that period the inhabitants had not only embraced Mahometanism, but had also constructed the mosques in question. But unfortunately for this supposition, the Frenchman says 'that the western quarter of one mosque is very ancient;' and speaking of another, he asserts that 'no part of it is in ruins, though it appears very old.'

As a specimen of French candour, we may here remark that M. Jomard, in criticising the narrative of Adams, observes that "the city appeared to him as extensive, without being as populous as Lisbon; but between two hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, and ten or twelve thousand, there is a great difference." The inference is, that Adams estimated the population of Timbuctoo at a much higher number than ten or twelve thousand, indeed at a number not much under two hundred thousand at least. Now, what does Adams really say upon this subject? He relates that "the town appeared to him to cover as much ground as Lisbon;" he is unable to give any idea of the number of its inhabitants: "but," he emphatically adds, "as the houses are not built in streets, or with any regularity, its population, compared with that of European towns, is by no means in pro-

portion to its size." Being further pressed upon this point by the gentleman who reduced his narrative to writing, Adams declared that "he could form no idea of the population of Timbuctoo, but, he thinks, that once he saw as many as two thousand persons assembled at one place: this was on the occasion of a party of five hundred men going out to make war in Bambara. So that the true conclusion to be drawn from Adams' account would be, that the population of the city in question would be rather under than over ten thousand; and thus the sneer of the learned Academician goes for nothing.

But to return to our comparisons. The American sailor, who had no hope or expectation of a premium before his eyes, assures us, that the houses of Timbuctoo are "built of sticks, clay and grass, with flat roofs of the same materials." On the contrary, M. Caillié states that 'they are built of bricks of a round form, rolled in the hands, and baked in the sun.' Here is a decided contradiction; but we have another still more awkward.

According to Adams, the negro inhabitants of Timbuctoo "consume tobacco, both in snuff and for smoking; for the latter purpose they use pipes, the tubes of which are made of the leg bones of ostriches!" But to our amazement, M. Caillié declares 'that the inhabitants of Timbuctoo do not smoke!' Again, Adams with a great degree of probability on his side, describes "the people of Timbuctoo as in general very dirty, sometimes not washing themselves for twelve or fourteen days together;" whereas we are told by M. Caillié, that 'the inhabitants of Timbuctoo are exceedingly neat in their dress, and in the interior of their dwellings.' Indeed the two travellers scarcely agree on any one point.

It must be remarked too, that Caillié omits to give us any information as to the fruits and vegetables, which are in general use at Timbuctoo. He says very little of the animals, wild or domestic, which are seen there. He says nothing of the national ceremonies of the people on the important occasions of marriages, births, and deaths; he is equally silent as to their musical instruments, and their amusements in general, which is the more singular, as Adams touches amply upon all these topics, being indeed subjects that would most naturally have in the first instance attracted the notice of a foreigner. With respect to the laws for the government of the city, for the administration of justice or the collection of revenue, the French traveller says not one syllable. He professes to have remained altogether about fourteen days at Timbuctoo, and after devoting some of these to the *mosques*, and to rambles about the city, he says, 'I employed the remainder of the time in collecting information respecting the unfortunate death of Major Laing.' Now this strikes us to be but a very flimsy excuse for the scantiness of his details concerning Timbuctoo itself, and its inhabitants. Even supposing that he occupied himself in an inquiry about our ill-fated country-

man, there was nothing in the performance of such a task to prevent him at the same time from becoming acquainted with the customs and peculiarities of the inhabitants, under the heads which we have enumerated. The inference from these remarks is, that either Adams or Caillié never was at Timbuctoo. It is impossible, if both had visited that city, that they could have contradicted each other upon so many palpable points. For our own parts, we adhere to the narrative of the former, which we firmly believe to be authentic and correct in its most important parts; and we cannot get rid of the impression which, even without comparing it with any other work, the account of Caillié itself produces upon us, that all that he says of his visit to Timbuctoo is pure and unqualified fiction.

We have some doubts also about M. Caillié's journey over the Great Desert of Sahara, after, as he alleges, he took his departure from Timbuctoo. The phenomena which he mentions, the pillars of sand, the storms, the mirage, are described by many authors, and known as well at Tripoli or Algiers, as in the district of Tafilet itself. It is observable that he gives scarcely any details of his fatigues in crossing Mount Atlas, although that portion of his travels would be particularly interesting for its novelty, and would naturally, from the difficulties attending it, have left the strongest recollections in his mind.

M. Caillié's account of the death of Major Laing, is almost in all its particulars incorrect. The authentic intelligence which has reached this country concerning that melancholy event, establishes the fact, that on the third day after he quitted Timbuctoo, Major Laing was treacherously murdered by an Arab sheik of the name of Bourabouchi, who appears to have been expressly hired for the purpose. There is a dark and horrible story afloat connected with this transaction, the details of which must one day be fully elicited. M. Caillié is equally mistaken, when he says that the Major's papers were scattered among the inhabitants of the desert. It is said that a certain Baron Rousseau, who now is, or lately was, the French consul at Tripoli, could, if he so pleased, give a very correct report, not only of the history of those papers, but also of their contents. But we fear that it is extremely doubtful whether they will ever see the light. The party who is supposed to be in possession of them, must have obtained them in a manner not only dishonourable, but even highly criminal. We understand that inquiries are in progress upon this subject, and we must wait for the result, before we can pronounce a verdict.

Leaving therefore to M. Caillié's French admirers all the benefits which they can derive from reading his description of Timbuctoo, and what we shall take leave to call his apocryphal survey of the desert northward of that capital, we shall retrograde upon his steps in the opposite direction. From the very ample details into which he enters with respect to the town of Jenné, the next perhaps in

point of importance to Timbuctoo in the central region of Africa, we entertain no doubt that he proceeded at least thus far upon his journey. It is seated on an island on the secondary branch of the river Dhioliba.

'The town of Jenné is about two miles and a half in circumference: it is surrounded by a very ill constructed earth wall, about ten feet high, and fourteen inches thick. There are several gates, but they are small. The houses are built of bricks dried in the sun. The sand of the isle of Jenné is mixed with a little clay, and it is employed to make bricks of a round form which are sufficiently solid. The houses are as large as those of European villages. The greater part have only one story, like Haggi-Mohammed's, which I have already described. They are all terraced, have no windows externally, and the apartments receive no air except from an inner court. The only entrance, which is of ordinary size, is closed by a door made of wooden planks, pretty thick, and apparently sawed. The door is fastened on the inside by a double iron chain, and on the outside by a wooden lock, made in the country. Some however have iron locks. The apartments are all long and narrow. The walls, especially the outer, are well plastered with sand, for they have no lime. In each house there is a staircase leading to the terrace; but there are no chimneys, and consequently the slaves cook in the open air. The streets are not straight, but they are broad enough for a country in which no carriages are used; eight or nine persons may walk in them abreast; they are kept in good order, being swept almost daily. The environs of Jenné are marshy, and entirely destitute of trees. Some clumps of ronniers are however seen on slight elevations at very remote distances. Before the rains set in, the plains receive some tillage, and are all sown with rice, which grows with the increase of the water of the river; the slaves are the cultivators of this grain. There was also on the banks of the river some gombo, tobacco, and giraumons. I was told that in the rainy season they grow cabbage, carrots, and European turnips, the seed of which is brought from Tafilet. In the marshes is found a kind of forage, which is cut and dried for the cattle. In places not exposed to the inundation they cultivate only millet and maize.

'The town of Jenné is full of bustle and animation; every day numerous caravans of merchants are arriving and departing with all kinds of useful productions. In Jenné there is a mosque built of earth, surmounted by two massive but not high towers; it is rudely constructed, though very large. It is abandoned to thousands of swallows, which build their nests in it. This occasions a very disagreeable smell, to avoid which, the custom of saying prayers in a small outer court has become common. In the environs of the mosque, to which I often went, I always observed a number of beggars, reduced to mendicity by old age, blindness, or other infirmities.

'The town is shaded by some boababs, mimosas, date-trees, and ronniers. I remarked another kind of tree, the name of which I do not know.

'The population of Jenné includes a number of resident strangers, as Mandingoes, Foulahs, Bambaras, and Moors. They speak the languages peculiar to their respective countries, besides a general dialect called *Kissour*, which is the language currently adopted as far as Timbuctoo. The number of the inhabitants may be computed at eight or ten thousand.

This town was formerly independent, but it now belongs to a small kingdom, of which Ségo-Ahmadou is the sovereign. He is a Foulah, and a fanatical Mussulman, but a great conqueror. With a very small number of followers, he has subdued several districts in the south of Bambara, where he has introduced his religion, and enforces obedience. Jenné was his capital; but this zealous disciple of the prophet, finding that the great trade of that town interfered with his religious duties, and drew aside the true believers from their devotions, founded another town on the right bank of the river. He named it *el-Lamdou-Lillahi* (to the praise of God), the first words of a prayer in the Koran. At this place there are public schools in which children are taught gratuitously. There are also schools for adults, according to the degrees of their information. This devout chief is brother to the king of Massina, a country situated on the left bank of the Dhioliba.

Ségo-Ahmadou does not levy contributions on the merchants who resort to Jenné for the purpose of trade. Foreign merchants settled in the country are not subject to taxes any more than natives; but they send presents to the king, as well as to his brother, the chief of Jenné. I had often heard Ségo-Ahmadou extolled for his generosity; but the Moors told me that he was generous only to his own subjects. The inhabitants of Jenné are exceedingly active and industrious, and very much like the savage negroes I had seen in the south. In short, they are intelligent men, who speculate on the labour of their slaves; while, among the freemen, the rich devote themselves to commerce, and the poor to various trades and professions. At Jenné, there are tailors who make clothes, which are sent to Timbuctoo; smiths, founders, masons, shoe-makers, porters, packers, and fishermen: every one renders himself useful in some way or other. Mats, made of the leaves of the ronnier, are used for packing up goods; they are manufactured by the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, who sell them in the market This matting is covered with a second envelope, consisting of a bullock's hide, that is to say, if the goods are worth it. The smiths are no better provided with tools than those I saw on the road: they execute the same work with the same scanty means. It is the business of the packers to sack the grain, and, in order to force as much as possible into the bag, they press it down with a piece of wood. When their bag is full, they put a handful of straw above the millet, and sew the bag. This is much more secure than simple packing.

'All the inhabitants of Jenné are Mahometans. They do not permit infidels to enter their town, and when the Bambara people come to Jenné, they are obliged to repeat the Mahometan prayers, otherwise they would be unmercifully beaten by the Foulahs, who form the majority of the population. I found the inhabitants very civil to strangers, at least to those of their own religion; and they put traders in the way of disposing of their goods.

'They have several wives, whom, however, they do not ill-treat, like the negroes further to the south. The women never go out unveiled, and are not allowed to eat their meals with their husbands, or even with their male children. The girls, when they attain a suitable age, assist their mothers in cooking, washing, and other household business. They occupy their leisure moments in spinning cotton, which they buy in the market, for in the marshy environs of the city it is not cultivated; however, on the

west side, I saw a little field of cotton surrounded by a thorn hedge. It appeared to be of very inferior quality, and does not thrive well.

'The people of Jenné know no other writing than that of the Arabs: almost all can read, though few understand it. There are schools for youth, like those which I have already described. After the children have learned every thing that is taught in these schools, they are sent to El-Lamdou-Lillahi; and when they know the Koran by heart, they are looked upon as learned men; they then return to their native places, and enter into trade.

'The inhabitants of Jenné live very well: they eat rice boiled with fresh meat, which is to be procured every day in the market. With the fine millet they make couscous; this is eaten with fresh or dried fish, of which they have great abundance. Their dishes are highly seasoned: they use a good deal of allspice, and salt is common enough to enable every one to get it. The expense of maintenance for a single individual is about twenty-five or thirty cowries per day. Meat is not dear in this place: a piece which costs forty cowries (twenty centimes) is enough to furnish a dinner for four persons. They generally make two meals a day; all sitting round one dish, and each taking out a portion with his hand, like all the inhabitants of the interior.

'Their houses are not furnished. They have leather bags in which they put their things; these bags are sometimes hung to a line put across the apartment. The people always sleep on bullocks' hides, or mats, spread upon the ground. Hence they are very subject to rheumatic complaints, owing to the extreme dampness of the soil; for they cannot keep fires during the night on account of the scarcity of wood. The children, as well as grown persons, are very neatly dressed. They wear a coussabe made of cloth of the Soudan, generally white, which is the favourite colour; their trowsers reach to the ancle, and are not so full as those worn by the Mandingoes in the south; they have a hem at the waist in which is run a cotton string that ties above the hips. The Mandingo traders buy these trowsers and carry them to their country: I saw them at Sambatikila, Timé, and Tangrera. The people of Jenné never go barefoot, not even the children of the slaves. Their shoes, which are very neatly made, resemble our European slippers; they have them of various colours. Their shoemakers use no lasts, they get thin leather from Timbuctoo, whither it is brought by the Moors from Morocco. I saw no tanners in Jenné.

'The most elegant head-dress worn in this place is a red cap, round which a large piece of muslin is rolled in the form of a turban. Men of inferior rank, like the saracolets, wear caps made in the country. The dress of the women consists of a coussabe with a pagne under it. I saw several females with sandals. They plat their hair and wear necklaces of glass, amber, coral, and gold ear-rings. Some also wear about the neck plates of that metal which are made in the country. I saw some with nose-rings; they all have their noses pierced, and those who are not rich enough to buy a ring, have a piece of pink silk in its stead. They wear silver bracelets of a round form, and their ancles are encircled by flat rings of plated iron, four inches broad, which cover them completely.

'The price of an ordinary coussabe of cloth of native manufacture is two thousand cowries; a pair of trowsers costs one thousand, and a pair of

slippers three hundred. They are to be had either cheaper or dearer, according to the variety of form or colour. The Moors have magazines well supplied with European merchandize; such as white Guinea cloth, (for they have but little blue) calico, scarlet cloth, paper, muskets, powder, hardware, needles, silk, and sulphur. They sell all these things wholesale. They have also white sugar and tea; but it is only the very rich who can afford such luxuries. I was pleased to find at Jenné that one might use a pocket handkerchief without being ridiculed; for the inhabitants themselves use it, whereas, in the countries through which I had previously passed, it would have been dangerous to suffer such a thing to be seen A cake of salt, of the dimensions which I have described in a former part of this volume, costs ten, fifteen, or even twenty thousand cowries, according to the scarcity or abundance of the article; there are smaller cakes, which cost seven or eight thousand cowries.'—vol. i. pp. 459—465.

The country immediately south of Jenné seems to be pretty generally well cultivated. It produces the butter tree in great abundance. At Missabougou our traveller was annoyed by a horrible race of savages, called Lous.

'A little after sun-set, as I was standing by the fire, boiling some pieces of bark to wash my mouth, which was still very painful, a young negro of our caravan, who had shewn me marks of attention during the whole of the journey, informed me that I must not stay out too late, because, if the Lous should see me, they would beat me unmercifully. I did not know what he meant, and asked him to explain himself. He told me that throughout the whole of Bambara, there are men who live all day in the woods, in huts made of the branches of trees. They have with them boys, to whom they teach the mysteries of their ceremonies. Every night they issue from the woods, accompanied by the boys, running about the village, uttering frightful cries, and making a thousand hideous contortions. On their approach, the terrified inhabitants shut themselves up in their huts; but there are some men, added the negro, who are not afraid of the Lous. I immediately conjectured, that these Lous must be an association similar to that of the Simos, which I have already described as existing among the people who inhabit the banks of the Rio Nunez, and also among the Timannees. I was confirmed in this supposition, when the young negro informed me that, on rejoicing days, they give notice of their intention to shew themselves openly. They come and join in the festivities of the day, and then return to their habitations, laden with presents of every kind, which all, and particularly the women, are eager to bestow upon them. The young negro, from whom I learned these particulars, had made several journeys through this country, and had acquired an acquaintance with the manners of the people, which a stranger can obtain but slowly and imperfectly. He, moreover, informed me that the Lous drink the beer of the country, with which they frequently become intoxicated.

'In the evening, I heard some strange howlings in the vicinity of the village. I made no doubt that the Lous had commenced their nightly incursions, and felt great curiosity to see them. I cautiously crept out of my hut, and took my station behind a little palisade, whence I could see without being seen. I soon saw a man advance. His head was covered with a piece of rag, and from various parts of his body were suspended bells

and little bits of iron, which made a horrid jingling noise. Before he entered the village, he announced his approach by running round it, uttering frightful howlings, and rattling his noisy appendages. He was followed by a number of boys, dressed like himself. I heard some old men, who were sitting conversing together at their doors, call out to the Lou, not to go that way, as there were people there; and he and his retinue immediately turned another way. During a great part of the night I could get no sleep, on account of the howling of these savages.'—vol. i. pp. 400, 401.

The author's description of the economy of a caravan is well drawn; we hope that our epicurean readers will excuse the introduction of the adventure at Cacorou.

'On the 13th, at four in the morning, we prepared to depart; but, before I proceed farther, I will endeavour to give a description of the whole economy of our caravan. It was composed of from forty to fifty Mandingoes, and thirty-five women, all carrying loads on their heads. There were eight chiefs leading their asses, about fifteen in number. With these chiefs were their slaves and women, whose business it was to carry the baggage and cook at every halt for the whole caravan. The women always proceeded first, and the men in the rear. The ringing of their bells gave notice of their approach. The Mandingoes are very fond of bells, the jingling of which diverts them on their journey. They make these bells themselves of iron and copper, which they purchase at Jenné, and in other markets on the banks of the Dhioliba, where they likewise procure bells ready made. On arriving at a village, the women of the caravan fetch water and bruise the millet for dinner. This meal being over, they prepare warm water for the men's baths; the water is heated in large vessels, which they borrow from the people of the village where they stop. This task being ended, they again set about bruising millet for supper. It is the business of the slaves to procure fire-wood for cooking. The free negroes are exempted from all this trouble; they lie down and rest themselves until their meals are ready: they then go through the village with their calabashes, containing colats, which they exchange with the inhabitants for cowries. With these they purchase grain for the supply of the caravan. The women employ their leisure moments in spinning cotton, which they purchase with the colats given to them by their husbands. I have seen them spin by the light of a lamp fed with vegetable butter; the produce of this labour is their own little perquisite. On their arrival at Jenné, they sell their spun cotton for cowries, with which they buy salt and glass trinkets. The women likewise wash the men's clothes. The men, as soon they have rested themselves, inspect the loads of colats, especially those which during the journey have fallen from the asses' backs. They cover the fruit with fresh leaves, in order to keep it cool; they then go into the village to dispose of their cloth; they also settle the payment of the passage money; for all foreign merchants, however numerous they may be, are obliged in every place they halt to pay for the whole of the company, a small tax, the amount of which sometimes varies, but is generally about twenty colats for each load: these twenty colats are worth two hundred cowries, (about twenty sous, French money). When the caravan is numerous, which often happens, for it gains accessions on the road, some person who has but a small load goes forward, and arrives first

in the village to procure lodgings for his companions; he then deposits his load and returns to meet his friends, whom he directs to their respective destinations. Those who do not adopt this prudent precaution have the trouble of seeking through the village for a place to put up at, and are often obliged to proceed farther. It is customary for the parties who first reach the village to return and help the others with their burdens, especially when the journey has been long.

'On the 13th of January, we set out at four o'clock in the morning, in order to take advantage of the cool air. We went on for five miles more without seeing the least trace of cultivation, and at ten o'clock in the morning arrived at Cacorou, where we halted. This village contains from five to six hundred inhabitants, to whom I was an object of great curiosity. As I had not yet breakfasted, I went to a Bambara woman, who was pounding boiled yams! I bought some of her for a few glass beads, and she gave me separately, in a small pot, some gombo sauce. On dipping my yams into this sauce, I discovered, to my great mortification, some little paws, and immediately ascertained that the sauce was made of mice; however, I was hungry, and I continued my meal, though I must confess, not without some feelings of disgust. The negroes, when they take their yams without sauce, never mash them; those which I bought from the negress were ready prepared. In the evening I saw many women chopping mice to make sauce for their suppers. I observed that they gut the animals, and, without taking the trouble of skinning them, merely draw them across the fire to singe off the hair; thus prepared, they lay them in a corner of the hut, and it is not unusual to keep them there for seven or eight days before they are cooked. The mice, which make their way into the jars of millet, are caught by the women and children without the aid of traps.'—vol. i. pp. 366—368.

Our traveller was detained four months at the village of Timé, by an attack of scurvy. His account of that place and its environs, and also of the village of Sambatikila, is diversified with interesting notices of the character and manners of their inhabitants. He describes the Wassalou country as very fertile, it being watered by many large streams, which enrich the soil. 'It brings forth in abundance every thing which is necessary for man in an unsophisticated state. The inhabitants are gentle, humane, and very hospitable.' Indeed, according to M. Caillié, the whole of this fine district is a sort of Paradise.

'The women manufacture earthen pots for their housekeeping; for this purpose they use a grey clay, which they find on the banks of the streams; they knead it, and clear it of all extraneous matter, and when of the proper consistence, it is easily worked: having brought it into the right form, they polish it by degrees with their hands, and the vessels, when finished, are placed in the shade to dry slowly, for the heat of the sun would crack them; when half dry, they are again polished with a piece of wood made for the purpose; in this way they become quite shining, and are again set to dry. Before they are completely hardened, they are exposed to a gentle sun, and eight or ten days afterwards they are piled one upon another, between two layers of millet-straw, which is set on fire to complete the baking. Vessels which are thus made come out quite glazed and of a greyish colour; they

are usually round, with a little rim round the top, and no handle; they very much resemble what are made all through Fouta-Dhialon and Kankan. The amiable inhabitants of this happy country live as if they were all of one family. Each hamlet is composed of twelve or fourteen huts, or even fewer, surrounded by a clumsy and tasteless wooden palisade. In the centre of this little group of huts is a court, into which they all open; the cattle are shut up in this court at night, but the calves have a separate enclosure; it is the business of the women to milk the cows. There are usually two outer doors to this court, at each of which is a forked piece of wood, which you are sometimes obliged to stride over, as it is not always very easy to squeeze past it, and I have found it very troublesome, on various occasions, in my Arabian costume. These forks are thus placed to prevent the cattle from straying at night, and there is another entrance without this kind of barricade through which they are brought in and out.

'The women, who are employed in cooking, perform their operations in the open air. The inhabitants are in general very dirty and ill-clothed; their costume resembles that of the natives of Toron; and, like them, they use tobacco and snuff. They plait their hair in tresses, wear ear-rings of small beads and necklaces, and iron bracelets on their legs and arms, like the women. They are Foulahs, but do not speak the Foulah language. Their complexion, which is lighter than that of the Mandingoes, is of a darker hue than the negroes of Fouta-Dhialon. I tried to discover whether they had any religion of their own: whether they worshipped fetishes, or the sun, moon, or stars; but I could never perceive any religious ceremony amongst them, and I suspect that they are careless on the subject, and trouble themselves very little with theology: if they had any specific belief of their own, instead of encouraging Mussulmans and Grigris, they would scorn them, and adhere to the superstition of their country. Small hamlets are to be seen at short distances from one another all over the country. The inhabitants grow a great quantity of cotton, of which they manufacture cloth, and sell it to dealers, who carry it to Kankan. The looms which they use for weaving cloth are like ours, but smaller; the breadths are not more than five inches wide: the slays are of reed, and they have a shuttle like ours with small bobbins, which they fasten to the shuttle with a thin bit of wire, or a small piece of reed; they do not weave fast. The women sit in their courts, and spin cotton; as they do not understand carding, their thread is coarse and uneven; they use the same kind of spindle which is employed by the negresses of the Senegal.'—vol. i. pp. 302—304.

In the extract which we have already given relating to the Lous, the author mentions a similar confederacy which he had already encountered, under the name of Simos. We shall transcribe his account of the latter, which is very curious.

'Amongst the tribes on the banks of the Rio Nunez there is a secret society, not unlike that of the freemasons. It has a head, who is called the Simo; he makes laws, and they are executed under his authority. This Simo lives in the woods, and is never seen by the uninitiated; he is attended by pupils who are partly initiated in the mysteries. Sometimes he assumes the form of a pelican, sometimes he is wrapped up in the skins of wild beasts, and sometimes covered from head to foot with leaves, which conceal his real shape.

'Novices may be initiated at several different times of the year. The families in several different villages, who wish to have their children admitted, collect all the boys between the ages of twelve and fourteen, and send for the Simo. He comes to the place in disguise, to circumcise the children, none but candidates being present at the operation; the ceremony is accompanied by a great feast, at the expense of the parents, who contribute according to their respective means. The feast lasts sometimes for several days; after it is over, the Simo withdraws to the woods, and takes with him the boys who have been initiated; from this time forward, they have no further communication with their relatives. They lead a pleasant idle life; provisions are bestowed upon them in abundance, and they dwell in huts made of the branches of trees, with no other clothing than a few palm leaves skilfully arranged, from the loins half way down the thighs, the head and the rest of the body being quite naked.

'I have often seen them go by with two calabashes of palm-wine slung at the two ends of a stick, which they carried on their shoulder. They walk at a prodigious rate, and seem afraid of being seen. When the Simo or his disciples meet a stranger in the wood, they ask him for the watchword of the order; if the answer is correct, the stranger is admitted amongst them; if not, the master and his pupils, all armed with sticks and rods, attack him, and, after beating him severely, exact a high ransom. If an uncircumcised boy falls into their hands, they circumcise him and keep him, for the purpose of initiating him. They have no mercy upon women, whom they beat most cruelly, and, as I have been told, they are sometimes barbarous enough to kill them.

'The young persons thus initiated lead this idle and vagabond life for seven or eight years; this period, it is said, is necessary for their instruction. When the parents are desirous of getting them back from the woods, they collect all the pagnes they can, and make with them a fine girdle, which they adorn with copper bells, and send it to their children, with a present of tobacco and rum for the master. It is only at such times that the son shows himself in public.

'The eve of this festival is celebrated in the woods, near the spot where he is to make his appearance, and he gives notice by his loud shouts that he means to be visible. Without this notice no person excepting the uninitiated durst look at him, for they are foolish enough to think it unlucky, and if they were to feel ill after it, they would not fail to ascribe it to the unfortunate glance.

'On the festival day, the Simo again announces his approach by frightful howlings, which are imitated by his pupils with cows' horns. They are all armed with whips, in token of their authority. Those who have been formerly initiated, and reside in the neighbouring villages, collect and join in the rejoicings. They dress themselves in their best apparel, and, preceded by the music of the country, march at the head of the troop. After having complimented the Simo, they make him a little present, and conduct him in triumph to the village, with the sound of the tomtom. Those who are present accompany the music with their monotonous singing and fire off guns. The women also assemble, singing, and bearing each a calabash of rice, which they fling at the Simo, by way of offering, amid dances and shouts of joy.

'These festivals are usually very gay; much palm-wine and rum are

drunk, sheep and oxen are killed, and there is great feasting, which lasts several days. When all this rejoicing is over, the children whose parents cannot afford to make presents to the Simo, return with him into the woods, and continue the same course of life for seven or eight years longer. When they are old enough to be serviceable, however, they are allowed to help their parents, at the approach of the rainy season, to work in the fields; after which they return to the woods and the master employs them in cultivating his land.

'When the initiated return to their families, they set up before their doors a tree, or merely a stake, at the end of which is suspended a small piece of stuff, most commonly white. The tree or stake, whichever it may happen to be, is a gift from the master, in return for the handsome present which he has received.

'They give the name of Simo to this tree or stake, and it becomes their tutelar deity; they respect and fear it so much, that, to prevent any one from going to a particular spot, it is only necessary to set up a Simo before it. They also swear by it, and believe that a false oath would draw upon them the vengeance of this mysterious demon; they are even afraid of lying lest they should provoke its interference.

'If anything is owing to them, or if any one has taken from them some article which they cannot recover, they piously address their prayers to this bit of wood, and offer it a sacrifice of rice, honey, or palm-wine, firing off a gun at its foot. This is a species of complaint which they make to the Simo, to petition for redress. From this time, if any of the debtor's family should fall sick, it is ascribed to the agency of the Simo; the relations in a fright hasten to discharge the debt, to return what has been stolen, or to make reparation if any insult has been offered.

'They believe in sorcery and witchcraft; whoever is suspected of sorcery is forthwith delivered to the Simo, who acts as chief magistrate. The accused is questioned, and if he confesses, he is condemned to pay a fine; if, on the other hand, he maintains his innocence, he is compelled to drink a liquor made with the bark of a tree which gives to water a beautiful red colour. The accused and the accuser are obliged to swallow the same medicine, or rather poison; they must drink it fasting and entirely naked, except that the accused is allowed a white pagne, which he wraps round his loins. The liquor is poured into a small calabash, and the accuser and accused are forced to take an equal quantity, until, unable to swallow more, they expel it or die. If the poison is expelled by vomiting, the accused is innocent, and then he has a right to reparation; if it passes downwards, he is deemed not absolutely innocent; and if it should not pass at all at the time, he is judged to be guilty.

'I have been assured that few of these wretched creatures survive this ordeal; they are compelled to drink so large a dose of the poison, that they die almost immediately. If, however, the family of the accused consent to pay an indemnity, the unhappy patient is excused from drinking any more liquor; he is then put into a bath of tepid water, and by the application of both feet to the abdomen, they make him cast up the poison which he has swallowed.

'This cruel ordeal is employed for all sorts of crimes. The consequence is, that though it may sometimes lead to the confession of crimes, it also induces the innocent to acknowledge themselves guilty, rather than submit to it.

'It is not lawful either to quarrel or fight near the places which are inhabited by the mystical magistrate. When war is to be carried on in the neighbourhood, notice is given to the Simo and his retinue to retire. If two adversaries were to fight while he was near, they would be forced immediately to take him a present as a reparation for having disturbed him; if they were to omit this, they would fancy that some great calamity was continually impending over them.

'When they carry their gift to the Simo, they are obliged to turn their backs to him, and put their hands over their eyes; he receives the offering, pronounces a long prayer, and picks up a little earth, which he throws at them in token of absolution. After this ridiculous ceremony, the disturbers of the Simo's peace returned perfectly satisfied. During the few days that I was at Kakondy, I heard the Simo and his attendants howling horribly while dancing.'—vol. i. pp. 153—157.

M. Caillié tells us nothing new of the districts of Africa which lie between the Rio Nunez and the French establishment at St. Louis, whence he set out upon his expedition.

Art. IV.—*Field Sports of the North of Europe; comprised in a Personal Narrative of a Residence in Sweden and Norway, in the years* 1827-28. By L. Lloyd, Esq. With numerous engravings. In two volumes. 8vo. London. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

Our English sportsmen, who can only boast of a desperate leap, now and then, in pursuit of reynard,—or of a hard run after the majestic stag;—who can merely talk of bagging sundry braces of partridge, and of tenting it occasionally on the moors of Scotland or Yorkshire,—must allow, when they read these volumes, that their most renowned feats sink into insignificance, when compared with the wars that are waged against the savage inhabitants of the northern forests. Field sports indeed!——It is, in fact, a series of campaigns that Mr. Lloyd relates,—wherein the enemy, if not remarkable for discipline, was often formidable from his strength and his ferocity. The narratives of these engagements bring forcibly before us the times, when our own island was overrun with woods and wolves. These have long since vanished from England. But in Sweden and Norway, the bear still retains a considerable portion of his ancient empire. In those countries, we observe the past ages and the present on the confines of each other—the most polished refinement within a few leagues of barbarism. It is delightful to be able to step from a civilized state of society, into the gloomy and savage grandeur of the forest in a few hours. We envy Mr. Lloyd his facility of locomotion. He seems to have no care on earth, but to amuse himself with his gun and his dogs. We should prefer a month's sporting with him to all the literature that Colburn can puff, or Bentley unrol from his steam-engine for a whole year.

But Mr. Lloyd is not contented with merely relating his triumphs over the wolf and the bear: he has made many valuable

additions to natural history; he has corrected several erroneous notions that have long been entertained, concerning these and other animals which he encountered in the course of his wanderings. He gives some interesting notices of the capercali, the black cock, and the hazel-hen—those most delicious of birds to our taste, whose fragrant approach to the dinner table we hail with ineffable joy. Our friend is also a tolerable fisherman, though we imagine that he still wants some lessons on that part of his subject. At least his pages do not reflect the lake and the brook,—the green bank and the neighbouring leaves, musical with the song of birds—in that genial tone of enchantment which animated old Walton, and which breaks out now and then, though not so brightly, in the pages of Sir Humphry Davy.

Our author had once, it seems, entertained some notion of inflicting upon us,—we do not know how many volumes of a tour through the north of Europe; having visited not only Sweden and Norway, but also Finland, Lapland, Denmark, and Russia. His better genius inspired him with a more moderate strain. He sagaciously bethought him, that we have recently a sufficient number of volumes upon all these countries—indeed many more than were required—and he therefore confined his work as much as possible to sporting subjects, 'more particularly to the *chasse* of the bear, which, at any rate,' he correctly thought, 'has the charm of novelty in its favour.' With these topics, he has occasionally mingled general descriptions of the country, and observations on its inhabitants; and thus has he succeeded in producing a work which has attractions for the general reader, as well as for the sportsman and the naturalist.

Contrary to what we believe to be a general impression,—game, such as we pursue in this country, is scarce in Norway and Sweden. Mr. Lloyd informs us, that he has often walked for hours together 'in the finest shooting grounds imaginable, without finding a bird or other animal!' This scarcity, however, is not attributable to the country itself, which produces game in abundance; but to the exterminating, and, we may add, the unfair and barbarous war which is carried on against the birds in all quarters. 'In the summer, and often when the birds are hardly out of their shells, the slaughter is commenced both with traps and guns; and during the subsequent long winters of some five or six months' duration, every device which the ingenuity of man can invent, is put into execution to destroy them.' Our disciplined and considerate sportsmen will shudder at the evidence which Mr. Greiff, who has lately published a little work on Scandinavian field sports, furnishes on this subject.

"In many woods and districts where, fifty years ago, abundance of both capercali and black game was to be found, not a bird now exists. In the spring, when the birds assemble for the purpose of pairing, people place themselves in ambush, and shoot without distinction cocks and hens, by

which means the birds are frightened and dispersed; and afterwards, when the spring is more advanced, and the hen is not found upon her eggs, it is certain she will be sought after before her young are able to fly; by one shot, a whole brood of seven or eight birds are thus destroyed, which in the month of August would have been fit for table, and have reinforced the larder."

Such a statement as this, would go far towards reconciling us to the game laws. In Sweden, a system of prohibition, not unlike our own subsists; but it seems to have fallen into desuetude, or at least to be universally violated with impunity.

We have already mentioned the capercali, the black cock, and the hazel-hen. Besides these birds, our author met also with the cock of the wood, the partridge, the woodcock, the snipe, and several other descriptions of wild fowl. The partridges were particularly scarce: pheasants were never seen, the climate being perhaps unfriendly to their existence during a long winter; neither were the common grouse, though a species of them, not unlike our ptarmigan, were found in abundance.

Of the four footed game, the elk, formerly so prolific in Scandinavia, is now very rare, except in some of the districts of Norway. The roebuck, the red deer, and the rein deer, still abound in Sweden. A few hares are met with, but no wild rabbits. Otters, and, in some rivers, beavers, have numerous habitations. Squirrels, Badgers, and the Lemming, are seen every where. The red, and sometimes, as it is said, the black fox makes his appearance. But of all the animals in the forest, the bear yields the noblest sport. We must allow Mr. Lloyd to describe him.

'The brown bear only is common to the Scandinavian forests; the white, or ice bear (Ursus Martimus) confines himself, as it is well known, to the Polar regions; it is asserted, however, that he formerly inhabited the northern parts of the Peninsula, and even now it is said that, once in a while, an ice-berg floats him to the Norwegian shores.

'Of the brown bear, it is said by many, and Mr. Professor Nilsson seems also to be of that opinion, there are two kinds common to Scandinavia. The large bear, or bear of prey, (Sw. Slag-Björn, or Ursus Arctos major,) which lives indiscriminately on vegetable or animal substances; and the smaller bear, Sw. Myr-Björn, or Ursus Arctos minor,) which never eats flesh, and which subsists entirely upon ants or vegetable matter. Others again, on the contrary, and among the rest Mr. Falk, seem to think that there is only one species, and that the difference of size observable among those animals is owing to their respective ages. For myself, I cannot venture an opinion; though certainly, in the bears that I have killed, or assisted others in destroying, no difference in formation was perceptible. Here I may remark, that Mr. Nilsson is decidedly of opinion, that, "even if there be two kinds in Scandinavia," (of which he is by no means certain,) "they are both entirely distinct from the small black bear common to the American forests." He farther observes that, "there is no European bear, as many naturalists, with Buffon at their head, have asserted, that is *black*; it is true," he says, "that black bears are occasionally found, but these are

always very large, and it is therefore to be presumed that the bear does not become of that colour until he has attained to his full growth; besides," he adds, and his observation is perfectly just, " they do not all seem to acquire it then, because one meets also with very large brown bears."

'The general colour of Scandinavian bears is a dark brown; in some instances however, as I have just observed, they are black; and in others again of a greyish colour: these last are commonly called silver bears. In point of fact, one seldom sees two skins altogether alike. Instances have occurred of perfectly white bears having been found in the Peninsula; but Mr. Nilsson thinks that " these are accidental varieties of the species, like white squirrels, white swallows, and white crows.

'Bears have occasionly white rings round their necks. At this very time, indeed, I have two of these animals in my possession, whose mother I shot during the last winter in the Scandinavian forests. They are male and female: the female has that peculiar mark; the male, however, is without it: this contradicts the commonly received opinion that the ring is confined to male bears. On this subject Mr. Nilsson observes, that " bears usually lose the ring after the second or third year; some few, however, preserve it all their lives, and these are called ring-bears."

'The Scandinavian bear (even assuming it to be of the larger, or destructive species) does not subsist for the most part, as many naturalists have asserted, upon flesh; for ants and vegetable substances compose his principal food; indeed Mr. Falk justly observes, " that an animal which is able to devour a moderate sized cow* in twenty-four hours, would, if flesh formed the chief of his sustenance, destroy all the herds in the country. The destruction which the bear commits among cattle," that gentleman farther remarks, " is often owing to the latter attacking him in the first instance; for, when provoked by their bellowing, and pursuit of him, which not unfrequently commence as soon as they get a view of him, he then displays his superior strengh.—For years, however," says the same author, " bears may *reside* in the neighbourhood of cattle, without doing them any injury; although," as is notoriously the fact, " they will sometimes visit herds solely from the desire of prey." Young bears seldom molest cattle; but old bears, after having tasted blood, often become very destructive, and, unless their career be put an end to, commit no little havoc in the line of country they are in the habit of ranging.

'" The bear," Mr. Nilsson observes, though for the truth of the statement I cannot vouch, " is more or less noxious as the weather varies; for, if it be clear and dry, his attacks upon cattle are less frequent than when the summer is wet and cloudy."

'The bear feeds on roots, and the leaves and small branches of the aspen, mountain-ash, and other trees; he is also fond of succulent plants, such as angelica, mountain-thistle, &c.; to berries he is likewise very partial, and during the autumnal months, when they are ripe, he devours vast quantities of cranberries, blueberries, raspberries, strawberries, cloudberries, and other berries common to the Scandinavian forests. Ripe corn he also eats, and

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* 'The cattle in the northern parts of Sweden are of a rather small breed; indeed, few of them are larger than those of the Highlands of Scotland. The bear, however, does not confine himself to cattle, for he devours indiscriminately horses, pigs, sheep, or goats.'

he sometimes commits no little havoc amongst it; for seating himself, as it is said, on his haunches in a field of it, he collects with his outstretched arms nearly a sheaf at a time, the ears of which he then devours.

'The bear, as is well known, feeds on honey; and according to Professor Nilsson, he sometimes plunders the peasants of their bee-hives; of ants, also, he devours vast quantities: "probably he likes them," Mr. Nilsson observes, in consequence of their pungent taste. If any of these little creatures sting him in a tender part, he becomes angry immediately, and scatters around the whole ant-hill."

'The latter circumstance may be perfectly true, for all I know to the contrary: if so, however, I apprehend the bear is generally in an ill-humour with the ants; because, whenever I have met with any of their nests at which the bear had been feeding, they had most commonly been turned inside out.

'Bears are not often to be met with in poor hilly countries, for in these it is not easy for them to find sustenance; but the wildest recesses of the forest, where there are morasses, are his favourite haunts.

'During the summer the bear is always lean; but in the autumn, when the berries are ripe, and he has consequently a greater facility of obtaining food, he generally becomes very fat. Towards the end of October, however, he ceases for that year to feed; his bowels and stomach become quite empty, and contracted into a very small compass, whilst the extremity of them is closed by an indurated substance, which in Swedish is called *tappen*. This is composed, as it is said, of the last substances, such as pine-leaves, and what he obtains from the ant-hills, of which the bear has eaten.

'In the beginning, or towards the middle of November, the bear retires to his den, which he has usually prepared beforehand, and of the nature of which I shall have occasion to speak more hereafter; here, if undisturbed, he passes the whole of the winter months in constant repose.

'But though during all this time, he does not take one particle of nourishment, still he retains his condition tolerably well; indeed, Mr. Falk asserts, and Mr. Nilsson coincides with him, that up to the end of February, (after which time they imagine he becomes lean,) he continues to get fatter. In the latter assertion, however, I cannot at all agree, as in the first place it seems contrary to reason; and in the next, I do not know how the point is to be ascertained. One thing, however, is certain, that let the bear be killed at what period of the winter he may, he is usually pretty fat; indeed experienced Chasseurs have stated to me, that if he has been undisturbed in his lair, no perceptible difference is observable in his condition, whether he is shot in the early part of the winter, or immediately before he rises in the spring.

'As the spring approaches, the bear begins to shake off his lethargy; and about the middle of April, though the time depends more or less upon the severity of the weather, he leaves his den. He now parts with the *tappen*, of which I have just made mention; and his stomach resuming its functions, he once more roams the forest in search of food.

'If in the course of the winter, however, the bear be frightened out of his den and very severely hunted, he once in a while passes the *tappen*; in which case, it is said, he immediately grows excessively thin; this, nevertheless, I do not assert from experience; for, though at different times I have given some of those animals rather a hard run, I never knew a circumstance

of the kind to happen until towards the approach of spring, when in consequence it was almost in the course of nature. Indeed I never heard of but one well authenticated instance of the bear having passed his *tappen* in the depth of winter.

'The inference drawn by the northern Chasseurs from this is, that the *tappen*, in conjunction with repose, is the cause of the bear retaining his condition, though without taking any kind of nourishment, for nearly one-half of the year.

'Though the *tappen* has probably been known to the bear-hunters of the north for ages, Mr. Falk was, I believe, the first to bring the circumstance before the notice of the public. In Sweden, however, I do not think it has created any speculation, it being perhaps considered an idle story. If nevertheless the bear really does become excessively lean, in the event of losing his *tappen*, which Mr. Falk and others assert to be the fact, it would seem as if there was some hidden mystery connected with it, which it is for naturalists to unravel. Should this be the case, it is not improbable but that it may eventually be discovered that a process something similar in its kind takes place in all animals that pass the winter months in a torpid state.'—vol. i. pp. 84—91.

This singular provision of nature, the *tappen*, was analysed by Mr. Lloyd, and a most diversified composition he found it to be. It consisted of brown resin, green essential (volatile) oil, smelling like turpentine, pale yellow fat (fixed) oil, smelling rancid, the colouring matter of leaves, starch, lignia, pectic acid, formic acid, sulphates, phosphates, and muriates, leaves of Scotch fir and juniper, and other materials. We need hardly laugh at the story of the bear sucking his paws for nourishment. That the animal does often suck his paws, is however certain, and the reason of his performing this operation with so much assiduity, has not yet been explained by natural philosophers. Mr. Lloyd conjectures that the bear obtains a new skin on the balls of his feet during the winter months, and that by sucking he assists in the change.

Having thus far made ourselves acquainted with the character of the Scandinavian bear, let us take a trip to the province of Dalecarlia, and amidst its magnificent forests, lakes, and mountains, join in what our author calls a—*skall*. Now, what is a skall?—our English sportsman asks. Is it a hunt? Not exactly. A *skall* is, we believe, a legal term, meaning the destruction of a bear. It is performed in this way. Upon a given day, in pursuance of an order from the authorities, a certain number of persons from such parishes as are most interested in the removal of the noxious animal, assemble together, and dispose themselves in the best order they can devise, for the purpose of ultimately closing in upon the bear, or bears, which infest the neighbourhood. Sometimes as many as fifteen hundred men are employed upon such an occasion, and as they may not succeed in attaining the object for two or three days, they bivouac at night, and the whole proceeding has about it a military and warlike appearance. The formation of the lines, the anxiety of expectation, the possibility of danger, the unity of pur-

pose, the firing which commences when the common enemy appears, the shouting of the assailants, re-echoed through the forests,—give great animation and interest to the scene. The number of peasants above stated, attended the first skall at which our author was present, in the neighbourhood of the beautiful lake of Wenjan, in Dalecarlia. It was in the month of June. The people had been already out two days and nights without success. At length, however, having converged from all points, a general halt took place in the afternoon of the third. The skall then became active and exciting.

'Hitherto, during the battue, I had only heard a single shot; but in a minute or less, after we had reached the skall-plats, and before we had properly taken up our several positions, a discharge or two at a distant part of the line, announced that something was on foot: almost at the same instant, a bear dashed at the full gallop through a thick brake, parallel to, and at only some twenty paces from where I stood. At this time, however, owing to my attention being distracted by something that was going on, I had omitted to cock my gun, and, in consequence, I had no time to fire, before the animal had again disappeared. My view, however, was but transitory; yet, such as it was, as I am not a slow shot, I think if I had been ready, I could have put a ball through his body.

'Like the greater part of those with fire-arms, I now stationed myself a few paces in front of the cordon; farther I was not allowed to advance: this, indeed, was a very necessary regulation, as if I had been any distance within the skall-plats, my person would not only have been much exposed to the cross-fire, but there would have been great danger that the bears, or other wild beasts, finding themselves attacked at all points, and becoming desperate, would have been induced to dash at the people; in which case, there is always a great probability of the animals making their escape.

'For a while I remained in a part of the forest where there was little underwood, and where the trees were rather open; but, though the firing at different points was at intervals heavy, from which it was pretty evident the game we had enclosed was endeavouring to find an outlet to escape; nothing made its appearance near to where I stood.

'Finding this to be the case, and thinking it was probably in consequence of there being so little underwood thereabouts,—for bears as well as other wild beasts will generally hold to the thickest cover,—I now moved some paces to my left, and placed myself opposite to a very thick brake: in the centre of this, however, was a small opening of a few feet in extent. In this new position I had not remained more than a minute or two, when the heavy firing to my left, evidently rapidly advancing towards me, together with the tremendous shouts of the people, gave me plainly to understand something was coming. In this I was not deceived; for, in a few seconds, a large and noble-looking bear, his head rather erect, and with the fire and spirit of a war-horse in his appearance, dashed at full speed into the small opening of which I have just made mention. His stay there however was but momentary; for, seeing probably that the people were too thick on the ground to give him a chance of escape, he wheeled about, and in another instant he was lost in the thicket. In the interim, however, I had time, though without taking any deliberate aim, to discharge both

my barrels, (a double gun made by John Manton, and a capital one of course,) when one or both of my balls, as it was very evident from the growl he gave, took the desired effect; he did not, however, fall at the instant, though, after he had proceeded a few paces, and in that while it was said no person fired at him, he fell to rise no more.

'I now commenced reloading; but I had only got a ball into one of my barrels, when another bear dashed into, and was almost as instantaneously out of my little opening: so that, by the time I had taken up my gun from the ground, and placed it to my shoulder, he was all but out of sight. I fired however at random; but, as he was in the thicket and went off, I had no means of ascertaining whether my bullet took effect or the contrary.

'When one considers the apparently unwieldy shape of a bear, the pace that he goes at, if the snow be not very deep upon the ground, is really extraordinary. In this instance, these animals were galloping in every direction within the skall-plats, with the quickness and agility of so many rabbits. For the best of runners to escape from a bear in the open country is totally out of the question; and indeed, were the ground ever so favourable, a man, in the event of an attack, would have to thank his stars if he could manage to get out of his way.

'It was laughable, all this while, to see the peasants, or rather those with fire-arms; for, on the slightest alarm being given, their guns were shouldered, and with their fingers on the triggers, pointed towards the place whence the enemy might be expected to make his appearance. In general, however, there was an expression depicted on their countenances, which looked to me something beyond that of extreme interest; indeed I am almost inclined to think their "over anxiety" in some instances converted hares, of which there were numbers running up and down, into bears, and that they fired at the former in consequence. Skalls, however, I should remark, were of rare occurrence in that part of Sweden: and the people were therefore less accustomed to the sight of bears than in some other districts in Scandinavia.

'After a while, and when the firing had ceased along the whole line, that part of the cordon where I was stationed had orders to move forward. At first we had to force our way through an almost impenetrably thick brake, which formed, as it were, a belt within the skall-plats. Subsequently however, we came to some enclosures deeply intersected with ravines, immediately overhanging the Wan lake, from which we might then be at about two hundred and fifty paces distance. We now heard tremendous shouting, and presently afterwards we saw a bear, at some forty or fifty paces from the land, swimming for the opposite side of the lake. Its escape, however, was next to impossible, as, to guard against a circumstance of this kind happening, several boats had been previously stationed on the water; these went in immediate pursuit, when a shot or two through the head presently put the bear *hors de combat;* and subsequently we observed its carcase towed to the land.

'The ground where we now stood was considerably elevated, and commanded a fine prospect of the boundless forest which surrounded us on every side, as well as of the beautiful lake Wan, which lay immediately beneath us. Added to this, the chase by the boats, and the death of the bear in the water, together with the formidable appearance of the fifteen or-

sixteen hundred armed men who composed the battue, and who, drawn up in the form of a crescent, and attired in as many various costumes as the number of parishes they belonged to, were now fully in view, formed a picture that was both highly interesting and animating.

'In the enclosures were still some small brakes, and these, it may be supposed, we took care to beat very closely, as nothing was more likely than that a wounded bear might have crept into them for shelter. We did not however meet with any of those animals; but, from a close thicket, a lynx, a fine long-legged fellow, nearly as red, and twice as large as a fox, went off at an awkward gallop. This animal, or at least one of the same species, I had previously seen when we were firing at the bears, but at that time I did not care to waste my powder and shot, when so much better game was on foot. When he first started, he was within about fifteen paces of me, and then I could probably have killed him; but at that time some of the people were in the line of my fire, and I was therefore obliged to let him go off unmolested. When he was at some sixty or seventy paces distance, I sent the contents of both my barrels after him, though, as far as I could judge, without any effect: his escape, however, was next to impossible, for the people at this time were eight or ten deep; so, after running the gauntlet of twenty shots at the least, he was at length slaughtered.'—vol. i. pp. 132—138.

In former days, when kings did not disdain to lead the skalls in Sweden, they must have afforded glorious sport. Frederick the First was a great patron of these meetings, and often was followed into the forests by "thousands" of people. Mr. Falk, a Swedish gentleman to whom our author is much indebted, has written a learned treatise on skalls, from which copious extracts are given in the first of the two volumes before us. Some of the anecdotes relating to skalls, told by Mr. Falk, are amusing. At one of the *battues* which he commanded, the same bear wounded no less than seven people.

'"Upon another occasion,—and this was likewise at a skall,"—that gentleman observes, "a badly wounded bear rushed upright on his hind-legs on a peasant who had missed fire, and seized him by the shoulders with his fore-paws. The peasant, on his side, laid hold of the bear's ears and shaggy hair thereabouts. The bear and the hunter (a man of uncommon strength) were twice down, and got up again without loosening their holds; during which time the bear had bitten through the sinews of both arms, from the wrists upwards, and was at last approaching the exhausted peasant's throat, when the author in lucky time arrived, and by one shot ended the conflict."'—vol. i. p. 195.

The following anecdote,—though the circumstance did not happen at a skall,—is of a more laughable description.

'In the course of conversation, Abraham mentioned to me, that his father was one day walking in the forest, when he accidentally came close in upon a large she-bear, which, with several of her cubs, were lying basking on the ground. The old bear immediately dashed at him: when, being armed only with his axe, he was obliged to retreat to the top of a large stone that happened to be in the vicinity. Here, brandishing his axe

in one hand, and his knife in the other, he stood prepared to make the best defence he was able against his formidable opponent.

'The bear, however, did not altogether like his appearance; for, though, she kept making continual demonstrations, by raising herself on her hind-legs, she did not care to come into contact with him. In this very unpleasant situation, Abraham assured me, his father was kept a prisoner for near half a day. At last the bear moved off to some little distance, which gave him an opportunity of leaping down from the stone, when, running in an opposite direction to that which she had taken, he fortunately succeeded in making his escape, without her farther molesting him.'—vol. i. pp. 250, 251.

Our author having no expectation of a second skall during the same season, turned his hand to angling. His chief abode was at Stjern, in the province of Wermeland. The fishing season there does not begin until late in the summer,—the lakes and rivers being rarely clear of ice until the month of May. They are full of a great variety of fish; among others, pike, perch, salmon, trout, grayling, charr, roach, bleak, and eel. We do not know the English names for the ruda, the nors or slom, the ströffling, and the sik. Owing to the same general licence which prevails with respect to game, our author saw few remarkably fine fish in the course of his rambles. He tells a story of the fondness of the eagle for the inhabitants of the water, which confirms what has been related on this subject by some naturalists.

'Now that I am speaking of pike, I may observe that eagles, which were rather numerous hereabout, were not unfrequently seen to pounce upon those fish whilst basking near the surface. It was said, however, that when the pike was very large, he had been known to carry the eagle under the water; when, from the latter being unable to disengage his talons, he was of course drowned. Indeed, Dr. Mellerborg, a medical gentleman attached to the Uddeholm establishment, when I first visited Wermeland, vouched for this being the fact, he himself having once seen an enormous pike, with an eagle fastened to his back, lying dead on a piece of ground which had been overflown, but from which the water had then retreated.'

'Captain Eurenius also informed me, that he himself was once an eye-witness to a similar occurrence. This was on the Götha river, and at no great distance from Wenersborg. In this instance, when the eagle first seized the pike, he was enabled to lift him a short distance into the air; but the weight of the fish, together with its struggles, soon carried them back again to the water, under which for a while they both disappeared; presently, however, the eagle again came to the surface, uttering at the same time the most piercing cries, and making apparently every endeavour to extricate his talons; but all was in vain, and, after a great deal of struggling, he was finally carried under the water.'—vol. i. pp. 216, 217.

Mr. Lloyd is not in general happy in describing scenery. We have often expected to meet in his pages a landscape that would bring before us the places which he angled, or followed game, but we have always been disappointed. The following is the only passage in which he attempts to convey his impressions on this subject.

'Though we experienced some rather warm weather during a part of this summer, the temperature in general varied but little from that in England, at the like period of the year. During my stay in the north of Europe, indeed, I never recollect the quicksilver to rise higher than ninety in the shade, according to the scale at Fahrenheit.

'At this season of the year, the forest was enlivened by the song of several of the feathered tribe. Among these, the sweet notes of the thrush were particularly to be distinguished. The cuckoo was also to be heard in every direction.

'The lowing of the cattle, and the tinkling of the bells attached to their necks, together with the sound of the *lure*, or shepherd's pipe, tended also not a little to relieve the gloomy monotony of the wild forest scene. The *lure* is a simple straight tube generally of several feet in length; but from these rude instruments, some of the peasants can elicit far from unmelodious sounds.

'The song and shouts of the shepherds were likewise not unfrequently to be heard in the forests. This constant exertion of their voices was as well to prevent the cattle from straggling, as to drive the wild beasts to a distance from their charge.'—vol. i. pp. 232, 233.

Of the game which occupied the attention of our sportsman, we have already mentioned the capercali. This shy bird is supposed to have been an inhabitant of the British Isles, within the last century. It is said that attempts will be made to introduce it here again. The author in his account of the mode of getting at it, mentions several curious circumstances connected with its habits.

'The greatest destruction, however, that takes place among the capercali in the northern forests is, as I have more than once observed, during the time of incubation, in the spring of the year.

'At this period, and often when the ground is still deeply covered with snow, the cock stations himself on a pine, and commences his love-song, or *play*, as it is termed in Sweden, to attract the hens about him. This is usually from the first dawn of day to sunrise, or from a little after sunset, until it is quite dark. The time, however, more or less, depends upon the mildness of the weather, and the advanced state of the season.

'During his play, the neck of the capercali is stretched out, his tail is raised and spread like a fan, his wings droop, his feathers are ruffed up, and, in short, he much resembles in appearance an angry turkey-cock. He begins his play with a call, something resembling *peller, peller, peller;* these sounds he repeats at first at some little intervals; but as he proceeds they increase in rapidity, until at last, and after perhaps the lapse of a minute or so, he makes a sort of *gulp* in his throat, and finishes with sucking in, as it were, his breath.

'During the continuance of this latter process, which only lasts a few seconds, the head of the capercali is thrown up, his eyes are partially closed, and his whole appearance would denote that he is worked up into an agony of passion. At this time his faculties are much absorbed, and it is not difficult to approach him; many indeed, and among the rest Mr. Nilsson, assert that the capercali can then neither see nor hear; and that he is not aware of the report or flash of a gun, even if fired immediately near to him. To this assertion I cannot agree; for though it is true that if the

capercali has not been much disturbed previously, he is not easily frightened during the last note, if so it may be termed, of his play, should the contrary be the case, he is constantly on the watch; and I have reason to suppose that, even at that time, if noise be made, or that a person exposes himself incautiously, he takes alarm, and immediately flies.

'The play of the capercali is not loud; and should there be wind stirring in the trees at the time, it cannot be heard at any considerable distance. Indeed, during the calmest and most favourable weather, it is not audible at more than two or three hundred paces.

'On hearing the call of the cock, the hens, whose cry in some degree resembles the croak of the raven, or rather, perhaps, the sounds *gock, gock, gock*, assemble from all parts of the surrounding forest. The male bird now descends from the eminence on which he was perched, to the ground, where he and his female friends join company.

'The capercali does not play indiscriminately over the forest; but he has his certain stations, (Tjader-lek, which may perhaps be rendered, his playing grounds.) These, however, are often of some little extent. Here, unless very much persecuted, the song of these birds may be heard in the spring for years together. The capercali does not, during his play, confine himself to any particular tree, as Mr. Nilsson asserts to be the case; for, on the contrary, it is seldom he is to be met with exactly on the same spot for two days in succession.

'On these *lek*, several capercali may occasionally be heard playing at the same time; Mr. Grieff, in his quaint way, observes, "it then goes gloriously." So long, however, as the old male birds are alive, they will not, it is said, permit the young ones, or those of the preceding season to play. Should the old birds however be killed, the young ones, in the course of a day or two, usually open their pipes. Combats, as it may be supposed, not unfrequently take place on these occasions; though I do not recollect having heard of more than two of those birds being engaged at the same time.'—vol. i. pp. 274—277.

Ude, with all his pre-eminent skill, can furnish nothing, to our thinking, equal to the natural flavour and taste of the hazel hen. Mr. Nilsson, an authority on this subject, says that it is the most wholesome of the Swedish game. It feeds chiefly in the summer on insects, berries, and worms; in the winter, upon the buds of alder, birch, and other trees. It furnishes tame sport, being a very stupid bird, and one that might be easily domesticated in England.

With the setting in of winter, our *chasseur* stationed himself in a romantic cottage on the banks of the Klar, in the midst of scenery partaking of a bold and picturesque character. According to the general fashion of the country, the ceiling and sides of his apartment were painted all over with subjects from Scripture. Like a jolly fellow, as he was, he now gave himself up to all the delights of capital eating, drinking, smoking, dancing, and all sorts of revelling. Soon came the Christmas holidays, with all their merriment; it does one's heart good to read of the conviviality with which our Scandinavian first cousins,—for some such relationship they bear to Englishmen,—continue to observe that glorious

festival. One little circumstance is mentioned amid the enjoyments of the season, which is singularly touching—the provision made for the birds, as if they too were to share in the general joy. We fear that there are very few amongst us, who, during the last inclement winter, thought of strewing a crumb or two in the way of the robin and the sparrow.

'Great preparations were now made by all classes to celebrate the solemn festival of Christmas. The floors of the rooms, belonging as well to rich as poor, after undergoing a thorough purification, were littered with straw, in commemoration of the birth of our Saviour in a stable.

'One might also frequently see a number of young pine-trees, of thirty or forty feet in height, which after having been stripped of their bark and leaves, with the exception of a bunch at the top, were placed in an upright position at stated intervals, around the dwellings of the peasantry. This custom, for which I could never obtain a satisfactory explanation, is universal in many parts of Dalecarlia.

'Every good thing that could pamper the appetite, as far as their means went, was likewise put in requisition, as with us in England, at this season. Though they thought of themselves, however, many of the peasants did not forget the inferior order of the creation. Indeed, it was an almost universal custom among them, to expose a sheaf of unthrashed corn on a pole in the vicinity of their dwellings, for the poor sparrows and other birds, which, at this inclement period of the year, must be in a state of starvation. They alleged as their reason for performing this act of beneficence, that all creatures should be made to rejoice on the anniversary of Christ's coming among us mortals.

'I wish I had not to record another circumstance that is not quite so creditable to the peasantry:—but, to tell the truth, during the few days the festivities last, they usually make such frequent application to the brandy bottle, that they are far too commonly in a state of intoxication.

'I had the pleasure of spending Christmas eve at Uddeholm.

'Near the conclusion of the supper, two figures (Jul. Gubbar) masked and attired in the most grotesque habiliments, entered the room. One of them carried a bell in his hand; the other, an immense basket: this latter contained a vast variety of presents destined for the different branches of the family and guests. To many of these presents, some amusing little scrap of prose or poetry was appended, the reading of which occasionally created no little merriment among the assembled party. The names of the donors were not attached to the presents, though in most instances, it is probable, shrewd guesses were entertained.

'It was highly gratifying to witness this little reciprocation of kindnesses. Indeed Mrs. Geijer's children, of which she had several, always looked forward to this day as one big with events and as by far the happiest of their lives.

'The merry and hearty sociality of the time, as observed in Sweden, will remind the reader of our *old* English Christmas celebrations, when feasting alone was not considered sufficient without an interchange of the kindness of the heart. These genial customs are now injured by over-refinement, and are degraded into the sordid Christmas-box given to menials.'—vol. ii. pp. 51—53.

Even the winter, however, in Sweden, is not without its out-of-door sports. Our author gives some curious details of the mode pursued in fishing under the ice. Of course he had some hare shooting, though not a great deal, if we may judge from the difficulty which his party encountered in starting one. To assist the dogs, all sorts of noises are made. A soldier carries before him an immense drum, upon which he thunders away; another is armed with a horse pistol, which he repeatedly discharges; and, as if these sounds were not enough to wake the dead, others of the party are incessantly engaged in whirling rattles, like those with which our ex-watchmen used to vex the ear of night. It seems that when a hare is killed in Sweden, the universal fashion is to cut off his head in the first instance, with the exception of the ears, which remain attached to the skin. The reason assigned for this custom is, that if a pregnant woman were to see the head of the animal, 'her offspring would inevitably have a hare lip!' Winter is also the time for shooting wolves, which at that season become very troublesome in Sweden. Our author had not much success in pursuing those destructive animals. He has, however, collected a few anedotes concerning them, which strongly indicate their ferocity. The following one he relates upon the authority of Mr. Garberg, of Gefle.

'About twenty years ago, during a very severe winter, and when there were known to be many wolves roaming about the country, a Captain Nordenalder, together with several companions, started off on an excursion similar to those I have been describing.

'The party were provided with a large sledge, such as are used in Sweden to convey coke to the furnaces, a pig, and an ample supply of guns, ammunition, &c. They drove on to a great piece of water, which was then frozen over, in the vicinity of Forsbacka, and at no great distance from the town of Gefle. Here they began to pinch the ears, &c. of the pig, who of course squeaked out tremendously.

'This, as they anticipated, soon drew a multitude of famished wolves about their sledge. When these had approached within range, the party opened a fire upon them, and destroyed or mutilated several of the number. All the animals that were either killed or wounded, were quickly torn to pieces and devoured by their companions. This, as I have observed, is said invariably to be the case, if there be many congregated together.

'The blood with which the ravenous beasts had now glutted themselves, instead of satiating their hunger, only served to make them more savage and ferocious than before; for, in spite of the fire kept up by the party, they advanced close to the sledge with the apparent intention of making an instant attack. To preserve their lives, therefore, the Captain and his friends threw the pig on to the ice; this, which was quickly devoured by the wolves, had the effect, for the moment, of diverting their fury to another object.

'Whilst this was going forward, the horse, driven to desperation by the near approach of the ferocious animals, struggled and plunged so violently, that he broke the shafts to pieces: being thus disengaged from the vehicle,

the poor animal galloped off, and, as the story goes, succeeded in making good his escape.

'When the pig was devoured, which was probably hardly the work of a minute, the wolves again threatened to attack the party; and as the destruction of a few out of so immense a drove as was then assembled, only served to render the survivors more blood-thirsty, the Captain and his friends now turned their sledge bottom up, and thus took refuge beneath its friendly shelter.

'In this situation, it is said, they remained for many hours; the wolves in that while making repeated attempts to get at them, by tearing the sledge with their teeth. At length, however, assistance arrived, and they were then to their great joy relieved from their most perilous situation.'—vol. ii. pp. 165—167.

We could hardly credit the following tragical story, if it were not quoted upon the authority of a gentleman of rank, attached to the embassy at Petersburg. The circumstances are said to have happened in Russia.

'A woman, accompanied by three of her children, was one day in a sledge, when they were pursued by a number of wolves. On this she put the horse into a gallop, and drove towards her home, from which she was not far distant, with all possible speed. All, however, would not avail, for the ferocious animals gained upon her, and, at last, were on the point of rushing on the sledge. For the preservation of her own life and that of the remaining children, the poor frantic creature now took one of her babes, and cast it a prey to her blood-thirsty pursuers. This stopped their career for a moment; but, after devouring the little innocent, they renewed the pursuit, and a second time came up with the vehicle. The mother, driven to desperation, resorted to the same horrible expedient, and threw her ferocious assailants another of her offspring. To cut short this melancholy story, her third child was sacrificed in a similar manner.

'Soon after this the wretched being, whose feelings may more easily be conceived than described, reached her home in safety. Here she related what had happened, and endeavoured to palliate her own conduct, by describing the dreadful alternative to which she had been reduced. A peasant, however, who was among the bystanders, and heard the recital, took up an axe, and with one blow cleft her skull in two; saying, at the same time, that a mother who could thus sacrifice her children for the preservation of her own life, was no longer fit to live.

'This man was committed to prison, but the Emperor subsequently gave him a pardon.'—vol. ii. pp. 173, 174.

Towards the beginning of the new year, our author varies his amusements by taking a journey to Stockholm. We have, within the last few years, so often visited that capital, in spirit, with dull and lively, with descriptive and non-descriptive, religious, medical, diplomatical, lounging, and other tourists, that we have no fancy for again going over the sights with Mr. Lloyd. We shall only wait to take a glance at the royalized family.

'Though the needful etiquette to support the dignity of a monarchical government is kept up at the Swedish Court, where I have had the honour

to be present on more than one occasion, it is not, I believe, remarkably punctilious in regard to mere matters of form. In fact, the Sovereign himself, like a sensible man, dislikes and despises ostentation; and always avoids ceremony and parade, if he can do so with propriety.

'Among the small number of extraordinary men which the nineteenth century has produced, Charles John, the present king of Sweden, must ever occupy a distinguished place. Embracing, in his early youth, the career of arms as his favourite pursuit, he has, by a succession of glorious deeds, too numerous here to particularize, not only raised himself to the highest degree of the military profession, but established a fame that must descend to the remotest posterity. Equally gifted with talents of the highest order as a statesman, so seldom to be met with in the warrior, it would seem as if nature, intending him to occupy a place among monarchs, had endowed him with these rare acquirements to promote the happiness of the Scandinavian people.

'His Majesty's prime minister at the present time is Count Wetterstedt:—gifted with superior talents as a diplomatist; indefatigable, upright, urbane, he has deservedly acquired the undivided confidence of the king, and the universal esteem of his fellow citizens. Unassuming and accessible to all, this minister discharges the duties of his important office with a zeal and perseverance that will long endear him to his country, whose welfare and prosperity is nearest to his heart.

'The Court of Stockholm is graced by very many amiable and lovely women, who would vie, in point of beauty and accomplishments, with any in the world.

'Pre-eminent among these is the consort of Oscar, Crown Prince of Sweden. This Princess, who is the daughter of the late Eugene Beauharnois, Viceroy of Italy, has fulfilled the ardent wishes of the nation, by giving birth to three sons.

'Their Royal Highnesses are extremely popular throughout the country; their amiable and condescending manners having endeared them to all ranks of people. During the winter season, the Prince and his consort reside at the palace in Stockholm; but they usually spend the summer months at Rosendahl or at Drottninghlom, a delightful retreat situated on an island of the Malarn, at about seven miles from the capital.

'The Prince is a man of great talents, and application to business; I have been told by those who have been much about his person, that there are few things he undertakes, that he does not succeed in. His Royal Highness speaks Swedish almost like a native; the King, however, only converses in the French tongue.'—vol. ii. pp. 192—194.

From Stockholm our sportsman was soon again off to the forest, to skait on the snow, to hunt the bear, and resume the round of enjoyments with which the previous year had furnished him, and which we wish him health to pursue as long as a wolf, or capercali, is to be found in Scandinavia. After this compliment he can do no less than send us a hazel-hen or two when next he visits the banks of the Klar.

ART. V.—*The Influence of Climate in the Prevention and Cure of Chronic Diseases, more particularly of the Chest and Digestive Organs, &c.—with an Appendix, containing a Series of Tables on Climate.*—By James Clark, M.D. 8vo. 2d Ed. London: T. & G. Underwood. 1830.

THIS work is worthy of the best times of medical history, because it is a generous attempt, on the part of a professional man, to establish an easy and simple system of cure with reference to an important class of disorders, and that in utter contempt of every sordid suggestion that he was infringing on the interests of his craft. In the degree that Dr. Clark pushes his labours in this excellent enterprize to perfection, does he diminish the demand for medical interference: and it is not the least pleasing and honourable token of his indifference to all contemptible considerations, that he seems not to bestow a thought on this tendency of his exertions, however alarming they may prove to many of his less elevated brethren. This author may be regarded as the first scientific man in this country who has sought to mould the influence of climate on the physical condition of his invalid countrymen into an inductive system. But, notwithstanding his zeal and application, and although the subject is one that comes home to every man's bosom, still Dr. Clark has been enabled to advance but very slowly, compared with what he ought to be now in a state to accomplish. The reason of this backwardness, however, is easily furnished. As in every other branch of science, the knowledge of principles in this, can only be derived from facts: it is the peculiarity of this case, that to collect facts of any importance, it is necessary that there should be a great deal of co-operation between observers remotely situated, and of course amongst whom it must be very difficult to establish a uniform plan of concurrence. The machinery which it would be necessary to put in operation in order to expedite the inquiry, and establish the proper complement of principles on this subject, cannot by possibility be within the controul of any individual. Therefore he who by his personal toil, and personal influence, acquires the largest amount of information, and consequently does most towards the construction of general principles, surely deserves to be encouraged in his labours, and to be rewarded in his success. And still, though Dr. Clark's name may be now regarded as identified with this important subject, it is wonderful,—indeed quite unique, to observe with how little of the exaggeration of an advocate he comes to its consideration. Men, in general, exhibit infinitely more than the usual physical instinct for their offspring,—particularly when it comes from the mind. What a contemptible feeling, as to its fullness and devotion, is the affection of a parent for his child, compared with that of an author for his own dear theory,—the issue of his brain! An average father will, in a case of dire necessity,

perchance, consent to the sacrifice of his body for the sake of his son or daughter. But he who has been delivered of some glorious scheme, particularly should it be the first born of his mind, will only be glad to yield body and soul too for the credit of his favourite creation. This is no unjustifiable observation; the history of philosophy bears us out. How is it that for theories of the most opposite character in the same branch of science, we have testimonies of equal value and credibility? How is it,—how can it be, except that partiality for his favourite theory uniformly blinds each partizan, blinds his eyes, blunts his senses, and his conscience as well; and hence the oaths of enthusiastic theorists are just as substantial as these at which Jove laughs, or haply those which evaporate with such surprising expedition in the atmosphere of the custom-house. To Dr. Clark nothing of this can be justly imputed. Where truth has undoubtedly been established, he proceeds with confidence;—where doubt exists no man is more timid and cautious. Whatever impression he may make upon us by his arguments, he is certainly not likely to deceive us by his enthusiasm. With such a guide as Dr. Clark, it is impossible for the most prejudiced to enter upon the discussion of this great topic, without feeling the propriety of divesting his mind of all preconceived notions, and of entering into a temperate and patient investigation of the subject.

We do not think that Dr. Clark has given to the word Climate, that expanded meaning which it undoubtedly ought to possess; because he cannot for an instant assert that the salubrity or the unhealthiness of a particular place depends exclusively on the character of the weather that most generally prevails there. Assuredly not, and he is well aware that art and accident have a vast deal to do in rendering it what it is in point of wholesomeness. What causes this crowded metropolis of ours to be so healthy, as to vie even with Nice itself, where the purest zephyrs from heaven breathe their influence, but that strict municipal vigilance which makes the care of the general health a matter of public responsibility? The town of Torquay is defended on that side where cold and biting winds are likely to approach, by immense barriers of rising grounds. The protection would be just the same whether these hills were naturally formed, or were constructed by the labour of man. Climate, then, in its primitive import, does not comprehend the whole of those sources of peculiarity which distinguish one part of a continent or of a country from another. No doubt it is from not turning his attention sufficiently to this circumstance, that Dr. Clark has failed to notice many of those local accidents which sometimes operate very strongly in shaping the character of a particular climate. Thus we know from Dr. Paris,* that in a part of Cornwall where agues used to be very

* See his very philosophical and correct Pharmacopœia.

prevalent, the establishment of copper works has utterly abolished that species of disease. We know also that there is no part of the Continent—take even the most salubrious—which can boast of a lower rate of mortality than Manchester—Manchester, the crowded, the smoky, the unnaturally heated town. What is all this owing to but the enforcement of police regulations, by which cleanliness and due ventilation are secured to the inhabitants? The same climate still exists in Lancashire as when the mortality of Manchester was absolutely appalling. Many facts of an analogous kind could be added, shewing that the healthiness of particular places, is the result, to a great extent, of causes which are not at all described by the word "climate." Points such as these deserve the utmost consideration, because without them it will be quite impossible to lay down any general principles which will stand the test of narrow investigation.

The question of the influence of climate being yet in its infancy, it would be great presumption in us, all unlearned as we are, to express any decided opinion upon it: but the importance of placing it on a sure footing, however scanty that resting place may be for the present, requires that it should be tried by every means of scrutiny, and subjected to every species of rational objection. When Dr. Clark tells us that he is satisfied that change of climate is one of the most powerful remedies we have for the prevention and cure of a numerous train of diseases, perhaps he does not mean to say that the remedy is in the difference of climate alone. A change of residence by a person in sickness or health, seldom takes place without a change of habit. We find that women bear bad climates better than men, and the reason is that they more easily adapt their food to the climate they are in. What a different race are the Hindoos, and the Malayans,—both having the same climate,—in point of physical and indeed moral health, because of the difference in the manner in which each supports existence. Climate, then, has not so much influence in maintaining health as food has. We may ascribe as much power as we please to change of climate, but he must be mistaken who does not attribute a very large proportion of the favourable results from a change of residence, to either the total alteration of habits, to greater regularity of living, to a greater quantity of exercise, to the soothing influence of agreeable society, and the thousand newly acquired opportunities of regaining health, which are always to be found at the appointed places of migration.

We are not, however, disposed in any manner to deny that climate of itself—meaning thereby the general state of atmosphere, the freedom from exposure to peculiar winds, and, particularly, the temperature of the place—is calculated to have a very great effect on a certain class of invalids. If our own experience had not convinced us that such was the fact, the authority of Dr. Clark

would have been conclusive with us on the point. Time out of mind, patients have been transported from this country, to one part or another of the continent for the benefit of their health; to some, the journey has proved a successful experiment, whilst others, in all probability, have had even their limited days of existence shortened by it. These cases have afforded materials for laying down some rules, which, although in some measure crude and confined, may serve as the nucleus of a regular science. As far as these rules go, they seem to be deserving of the deepest attention, inasmuch as they are, in several instances, totally opposed to popular opinions. Such, indeed, is the extent to which an erroneous theory on this subject has been carried, that, as Dr. Clark observes, 'many invalids, for want of discrimination in applying the proper climates to the diseases to which they are most suited, have gone abroad in search of that which they might have found almost at their own doors.' As the information and advice given in this work by the learned author are of great consequence, perhaps we could not be doing a greater service to the public than by giving from it, in a compressed form, the character and adaptations of some of the various receptacles for invalids of which Dr. Clarke furnishes any account. To begin with England.

The South Coast, comprehending the tract of shore between Hastings and Portland Isle, enjoys a temperature during the winter months of from one to two degrees above London. A greater quantity of rain falls on this coast than at London, and the proportion of difference is as 30 to 25. The climate generally may be described as soft, humid, and rather relaxing. The characters of some of the more celebrated residences deserve to be spoken of. *Hastings* will be found generally favourable to invalids labouring under *diseases* of the chest, particularly young persons who require to be protected from north-east winds. Dr. Clark, from his own observation, is inclined to think this town unfavourable in nervous complaints, especially nervous head-achs connected with, or entirely dependent upon an irritated condition of the digestive organs, and also where a disposition to apoplexy or epilepsy has been manifested.* *Brighton* has an atmosphere dry, elastic, and bracing, the eastern part being more eligible, as having these qualities more perfectly than the part west of the Steyne. Nervous invalids, whom the Brighton air does not irritate, feel more vigour and energy there than almost at any other place. The best time for a residence there

* We are acquainted with a physician of eminence, who, though not able to live forty-eight hours in London, without experiencing the greatest suffering from determination of blood to the head, enjoyed uninterrupted health at Hastings for a considerable time. He resided too in one of the confined parts.

is in the autumn, and early part of winter; but during the spring months, sensitive invalids and persons with delicate chests, should avoid Brighton. The *Undercliff* in the Isle of Wight, has so many advantages of position, as to be one of the warmest climates—if not the warmest—in this country. Dr. Clark very justly complains that its benefits are so little appreciated, as that there is not encouragement enough given to provide even a very limited supply of accommodations to visitors. To patients labouring under pulmonary disease, the Undercliff offers an eligible residence. Dr. Clark thinks that the summer months may be passed in other parts of the Isle, not so hot as the Undercliff,—such as Niton, Cowes, Sandown, Shanklin; but especially Ryde. The more delicate class of patients are, however, recommended to return to Undercliff, in September. As it is likely that this latter place will ultimately become the site of numerous houses; it may be well to diffuse, as widely as possible, the just recommendation of Dr. Clark, as to their construction.

'In erecting houses for the abode of invalids, care should be taken to make the rooms of a proper size and height, and one room, at least, should be very large. Small low rooms, are extremely difficult to keep at a uniform temperature, and they are in every respect unsuitable for the residence of invalids, more especially pulmonary invalids. This circumstance should be attended to in the bed rooms as well as the sitting rooms.'—vol. i. p. 41.

The South-Western Coast extends from Portland island to Cornwall, and includes, of course, the far famed coast of Devonshire. The winter temperature of this district is from three to four degrees higher than that of London, and of course, it is then even warmer than the south coast. The difference applies to the *night* temperature, which is a consideration of some consequence. *Salcombe*, we suspect to be capable of better things than Dr. Clark seems to hope from it. It is decidedly the warmest spot in the whole district; and though we have seen some tropical trees growing, not far from Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, and also, in one of the villages between Lyme and Sidmouth, (we think, Colyford), yet certainly, no where that we are acquainted with in England, do the lemon and orange trees shoot out with more apparent cordiality than at Salcombe. We do not think either, that the Doctor has done justice to that exquisite scenic vision, *Torquay*. It is protected on all sides by hills, which are cut into terraces, and on which are built, or, we should rather say, are building—ranges of uniform houses, neatly filled up. One of the most magnificent scenes in nature is the widely extended bay in front of it, associated with glorious historical recollections,—an ocean, almost in itself, which is commanded from nearly every window in Torquay. The air is certainly keen, but it has an almost parching dryness in it, which converts the mud of the street, after a shower of rain, into dust in a few hours. Much as has been said, and, we believe, sung of *Dawlish*, it seems to us to be an insignificant place as compared with other

parts of the Devonshire coast. It is infinitely too close and compact, and on much too small a scale to be chosen as an eligible residence. We do not know if Dr. Clark noticed the stream which traverses it from north to south. We know, at all events, that the fashionable side of the town is that most distant from this current. One thing, however, ought not to be omitted, when we speak of the comparative advantages of places of residence on the Devon coast; and that is the facilities which they afford for dangerous and perhaps fatal accidents. No one, who has had the opportunity of recently visiting this coast, but must have been struck with the extent of the inroads which the sea has made upon it. Within a very short distance from Dawlish, as we have reason to remember, the ocean has eaten its way to the very margin of the road. We should observe that this road is considerably,—perhaps some forty feet, above the level of the sea, and the waves having washed away the earthy strata with which they came in contact, the remaining portion up to the height of the road, deprived of a foundation, fell by its own weight. This process of encroachment is going on with sure, although dilatory progress; and even now, the traveller as he approaches Dawlish, at the moment when he imagines that he is advancing on a safe and firm road, has only to look over the slight hedge on his left, and lo! what a gulf is ready to swallow him beneath. These are facts which ought to be known, with the view, first, of giving a general warning, and also for the purpose of rousing in the proper quarter a determination to remove the danger. The south-western climate is likely to be beneficial in cases where the organs of breathing have been long affected, and where there is a dry cough, unattended with expectoration. But if the patient be languid and weak, and be affected with a cough of a different description to the other—that is to say, where the expectoration is copious, shewing the sources of this expectoration to be in a very relaxed state—then the south-western climate will certainly prove injurious to him. The same result seems likely to follow in all cases where there is a preternatural discharge of any description, arising from debility, and also in cases of indigestion connected with nervous disorders. But Dr. Clark confesses that he is in great difficulty as to the real character of the climate of Devonshire, for he says that the observations which have been made are too few and desultory to justify any person in speaking confidently upon it. Exeter can boast of one of the most intelligent and public spirited bodies connected with literature and science in this country, we mean the proprietors of the institution in that city.*

* As a proof of what we assert, we may mention that the Exeter institution is far more extensively supplied with valuable publications than the institutions of a similar kind in London. All the parliamentary documents are regularly on its tables, as they issue. Surely the institutions of the metropolis ought not to be outdone in this way.

From the exertions of that body, we expect that the amplest materials for forming a digest of the characters of the different parts of the Devonshire climate will be provided. Dr. Clark observes, that a series of observations simultaneously made for a few years only, would be quite sufficient for the purpose.

West of England. The most remarkable place, not merely in Cornwall, but in the whole country, in respect of temperature, appears to be *Penzance*. In winter it is *five* degrees and a half warmer than London, and in summer it is *two* degrees colder: in spring it is of the same temperature as our metropolis, and in autumn is a little warmer. From this remarkable equality of temperature, Penzance deserves considerable attention. It has also another peculiarity of some consequence, namely, that it is in the night that this superiority of temperature occurs,—a circumstance that distinguishes it from most warm places on the continent. Thus Rome at two o'clock in the day is seven degrees warmer than Penzance; but at seven o'clock in the morning Penzance is as warm as Rome. Still however, this spot, so favoured, has its countervailing disadvantages, for there falls in Penzance nearly twice as much rain as in London, to say nothing of the humidity which the warm west winds bring with them, and which humidity, as Dr. Forbes remarks, though injuriously felt by the animal world, is not detected by, or to use the far more expressive word of the French, is not *accused to* the rain gauge. Penzance is likewise liable to frequent and violent storms, and those who best know that place, and the district adjacent, concur in noticing the singular combination which it presents—great variability, as to winds and rain, and quite as great a constancy of temperature. Hence Penzance and its neighbourhood are not beneficial in consumption, when that complaint has fairly set in; but where there is only a tendency to it, and great debility exists, and also where there is a teasing dry cough, this climate will be found of use. We should imagine, indeed, that in any kind of disease where humidity is not contra-indicated, this part of Cornwall, as a permanent residence, would be beneficial. Both *Cheltenham* and *Bath* are a little warmer in winter than London, but in point of equality of temperature, they have no great advantage over the metropolis. *Bristol* and *Clifton*, on account of the great protection which they enjoy from cold and humid winds, are regarded by Dr. Clark as at once the mildest and driest climate in the west of England, and therefore the most suitable residence for invalids in winter. Young persons of scrofulous constitutions are advised to prefer *Malvern* in summer, or some parts of the Welch mountains, in case the sea air or bathing is advisable for them.

It will be seen that those places in England which have been recommended to invalids, as promising relief from certain disorders, are selected in consequence of their superior temperature to the rest of England generally; and as temperature is only relative, it will consequently always be a matter of inquiry with the physician, from

what part of the country the patient comes. Thus a person accustomed to the climate of the south of Scotland, will, other circumstances being equal, experience as much benefit from a residence in the south of England, as an inhabitant of the latter will, if he transports himself to the south of Europe,—the increase of temperature being to the same amount in each case. Dr. Clark will, no doubt, endeavour to find out what has been the effect of the climate of the south of Europe on Scotch invalids, for by his theory it ought to be infinitely more marked on such travellers, than upon those who go from England in general.

We have thought it necessary to enter into the above details respecting our own country, inasmuch as the salubrious powers which, in a considerable portion of its marine districts, it possesses, are either not known, or what is worse, are misunderstood. We own we expected from Dr. Clark, before quitting the English territory, that he would have afforded some explanation of the completely negative character which the eastern coast of England seems ever to have maintained with respect to health. The difference in this particular between the two opposite shores of this country, we believe to be only an example of a law which we find of universal application, namely, that all western coasts, continental, as well as island, are more favourable to the support of organic life, than those on the eastern side. The oak, the vine, and other plants which require mildness of climate, will be found thriving at a much greater distance from the equator on western shores than on the opposite side. This fact, we have no doubt, will ultimately lead to the establishment of a principle connected with the influence of climate or health.*

France is the next country to which the author draws our attention; the southern part being long esteemed amongst us as a suitable residence for invalids, and very often resorted to, Dr. Clark, we fear too truly, says, with a want of discrimination that has made the practice fruitful of injury. The south of that kingdom is the only portion of it which has obtained, or which deserves this species of reputation; and Dr. Clark attributes to this division two perfectly distinct climates, the distinctive qualities of each of which require to be cautiously remembered by the physician. The west, and south-west of France, constitute one integral climate. They include the tract of country from Brittany to Bayonne. The map will show the principal towns in the intermediate space to be L'Orient, Nantes, La Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Montauban, Pau, and Toulouse. This climate resembles that of Devonshire; it is soft, humid, and relaxing, and agrees very well with, and will be found serviceable to invalids who labour under that dry teasing sort of cough of long standing, which we have already mentioned. The fact that but few cases of consumption, among the natives, are

* See a very interesting, and far too brief lecture on the Geography of Plants, delivered by Mr. John Barton, at Chichester.

found in this part of France, is strong evidence of the sanative power of the climate in that disorder; and we are quite sure that if Dr. Clark will turn his attention, more sedulously than he has done, to the undoubted connection that subsists between the general condition of the inhabitants of any place and its climate, he will be able to shorten very considerably the labours of investigation. In Jersey and Guernsey, for instance, scrofula is very prevalent; hereditary communication has, no doubt, great influence in keeping up disorders in particular localities, still it is impossible that scrofula could have been so long triumphant in those islands, unless climate contributed its malignant aid to prolong the reign of that distemper. Of the *South-East* of France, which possesses a different climate from the South-West, Dr. Clark gives the following character:

'The general character of the climate of the south-east of France, therefore, is dry, hot, harsh, and irritating. Absolutely warmer than our own island, and the south-western parts of France, its temperature is distributed through the year and through the day with great irregularity. It has a much wider range of temperature than our own climate; this being, when compared to that of England, as three to one for the year, and as two to one for the day. Sometimes the winter is very rigorous. In 1709, the ports of Marseilles and Toulon were frozen over; and, indeed, in ordinary years, the orange trees are occasionally killed by the cold in the most sheltered parts of Provence. The temperature, no doubt, remains more steady from day to day, than our own; but its changes, though less frequent, are more sudden and extensive.

'This tract of country is subject also to keen, cold, northerly winds, especially the *mistral*, which prevails during the winter and spring, and is most injurious to pulmonary diseases.

'Although decidedly improper for consumptive patients, and for those labouring under irritation of the mucous membranes of the digestive or pulmonary organs, more especially irritation of the stomach, larynx, or trachea, this climate may prove useful to invalids of a different class. On persons of a torpid, or relaxed habit of body, and of a gloomy, desponding cast of mind, with whom a moist relaxing atmosphere disagrees, the keen, bracing, dry air of Provence, and its brilliant skies, will often produce a beneficial effect. In some cases of chronic, intermittent fevers, also, it proves very favourable.

'The distinctive characters of the climate we have been considering, prevail more or less in the different places resorted to by invalids, but none can be considered as exempt from them. The following is the order in which they ought to be preferred: Hyéres, Toulon, Marseilles, Montpelier, Aix, Nismes, Avignon. The remarks which I have to make on these places individually, are derived partly from native practitioners, and partly from my own observation; and it will be found, I think, that the particular facts very much confirm the general character given of the whole south-east of France, from Montpelier to Nice.'—pp. 108—110.

Nice is a residence to which invalids have been fondly directed to turn their attention. We looked with great interest to the con-

clusions which Dr. Clark had arrived at concerning its climate. Little benefit, he candidly says, is to be expected from it in consumption; and sending patients to Nice, labouring under confirmed consumption, is, according to every authority, a step that will do more injury than good to the patient. Of Nice, our learned author observes:

'In all cases where there is a great relaxation and torpor of the constitution, the climate of Nice is extremely useful. In young females labouring under such a state of system, connected with irregularities of the uterine functions, either when these have not been established at the usual period, or when they have afterwards been suppressed, marked benefit may generally be expected. In indicating the class of cases alluded to, as likely to derive advantage from the climate of Nice, I would designate them to the practical physician as those that are usually relieved by chalybeates.

'In a numerous class of patients, whose constitutions have been injured by a long residence in tropical countries, by mercury, &c., and in which a dry and rather exciting climate is indicated, Nice will prove favourable. Some cases of chronic paralysis, not connected with cerebral disease, have also been found to derive considerable benefit from a residence at this place.

'In stating its general influence on the animal economy, I would say—that the climate of Nice is warm, exhilirating, and exciting, but upon the whole, irritating,--at least to highly sensitive constitutions. It is extremely favourable to the productions of the vegetable kingdom, some of which flourish here in a degree of luxuriance that is scarcely to be equalled in the other parts of the south of Europe.'—pp. 126, 127.

With respect to ITALY, Dr. Clark observes, that his information is limited to that tract which is situated between the northern shores of the Mediterranean, and the southern base of the Appenines. The general character of the climate of this district is that of greater warmth, and much less humidity, than any of those places which we have hitherto considered. *Genoa* is decidedly an improper residence for persons labouring under pulmonary affections, or indeed invalids that are at all delicate and sensitive; it will be much more suitable to phlegmatic habits, and to cases of long standing gout. From *Florence*, likewise, notwithstanding the beauty of its scenery, the learned Doctor would exclude the delicate and consumptive patient. Indeed, for any description of invalid, Florence is by no means an eligible resort, for, according to the experienced writer, Dr. Down, the inhabitants are subject to complaints of the chest, the winter being extremely severe and wet, and the spring very changeable. With children it least of all agrees, as internal worms and dysentery commonly prevail there. *Pisa* offers a residence of nearly an opposite character from that of Florence, it being the principal, and perhaps the best place of sojourn for delicate invalids. One fact relating to Pisa is very important. During thirty-two years that the celebrated Vacca had been operating for calculous diseases, on patients from all parts

of Italy, not one case of the disorder in an inhabitant of Pisa came across him. *Naples* is stated, for many reasons, to be unfit for consumptive patients, and can be expected to benefit that class of persons alone who suffer from general weakness and disturbance of constitution.

From a comparison of temperature, and other circumstances, the city of *Rome* is regarded by our author as possessing, with reference to its physical qualities, the best climate in Italy. Its great peculiarity is the serenity of its atmosphere, which is very seldom disturbed by high winds. But there are diseases peculiar to the place which deserve much consideration. The malaria is an endemic which prevails there at certain seasons of the year, but it is not, as generally supposed, on the increase. The Romans likewise, particularly the ladies, often contract an extreme morbid sensibility of the nervous system, which makes them incapable of even enduring what most other persons consider the delightful perfume of flowers. Dr. Clark was surprised to find so many of the chronic disorders of the inhabitants of Rome have their origin in violent mental emotions. Notwithstanding these, and other objections, Dr. Clark thinks that the early stages of consumption may be checked by a residence at Rome, but for disorders of the tubes which communicate with the lungs, it is highly beneficial. So is it also serviceable in chronic rheumatism; but paralytic, or melancholy patients, or those disposed to apoplexy, should avoid Rome.

But it would be prolonging this article beyond all reasonable bounds, to follow our author through the merits of the various other places which fall under his enlightened and judicious observation. It would be, however, confirming still more strikingly the imperfect character of the sketch that we have given of this work, if we abstained from quoting the following reflections, which, from their justness and practical application, ought to be engrossed and delivered into the hands of every invalid about to depart from England, as the commission, by which, if he is to succeed in the object of his expedition, he must strictly abide.

'Too much is generally expected from the simple change of climate. From the moment the invalid has decided upon making such a change, his hopes are often solely fixed upon it; while other circumstances, not less conducive or necessary to his recovery, are considered of secondary importance, and are sometimes totally neglected. Nor is the fault always confined to the patient; his medical adviser frequently falls into the same error; and it is not difficult to account for this. The cases hitherto sent abroad have been, for the most part, consumptive or chronic diseases, of long standing, in which the ordinary resources of our art have usually been exerted in vain, before such a measure is recommended. Therefore, when change of climate is determined upon, the physician, as well as the patient, is disposed to look upon it as the sole remedy. The former generally advises all medicines to be laid aside, except such as are requisite to keep the bowels regular; and with this counsel he consigns the

patient to his fate; encouraging him to place his confidence in change of air, of scene, &c., and in these alone.

'Such, generally speaking, has been the sum of the medical advice with which I have found most invalids sent abroad. And as I have witnessed, on a pretty extensive scale, the injury arising from this kind of over-confidence in the unaided effects of climate, and the consequent neglect of other things of no less importance, I particularly request the attention of invalids, (and I hope I may be allowed to add, of physicians,) to the following remarks.

'In the first place, I would strongly advise every person who goes abroad for the recovery of his health, whatever may be his disease, or to whatever climate he may go, to consider the change as merely placing him in a situation the most favourable for the removal of his disease; and to bear constantly in mind that the beneficial influence of travelling, of sailing, and of climate, requires to be aided by such a regimen and mode of living, and by such remedial measures, as would have been requisite in his case, had he remained in his own country. All the circumstances requiring attention from the invalid at home, require to be equally attended to when he is abroad. The necessity for such attention may differ somewhat in degree, but that is all. The same care as to regimen, exercise, &c., that would have been necessary at home will be equally so abroad. If in some things greater latitude may be permitted, others will demand even a more rigid attention. It is, in truth, only by a due regard to all these circumstances, that the powers of the constitution can be enabled to remove, or even materially alleviate, a disease of long standing, in the best possible climate.'—pp. 244, 245.

In the second part of this work, Dr. Clark classifies those patients whose disorders are susceptible of benefit, from change of climate; and for the use of each division he offers such advice, as to choice of residence, mode of life, season of travelling, &c. as will place them under circumstances the most advantageous for receiving that relief of which they are in pursuit.

The science, if it may be so called, of the influence of climate, is yet in its infancy. Dr. Clark has laid a foundation for the construction of it with the most durable materials. All he wants is general and well directed co-operation, and if his excellent example does not stimulate competent persons to assist him by their observations, we shall despair of ever seeing the good work accomplished.

Art. VI.—*Julio Romano, or the Force of the Passions, an Epic Drama, in Six Books.* By Charles Bucke, author of the "Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature." 8vo. pp. 195. London: Whittaker & Co. 1830.

An Epic Drama! This is something new at all events. Epic poetry is essentially dramatic. In truth, the Iliad is a tragedy in twenty-four acts. Paradise Lost is perhaps more strictly epic than the Iliad, although it partakes abundantly of the dramatic character. If this be so, we see no good reason why the reciprocity system

should not be introduced into our literature, as well as into our commerce, or why an epic drama should not have charms for the mind, similar to those which the dramatic epic is allowed to possess. Whether such a composition be likely to succeed upon the stage, is another question. Genius is omnipotent. We have no desire to place limits around it, beyond which it should not be allowed to pass. The canons of criticism become a dead letter whenever the mind has power to soar above them. Nor is it at all a necessary part of the qualities even of a good tragedy, that it should be capable of successful representation. Witness the touching performances of Euripides, which in the closet transport us into the heaven of poetry, and make our very limbs tremble with emotion. We have no doubt that on our stage they would be laughed at. Such too would be the fate of most of the plays of Sophocles. The addition of the epithet "Epic" to the title of the work before us, would, however, seem to indicate thatt he author intended it for the study, and not for the stage. He presents it as a poem on the passions, to be read in retirement, to be reflected upon, to be examined again and again, until the train of his own feelings is completely taken up, and the whole world of fancy in which he has been expatiating is disclosed to our view. We do not comprehend wherefore a work of this description should not be favourably received, and, if well executed, crowned with a new wreath of fame.

There is some difference however, between reading an epic drama, and a dramatic epic. Both interest us by a variety of striking incidents tending to one grand purpose; but, in the latter, the narrative and descriptive come to the poet's aid, and when his heroes do not speak for themselves, he can speak for them, and place before us every secret movement of their souls. In reading the former however, we must assist the poet ourselves, in all that relates to the descriptive. We must paint in imagination, the scenery which he requires. We must furnish him with forests and plains, with azure skies and bright moons and sparkling stars, and fancy even the sound of mystic voices around us. We are impatient for his narrative, and his heroes must do every thing for themselves. If this be not the case, his work becomes a dramatic poem, and not an epic drama.

Some portion of the work before us, and that by no means the best portion, we remember to have read before in the author's unfortunate tragedy of the "Italians." He says that he has taken some of the marble of the abandoned edifice to construct a new temple. We wish that he had chosen materials altogether fresh and unworn for his purpose. The taint of the ill success which attended his first work, will, we fear, extend itself to the present one, in consequence of the identity which exists between some of the characters in both. Especially we regret the introduction of the Improvisatore. It is altogether a conceited and

puerile invention. His verses are unmeaning and unpoetical; his presence never assists, and often interrupts the progress of the action, and it is in every respect superfluous. He reminds us of a spoiled child,—a wayward pet,—whose favourite declamations must be heard whenever he chooses to inflict them on the guests of his fond father. Had this excrescence been cut off, and other faults which we shall point out been removed, we should have spoken highly in favour of this composition. Even as it stands, it is entitled to considerable applause. There are many passages in it which are more capable of touching the soul, and kindling the imagination, than any thing wearing the garb of poetry which has seen the light since the appearance of Childe Harold. The diction is generally terse and well considered, the metaphors chaste and appropriate; and though a high degree of excitement reigns throughout the piece, and frequently burns with the fervour of passion, yet, with the exceptions which we shall notice, there are not many phrases, even when emotion is at its culminating point, that offend the judgment by unfitness or exaggeration.

The evil genius of the composition is Schidoni, a Neapolitan nobleman, who has found a suitable auxiliary in Velutri, in the execution of his designs of vengeance against a person of his own rank, named Fontano. Fontano had refused the hand of his daughter Lavinia to Schidoni,—hence the discord between both their houses. At the period when the action commences, Romano, a Venetian nobleman, is supposed to be at the head of a conspiracy for removing the reigning dynasty of Naples, and is in league with Lorenzo, a captain of the king's guard, to whom Lavinia had been plighted. Under these circumstances, Schidoni easily succeeds in involving her father in the guilt of the conspirators, and in having him imprisoned. But his vengeance does not stop here. Romano had been condemned to death for murdering his own wife, in consequence of her preference for Schidoni. The hatred between these two personages is therefore of no ordinary bitterness, and, to satiate it, Schidoni had already stolen away Romano's daughter, and sent her to a place of concealment. A similar act of abduction he had performed with respect to Lavinia, not so much through love for the daughter, as through hatred for the father,—his intention being to dishonour her, in order that he might disgrace her family. His diabolical designs go still deeper. Fontano being now in his power, he conceives the horrid thought of having diamond dust (which is said to have the power of destroying the sight) thrown in his eyes by Velutri, who is then to lead him to a precipice, where he may destroy himself without involving Schidoni in a charge of murder. He thus commits his purpose to his minion.

'*Schid.* Marry the devil! But why trifle thus?
Be at the prison when the moon rides high.
That is, at midnight. Take that poisonous dust,
Throw it, all sudden, in his eyes; and he

Will see the sun, the moon, the stars, no more.
Never! no, never! When the deed is done,
(I shall reward thee with a thousand ducats)
Lead him, I charge thee, to a precipice.
Nay, why d'ye start?—I say, a precipice!
There let him toil and totter as he may;
And where he plants his pestilential foot,
May the grass wither and the earth grow poison.
All deaf to sighs—be blind as rocks to tears.
Spurn all the eloquence of convulsive hands,
Low-bending knees, and wild, impang'd, entreaty.
Leave him,—'tis meet—unto the care of him,
Who watches ever, as good canons say,
The wise man's fortunes. Let him see what fate
This power, benignant, has reserv'd for him.
Till, grasping air, all breathless he shall stand,
On the cragg'd margin of a yawning gulf;
Where, hopeless, helpless, desolate, the blast
Shall hurl him, headlong, down th' o'er-hanging steep,
And whelm his grey hairs in the thundering deep.'—pp. 10, 11.

In the mean time we are introduced to Romano, whose abode is in a cave of the Appenines, mourning the loss of his daughter, and vowing vengeance against the king of Naples, the protector of Schidoni, who is his prime minister.

'Nine years, nine anxious, agonizing, years
Have crept their circuits, since I first took refuge
In the deep bosom of this Appenine.
And here,—till now some few short nights,—alone,
Palsied and dumb with anguish, I have watch'd
The changeful moon, and stars unnumber'd, roll
Their silent courses through the firmament.
Here, too, amid these awful piles, which seem
Disjointed fragments of some ruin'd world,
I've heard, all breathless, intonations loud
Echo, and then re-echo; while the lightning
Flash'd in wild glory through the dark serene
Of heaven's imperial concave. As I gazed
Space, time, motion, death, the past, the future,
All have been melted to one awful chaos,
In my mind's kingdom. Many a silent prayer,
Heart-struck, I've breathed; and many a secret vow,
Ere life should fade in emptiness away,
To lay yon hated palaces in ruins,
Long did I vow in vanity. At length,
Venice and Mantua promise me revenge;
And Naples shudders at the oath, I've taken.'—pp. 12, 13.

His companions are Fracastro, Lepardo, and others, who, in the intervals of his hostile combinations, endeavour to amuse his mind with falconry. Can it be denied that the following lines are animated by genuine poetic feeling?

'*Fra.* Now then, until these messengers return,
Let us all brace our sinews for the chase.
I love the forest, where the chamois sips
The morning dew-drops off the mountain moss.
I love the precipice, whence the ibex throws
His hairy form from ridge to hanging steep,
And yet falls harmless on his horns below.
I love the peak, where ancient eagles sit,
Measuring in silence, with undazzled eye,
The shapeless spots that speck meridian suns:
While at their feet their wild, impatient, young
Make the rocks echo with their cries and clamours.
'*Romano.* Such was the picture each returning spring
On the lone peaks, that screen'd my father's castle
From the gigantic fury of the storms,
That rule sublime the Adriatic waste.
Sweet were the days and honours of my youth!
Glens, forests, cliffs, high mountains, and the ocean,
Then had their graces and sublimities.
Now, e'en the magic of the rising sun,
—Sublimest image of eternal glory!—
Colours yon clouds with golden tints in vain.
But come—we'll give all sorrow to the winds.
Rocks, cliffs, and glens, shall answer to our shouts;
Till Hesper, glittering in the vault of heaven,
Shall give rich promise for the morrow's dawn.'—pp. 18, 19.

Velutri after blinding Fontano by the process already mentioned, leads him toward a precipice; but his heart fails him on the way, and he hands over his charge to a youthful Improvisatore, or rather Improvisatrice, named Floranthe, dressed in the garments of a boy, whom he meets by chance. Floranthe, of course, does all she can to serve the old nobleman; she sings to him, talks in verse and prose a great deal of nonsensical sentiment, and leads him toward the camp of Romano, whither he wishes to be directed. The chieftain having returned from the chase, and the excitement of the sport having subsided, falls into a train of indignant reflections upon the condition in which he is placed. The lines in which his burning thoughts are poured forth, furnish a fine example of poetic energy.

'*Rom.* Yon glorious firmament—behold! It spreads
In one vast arch of azure; mild, transparent,
Pure, and magnificent:—an emblem sacred
Of man's first virtue—gratitude! Though now
All steel, all granite to my foes; yet once
All heart I was, all life, all soul. To friends
Plastic; to enemies—I knew none.
Now 'tis far different. I am charged with murder,
Not of an enemy, a deadly enemy;
But,—'tis beyond all human language!—of
My wife, all beautiful! my hope; the sum
Of life and excellence; my paradise.

As a fond mother draws her mantle round
Her sleeping infant ; clasps him to her breast ;
And hangs, delighted, o'er his smiling lips :
So o'er the lineaments of her, now laid
In death's dark cell, Imagination hangs
Entranced, enamoured,—nay, enraptured ! Yet
In some men's wild, horrific, estimation,
I am more savage than the pest, that drops
Hard, putrid, tears, amid the reeds of Nile ;
More harsh, more cruel, than Caucasian bear,
Riphean tiger, or fork'd Libyan serpent.
Say—stand I thus ? Or like some hoary peak,
Which peers, gigantic, mid dark rolling clouds,
Surcharged with thunder and the electric fluid,
O'er the vast solitudes of th' antarctic zone,
Careless, and reckless, of the piercing shrieks,
Which o'er the bosom of the boisterous main
Waft many a league ; and tell to distant lands
The awful agony of some ruin'd crew,
Whelm'd in wild eddies down the angry deep ?
Am I all this ? Am I shrewd, cunning, heartless ?
Am I regardless of another's woe ?
Can I look friendship, smile, and yet—betray ?
Can I, with manna, mix some deadly poison,
Which shall consume the vitals of the mind,
And thrust a deeper agony in the soul,
Than e'er was thrust on human heart before ?
If I can meditate, and act, all this ;
Then am I guilty of my wife's foul murder.
Have I, in fact, the lineaments of man ?
I have ? 'tis well ! Yon battlements are those
Of that soft, cruel, and luxurious wanton,
Naples the curst.
Yes—though an outcast, a condemn'd, scorn'd, outcast,—
I will reduce her palaces, her walls,
Her towers, her arsenals, and all
Those sea-girt ships, that crowd her azure bay,
To dust so small, that e'en a summer's breeze
May waft them o'er Vesuvius. Fracastro,
[*Taking him aside.*
In this vile frame dwell two contrasted spirits.
One, like the palm-tree, which defies the storm ;
The other, trembling, like the feather'd reed,
Which bends obsequious to each passing touch.
This woos the skies ; that clings to parent earth ;
And each rules absolute, when the other sleeps.
I have a silent, unexampled sorrow
Gnawing this bosom like a vulture. Shall
I yield, or conquer ? I've a strange temptation.
Say, say ; which shall I ? Thrust this dagger deep
Into my heart, and end my woes at once ;
Or live a monument for the world's loud laugh ?

'*Fra.* The laugh of worldlings and the scoff of fools
Are far beyond a wise man's notice. Live!
Live here; live here;—that thou may'st live hereafter.
'*Rom.* (*aside.*) I was a fool to ask him such a question.
Has he been wrongfully accused? Has he
Lost, ever lost, a wife, on whom he doted?
Has he e'er felt the agony of having
A fair, mild, innocent, and blooming daughter,
Torn from his arms, and never heard of after?
How, then, can he appreciate the pangs
Of one so paralyzed?'—pp. 43—46.

Though Fracastro is but a minor character in the piece, yet we wish that he, as well as Floranthe, had not appeared in it. He is by profession, a poet. He seems to have been introduced only for the purpose of uttering rhapsodies, which would have been too fine for the Improvisatrice. Among his effusions, is the following simile, which, though in itself by no means destitute of fancy or beauty, becomes disagreeable merely because it is misplaced. It almost immediately follows the burst of anger and menace, which we have just heard from Romano, and has no sort of application to anything that he has been saying. It is brought forth simply as a gratuitous ornament. Fracastro loquitur.

'*Fra.* No, no;—no, no!
Why, sir, a poet is all haggard, wan.
Yet I would be a poet, if I could.
Now, if I am a poet, I can turn
Each rough and unhewn stone into a gem;
And see a likeness where the world sees none.
Now, let me try. A subject? Stop:—I see one.
Yon stream reminds me of man's varied course,
From childhood, youth, and manhood, to old age.
At first, a fountain in earth's mossy lap:
A streamlet next, through wild Arcadian scenes,
Winding, through flowers, its fascinating way.
Now through vast plains, and continents of shade,
It rolls in many a wild and broken wave;
And next through empires, choked with drifting sand.
Lo! on a sudden, cliffs and mountains rise,
Belted with storms. Insinuating winds
The flood mature. The stubborn rocks give way.
Down the hoar precipice, unterrified,
The wild waves rush; the woods, remote, resound;
And mountains echo back the deafening roar.
Escaped the agitated whirlpool's reign,
Beneath deep shades, where bees secrete their wealth,
And mild dove-turtles build their hallow'd nests,
It issues wide; and rolling calmly down
The Earth's vast surface, weds, in one proud flood,
Th' attracting majesty of the boundless main'.—pp. 47, 48.

The author, for the sake, we suppose, of contrast,—a purpose in itself not blameable as a matter of taste, provided it be skilfully accomplished,—exhibits on the scene a fisherman and his wife, under whose care he places Schidoni, wounded and almost breathing his last, in consequence of a rencontre which that villain had with his rival Lorenzo. We do not know in what dialect these poor people speak our mother English. It has, however, in it neither wit nor nature, and is quite unsuitable to our epic drama. Schidoni recovers his health under their roof; but in the mean time Lavinia, who had been liberated from her prison by Lorenzo, finds her way, attended by her lover, to the camp of Romano. But before she meets her hapless father, Fontano, and before Floranthe, who is no other than Romano's daughter in disguise, is discovered, we must once more behold the chieftain in his moody and indignant temper. The whole scene is unquestionably a noble piece of writing. Romano and his companions are resting in a forest of the Appenines, on their march to Naples. Fracastro had in vain attempted to beguile him from his grief with music.

'*Rom.* Music could once entrance my soul; but now,
Feeling no music in my heart, mine ear,
Tuneless and dull, denies its wonted office.
That air, once heard with joy unspeakable,
I hear as one, who listens to the sound
Of some dull curfew, that, in distant land,
Benumbs the night, and stuns the owl to silence.
'*Fra.* (*aside*) I'll play no more. The hour returns again;
And all his soul relapses into sadness.
Rom. Hush'd are the waters of Ethiopia; hush'd
The suffocating solitudes of Senegal;
Awfully hush'd the vast precincts of Nile.
But if the Hyads o'er the wilderness
Breathe on the midnight and distil soft showers;
The condor, pelican, and ostrich, sip
The drops aerial, and the leopard laps.
'*Fra.* (*aside.*) Awful it is to see him trace i' the sand,
Such forms and shapes. Alas! his soul's disorder'd.
Would I'd been born so much the mind's physician,
That, when in Greece, I had the skill to cull,
From off the mountains of the Cyclades,
That sacred plant, Nepenthe, which has power
To calm the tumults of a wounded spirit!
That med'cine now had lull'd his soul to peace.
'*Rom.* What late seem'd wrinkled with old age is now
Verdant and rife; and every palm-tree bends
With liquid crystal and depending gems.
So in the midnight of my grief, my soul
Wakes from its sterile palsy; when Francesca,
Rising serene in beauty to my thought,
Hallows the past, disarms th' horrific present,
Clothes hope in smiles, and whispers to my heart,

That justice, sternly virtuous, never dies,
Though oft her slumbers wear the mask of death.
'*Fra.* (*rising.*) Why, then, build sepulchres and mausoleums,
In which to bury all thy hopes? 'Tis folly.
'*Rom.* (*aside.*) What have I lived for?
'*Fra.* As I breathe,—no insult!
'*Rom.* What have I lived for! To be mock'd? contemn'd?
Nay, now, I'll answer this astounding question.
And when I have, do thou proclaim full loud,
If it is folly to receive a wrong,
And then complain, that justice is a sluggard.
Hither; come hither. (*Aside.*) I'll rehearse my story.

Enter Officers.

Form ye in semicircle space, and listen.
My native town is Venice:—but my father,
Charm'd with the air of Naples, sojourn'd there,
With me, and others of our house, three months
In every year. Our ruin;—I anticipate!
The king,—King Ferdinand—gave a splendid banquet.
There I first saw,—I see her still!—Francesca;
Sitting, in regal splendour, by the side
Of her famed uncle, Ferdinand. She seem'd
Like one from heaven; delighting every eye.
Rich gems adorn'd her; but no gems could equal
The liquid lustre of those dark-blue eyes,
Which beam'd like Venus in the vernal heaven.
Such charms! Excuse me;—though these locks are grey,
'Tis not with age.—They open'd like the rose
Through the green fringes of its mossy woof;
Rising mid petals, that in valley hang
Their pensive heads; and from their snowy cells
Throw a rich fragrance o'er the evening air.
'*Fra.* (*to* LEPARDO.) Bleach'd are his locks; cerulean all his soul!
'*Rom.* I loved her not as those do, who are lapt
In luxury, vanity, and indolence;
But as a man, who knows what sterling good
Springs ever verdant in a heart, where love
Rises and sets in purity and peace.
I saw and sigh'd in silent admiration,
Full many a day; and days with love, are ages.
This all men know, who know the force of love.
At length, one evening, I beheld her, sitting
In the king's bower, all silent and alone.
Trembling I stopt:—I knew not what to do!
I stopt! when on the pinions of the air,
Such streams of melody entranced my soul,
I could have listen'd till the doom of day:
Had I not heard, "my Julio, Julio, Julio!"
Drop from her lips;—half-smother'd with a sigh.
I stood awhile in breathless rapture: then

Stole to the bower, surprised her in her love,
Knelt at her feet, and begg'd an angel's pardon.
'*Fra.* Stand on this side, Lepardo. Thou'rt too eager.
'*Lep.* All are too eager: I correct myself.
'*Fra.* Stand all apart; nor crowd around him thus.
'*Rom.* Frowning she answer'd; would have fled, but I,
Arm'd with high rank, and heir to large possessions,
Press'd my lorn suit so earnestly, that she
Listen'd; then smiled; then gave me leave to woo;
Should the good king approve the generous choice.
'*Lep.* The king consented, I am certain.
'*Fra.* Hush!
'*Rom.* I sought the monarch. "*A Venetian Noble,*
"*Sprung from the noblest family in Rome,*
"*Claims rank with princes;*" said the king. I woo'd;
The maid consented; and we married.
'*Fra.* Heaven—
Heaven—what a height for mortal man to fall from!
'*Rom.* I've stol'n an arrow,—a deep,—piercing arrow—
From the wide quiver of revenge, depend on.
Six momentary years pass'd over us.
I should have told ye, that Schidoni, too,
Long had the captivating maiden loved.
She hated;—nay, she loathed him. At a banquet,
To which we bade king Ferdinand's royal court,
And to which he,—the viper! as king's chamberlain,
Was by constraint, invited:—I deserved
A thousand deaths for such an invitation!
The banquet over, all retired to slumber.
Would it had lasted, till the death of time!
But sleep had scarcely visited these lids,
When,—such an agonizing shriek! On waking,
What was the scene my frenzied eyes beheld?
Francesca——
Oh the good gods!—am I alive to tell it!
Francesca, bleeding at my side; struck dead
With mine own dagger,—quivering in her side!
Peace,—peace; be silent: utter not one word.
[*Draws a circle round him with his sword.*
Now, may I never from this circle move,
If I speak aught, but what the Gods might hear!
Th' assassin fled in silence from my chamber;
Crept to his couch; thence issuing at the shrieks,
With which I raised the palace, he proclaim'd
Me the assassin:—jealousy of him!
'*Fra.* Was this Schidoni?
'*Rom.* Dost thou doubt it, sir?
'*Fra.* No man can doubt it.
'*Rom.* I'm a fool; an idiot,
A very stult. My left hand fain would doubt
What this, my right hand, doth. [*Bursts into tears.*

'*Fra.* An agony like this—
'*Rom.* I meant no insult: by St. Mark, I meant none.
Nay, nay, forgive me:—I am sore all over!
All Naples rose! and though 'twas midnight, winter,
And rain descending in such torrents, that
It seem'd as if the last, loud, trump had sounded,
And the whole earth dissolving into nought;
Yet every street, lane, alley, terrace, court,
Garret and roof, resounded with the charge,
That I,—that I,—that I,—had stabb'd my wife,
And thrown the horrific crime upon Schidoni!
'*Fra.* Wretch—wretch;—a caitiff of iniquity.
'*Rom.* Those friends, who loved me, as they sometime swore,
More than themselves;—my well-dress'd, well-fed, friends,
All deck'd in rings, and diamond-hilted swords,
What did those friends amid my deep distress?
Forsake me like a pestilence. My servants,
Bless'd, and thrice bless'd, be every one of them!
My servants wept; and clothed themselves in mourning.
May the great Spirit give paradise to them all.
'*Fra.* What did the people in this trying hour?
'*Rom.* Throng round my palace like ten thousand hornets.
'*Fra.* And did they seize upon thee, signor?
'*Rom.* Seize?
Oh my dear father—oh my sacred mother,—
That ye should live to see a night like that!
They throated me; and to the prison gates
Dragg'd me, loud hissing all the way, like serpents.
Children cried monster; women shriek'd shrill curses;
Men shouted death; and dogs were taught to howl,
Whene'er the word, Romano, cross'd their ears.
Schidoni pension'd witnesses. They swore;
Naples believed;—Romano was undone!
They would not hear one word in my defence.
They held me only as a denizen;
Rich, great, and noble;—therefore to be hated.
I was condemn'd unheard;—ruin'd; undone!
My wife, my daughter, fame, and fortune,—all—
In one short hour:—Too much for human strength!
My mind;—I'm ruin'd:—all, the world contains,
Could never recompense my soul. I'm shatter'd,
Beyond all power of medicine.
'*Fra.* No, no!
'*Rom.* Would I could think so. Yes, my mind is ruin'd.
They took my child;—I know not whither! Never
From that sad moment have I heard of her.
My mother—dumb-struck! died in speechless horror.
My father saw me, like a felon, dragg'd
Through a loud, hissing, populace, to my prison.

Then sought the bloody death-bed chamber; where
—Th' horrific scene!—his raven hair turn'd grey;
Wild palsy seized his venerable frame;
Down sunk he on the clotted bed; and died,
In laughing madness, on Francesco's corse.
The good, the wise, the excellent old man!
[*Hides his face in his robe.*
'*Lep.* Save, or he falls!
'*Fra.* Such labyrinths of woe
Would bend the stoutest of mankind: Lean here.
'*Rom.* Not so: a monument of agony
Shall prove a pyramid of strength. (*Hysterically.*)
Whoo-loo!
'*Lep.* Well, as I live, I never heard aught like it!
'*Rom.* Amid these mountains once a hermit lived.
His food dry berries, and his drink the dews,
Distill'd from leaves of olives. He—; but stay;
My mind is wandering in the clouds: my tale?
Where left I? I'm bewilder'd! where, where left I?
Schidoni pension'd witnesses I say.
All, all believed. Amid the senseless town,
One man alone, except my faithful servants,
One man alone was found with mind to doubt,
And heart to pity. He believed me wrong'd.
He was my gaoler, and a wonder. He—
I saved his brother, when a boy, from drowning.
Ah me—ye weep. I thank, I thank ye, brothers.
'*Fra.* We need not blush to shed a tear at this.
'*Rom.* He was, I say, a wonder:—he was grateful!
Applied the balm of comfort to my heart,
And ope'd his gates in secrecy. I fled!
The court sent messengers to Venice, Rome,
Milan, and all the states of Italy,
With threats against their senates, should they screen me.
In this extremity, for years I lived,
Amid these mountains, where the sun shines never,
Hopeless, nay desolate; agonized with wrong,
Accusing man, and almost doubting heaven.
At length, I heard my best and earliest friend
Is chos'n to fill the ducal chair of Venice.
Then I applied for succour and revenge.
This is my tale of injury. For this,
I've sworn eternal vengeance to Schidoni;
And for believing his enormous charge,
And hearing not one word in my defence,
Have I vow'd death to all the sons of Naples.
'*Fra.* And we'll assist thee in thy just revenge.
'*Rom.* My heart's all gratitude.'—pp. 61—71.

Great changes now take place upon the scene. Velutri followed up his first remorse of conscience by disclosing what had taken place to the king of Naples, who convinced of Fontano's innocence, goes

forth in order to find and save the old man, attended only by a few followers. They met with Fontano in the neighbourhood of Romano's camp, and the villainy of Schidoni being now made apparent in one instance, the king suspects that Romano also was the victim of accusations equally false, and prevails on Fontano to repair with him to the presence of the injured Venetian, and to introduce himself and one of his companions, as pilgrims. The expectations, however, to which this meeting gives rise, are singularly marred for awhile by one of the most ridiculous scenes, if such it can be called, that we have ever beheld. The fancy of the author must have been over-excited and rendered feverish, when it gave birth to such a conception. The scene is on the sea-shore. 'A few ships are seen passing and repassing in the distance; with a vast number of hawks, puffins, guillemots, and other sea-birds hovering over the cliffs. A lunar rainbow stretches from side to side. Towards the south, opens a small valley, over which stretches an aqueduct; connecting the outward wall of the castle with the side of the opposite mountain.' Now to what does all this grand preparation lead? What are we to see next? Fracastro, the poet, sitting near the buttress of one of the arches! And what is he doing? Examining a rose! Upon this flower he dwells for awhile: then he takes up his manuscripts and begins to read them; several nightingales are then heard among the trees, whose song of course gives rise to an eulogy upon the bird; he next strikes his lyre, whereupon the nightingales resume their notes, which again are complimented! In order to comprehend the vicious taste with which the remainder of this precious scene is imagined, we need but look at what may be called the stage directions.

'[Several stags pass under the arches grazing. Others are seen moving timidly among the branches. Some stop to drink at a small fountain, overhung with olives, sycamores, and mountain ash.']

Then follows a rhapsody upon the said stags, and something about Numidian wilds, and columns of sand and clouds, and serpents, the mirage, and the simoom! But even this mood of inspiration is fairly distanced by the next stage direction:—

'[A breath of air flows from the valley, scattering a shower of wild rose leaves; and the lyre moved by the wind, emits a melancholy sound.']

We omit the poetic flight of Fracastro upon this interference of Eolus. The whole scene is a lamentable specimen of the sickliness of thought into which the mind may be betrayed by following, in a moment of great excitement, the unquestioned guidance of the imagination. A great deal of the conversation which follows between Fracastro and Romano is scarcely of a better description. At length Lorenzo and Lavinia present themselves before Romano, and the language of true passion returns to the poem. Lorenzo however meets with a most unlooked for reception. Being asked by Romano whether he knew a person of that name formerly, he

relates the story of the murder of Romano's wife, as he had heard it, imputing of course the crime to the husband. His situation is well imagined, and gives rise to a scene of embarrasment and emotion highly dramatic.

'*Lor.* He woo'd a royal virgin to his bed.
'*Rom.* No lack of fortune, then? no lack of rank?
'*Lor.* Rich, noble, liberal, and approved; and yet,
The midnight murderer of the wife that loved him.
'*Rom.* That is a compound, which the world ne'er dreamt of.
'*Lor.* Rich, noble, liberal, and yet—an assassin!
'*Rom.* (*starting up.*) It is impossible, I say.
'*Fra.* (*to* ROMANO.) These words,
These looks and gestures, will betray thee, signor.
'*Rom.* When the soul's rack'd, there's no discretion.—Thanks.
The world is all mine enemy:—Thou knowest it.
Untouch'd, unsullied, I was once a MAN;
Not in the form and symmetry alone,
But in the honest sanctuary of the heart.
This cursed charge! Mine ears are all obedience.
'*Lor.* A few short years—(a child had graced their union)—
Some vile, insidious devil, in his malice,
Whisper'd Romano, that his wife had sent
Three several tokens to Schidoni.
'*Rom.* (*to* FRACASTRO.) Never!
'*Fra.* Yet if you wish to hear a tale, unvarnished,
Clear in the mirror of its own report,
'Twere best to listen patiently.
'*Rom.* I will.
That is, if possible. The saw draws blood
At every stroke:—No weeping. I disdain
Tales, that appear improbable and vain.
Once more permit me, lady,—to be seated.
'*Lor.* If I speak false, correct me. If you know
This history well, why ask me to relate it?
'*Rom.* Sardo! why, man, thou hast a horse's face!
What can'st thou mean?
For heaven's sake,
Never make
Such a horse's face again!
Nay, my good signor, never mind my nonsense.
I may laugh, when I can laugh; since I laugh but seldom.
I've no bad meaning, I assure thee, sir.
Proceed: I'll interrupt no more. All tales—
All tales of horror have some humour in them;
And Sardo put on so grotesque a face,
And look'd so like a horse—Proceed, proceed.
'*Lor.* You've put me out. I know not where I was.

'*Rom.* You said, Schidoni had received some tokens—
'*Lor.* Soon after that, Romano gave a banquet,
And many a noble slept within his palace;
'Mongst whom was Signor Angelo, my father.
'*Rom.* (*aside.*) Curious and strange! I well remember him.
He was thy father, was he?
'*Fra.* (*whispering.*) Signor—signor!
'*Rom.* I knew Romano; and I loved him—therefore—
'*Lor.* Loved him or not; you ask the truth:—I tell it.
If aught there shall be of offence in that,
Say so:—I cease. At dead of night, as all—
'*Rom.* He had a child, I think, you said:—still living?
'*Lor.* The child was miss'd, and has not since been heard of.
'*Rom.* (*aside.*) I am the most, most hapless man that lives!
Go on;—I shall not interrupt again.
'*Lor.* At dead of night, as all asleep they lay,
Romano stole into the armoury.
Such is the tale; and such is my belief.

[ROMANO *turns from* LORENZO; *and moves behind one of the columns, where he stands, unseen by any one, except* FRACASTRO, *a few moments; caressing his hawk with one hand, and striking his breast, in great agony, with the other.*

'*Fra.* The hawk's entangled. He'll return this moment.
Go on;—he'll hear.
'*Lor.* As all asleep they lay,
Romano stole into the armoury.
Schidoni saw him. For, on that sad night,
The villain slept,—by artful invitation—
'*Rom.* Oh, then, you will confess he was a villain?
'*Lor.* Confess! There never lived a greater; never:
If we except the man of whom we're speaking.
'*Rom.* (*to* FRACASTRO.) Take thou this dagger: he afflicts me sorely.
Take it; or else I may disgrace myself.
Now, sir,——
'*Lor.* Upon that memorable night,
Schidoni slept beneath Romano's roof.
He sat up later than his host; and as
He pass'd along the corridor to his chamber,
He saw a shadow on the wall.
'*Rom.* Saw what?
'*Lor.* Romano's shadow.
'*Rom.* (*aside*) Matchless! — matchless! — matchless!
Dost thou believe all this?
'*Lor.* Why not?
'*Rom.* Go on.

'*Lep.* (*to* FRACASTRO.) He smiles! I never saw a smile——

'*Fra.* A tear
Were bliss—nay rapture—to a smile like that.

'*Rom.* He saw Romano's shadow on the wall——

'*Lor.* Then he beheld him stealing to the chamber,
Where his wife lay; as if, distrusting silence,
He fear'd his shadow should betray, and act
As a sure evidence of the horrid deed
His thought had compass'd; and 'fore all the world,
Stamp him the model of a fiend.

'*Rom.* Romano?

'*Lor.* Ay;—e'en Romano:—once pronounced the best,
Bravest, and noblest of the sons of Venice.

'*Fra.* Oft have I heard my mother say so too.

'*Rom.* May the great gods deliver me! Thy mother?
The grave's a palace, when the soul's a dungeon.
She died,—for which I thank the gods above!—
She died, unconscious of her brother's wrong.

'*Fra.* (*aside.*) My soul weeps balm to hear him speak so fondly
Of my poor mother.

'*Rom.* Well—the shadow! Nay—

'*Lor.* He saw him shut the chamber door; and then—

'*Rom.* What then? Be brief—He racks my soul! What then?

'*Lor.* Loud shrieks of murder echoed through the palace.
The guests all rush'd upon the corridor:
Alarm and horror in each face.

'*Rom.* The sequel!
(*Aside.*) That is, if rage permit my soul to listen.

'*Lor.* The guests all rush'd upon the corridor;
Where, like a statue, they beheld Romano,
Holding a bleeding dagger in his hand:
That fatal dagger, which had pierced the breast
Of one, who loved him as her life. With eyes
Instinct with fury, and with voice scarce human,
"*Where is the fiend, the matchless fiend, Schidoni?*"
Rung and re-echoed through the palace. Lost,
Frantic with guilt, at length he saw him. Fierce,
Fierce as a Caffre in the burning zone
Of ebon Afric, when a hideous asp,
As he lies panting in the sultry shade,
Has pierced his veins; and poison'd blood descends
Down from his temples to his matted loins,
In many an agonizing stream;—Romano,
Fierce as the Caffre, sprang upon Schidoni,
Dragg'd him, all breathless, to the fatal chamber;
And, in the presence of the bleeding body,
Laid the foul charge of murder upon him.

'*Rom.* (*aside.*) Ye mighty powers! I hope ye listen. Well—

'*Lor.* Lost in amazement at the frightful scene,
My father rush'd to wrong'd Schidoni's aid,

Wrested the dagger from Romano's hand,
And, with the aid of others, who were present,
Gave him, all reeking with his wife's warm blood,
Mix'd with large drops of agonizing sweat,
Which burst, all copious, from his breast and forehead,
Into the hands of th' officers of justice.

'*Rom.* Seize him, I charge ye! Bind him fast. He is
Of that proud, worthless, miserable, harlot,
Naples the curst. All mercy, therefore, dies,
Pity and hope, and every humane feeling.

'*Lav.* What has he done? what utter'd to offend?
He has said nothing but the sacred truth;
And that, too, at thine own express'd command.

'*Rom.* Art thou, too, turn'd accuser? Thou—a woman!

'*Lav.* What, in the name of fortune, canst thou mean?

'*Rom.* Mean? Said he not, I stabb'd my wife? Deny it?
Said he not that? deny ye that?—He said it.
I'd stake my life upon the word. Fracastro,
Did he not say, I slew my wife? You know it.

'*Lor.* Not so.—I said—

'*Lav.* He said, Romano did it.

'*Rom.* Well—who is he?

'*Lav.* Who is he?

'*Rom.* Ay;—who is he?
Who—but the man before thee?

'*Lor. and Lav.* Thou—Romano?

'*Rom.* I;—I;—the outcast; the condemn'd, scorn'd, outcast;
The fugitive, the murderer;—the fiend,
Let loose from hell to assassinate an angel.
Yes—I'm Romano; and I love the name;
Although 'tis hiss'd and hooted at in Naples.
On the vile race—how I abhor them!—Gods;
I have no language to describe the horror,
With which my soul regards them. Past all speech:
Past all conception. Had they heard my tale,
And through blind error judged me guilty; then,
Although most cruelly, and most fatally wrong'd;
Then, then, indeed, I had respected, pardon'd;
And, in the anguish of affliction, wept
O'er human judgments. As it is, may earth—
May earthquakes, wars, both foreign and domestic,
Famine and Pestilence, visit them for ages!
Haste;—do your duty;—I have said;—it shall be.
[*Strikes the earth with great violence.*

'*Lor.* Lions, and pards, and caracals, I've heard of;
Tigers and serpents; but I never yet
Heard of a man, who—

'*Rom.* Out! The furies! What—
What cares Romano, what you, or any one,
Hears, or has heard? He is a man so wrong'd,
He cares for none;—an empire to himself!

That is my answer; and let that short word
Suffice for thee, for Naples, and for all men.
You!—had not your officious, credulous, father
Rescued the dagger from my grasp, SCHIDONI,
He,—the villain,—he, the fiend,—SCHIDONI,
Had lain, all crimson, at my spurning feet.
Marco, come hither. [*Whispers.*
'*Mar.* (*to* SARDO, *&c.*) Pray be silent: who
Can hear instructions, if ye murmur thus?
Once more, good signor.—It is done: it shall be,
(*To* LORENZO.) You must with me, sir: ay, indeed you must.
Nay, sir, 'tis vain:—too many for your strength.
You must with us; the signor wills it so.
'*Lav.* They shall not part us; we will die together.
'*Rom.* Take the maid hence: I war not with a woman.'

A terrible storm ensues, upon the clearing away of which, the music of a distant choir of monks is heard. The organ ceases, and the chapel is presented to our view, Romano wandering among the monuments. The purpose of all this, however, is scarcely adequate to the machinery, for it ends in Romano's confessing himself to the abbot, when it appears that he had no crime to accuse himself of, save an attempt, or rather an intention which he had conceived, to put an end to his existence. The King, Fontano, and Floranthe next appear. These are soon followed by Schidoni in the disguise of a minstrel, who knowing that the King had discovered his villainies, consummates his wickedness, by offering to give possession of Naples to Romano. His proposals being declined, he then attempts to stab Romano in the back. We have no room for this scene, which is well imagined, and full of interest. Eventually the wretch falls upon his own poisoned dagger and dies. The drama then draws rapidly to a conclusion; Lavinia and Floranthe are recognised; the character of Romano vindicated, his feelings in some degree appeased by the recovery of his child, his peace is made with the king, and the whole party proceed in triumph to Naples.

We have freely spoken our opinion upon the merits of this composition. It has some monstrous faults, faults of such a character as would cause it to be laughed at, if it were represented on a stage. But monstrous though they be, we think they would be redeemed in the contemplation of any man reading this work in his closet, by the many beauties and eloquent and highly poetical passages which it contains.

ART. VII.—*Notices of Brazil in* 1823 *and* 1829. By the Reverend R. Walsh, LL.D. M.R.S.A. Author of "a Journey from Constantinople," &c. &c. &c. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Westley and Davis. 1830.

IT is with the greatest satisfaction that we again meet with Dr. Walsh in the paths of literature. His "Journey from Constanti-

nople," first introduced him to our acquaintance, and we entertain the flattering belief that we rendered some little assistance towards obtaining for that work the popularity which has already most deservedly passed it through three editions. From the perusal of the two volumes now before us, we have risen with feelings of increased admiration for the author. The interior of Brazil had already been visited and described by Mr. Mawe, and other travellers; and there is scarcely a scribbling politician, a soldier, merchant, or captain of a ship, who has touched at Rio de Janeiro, within the last twenty years, who has not given us some account of that capital. Mr. Southey's history comprehends also several charming descriptions of the country. Nevertheless, Dr. Walsh has found many novelties to communicate, and scenes or customs which were known before, he contrives to reproduce in a way that imparts to them fresh interest. He writes with singular tact. There is scarcely a circumstance that happened to him which he does not turn to account. On every occasion, he displays in an eminent degree that most valuable of gifts—good sense, and its attendant virtues, cheerfulness, liberality, consideration for the peculiarities, and even the prejudices, of the strangers whom he visits, and whose hospitality he receives. He does not laugh at their religion, or libel their clergy, like most of our John Bull travellers; he does not treat with contempt their political institutions, and turn every apparent breach of morality into a vice and a crime. Full of kindness towards his species, he looks upon men as his brothers wherever he finds them; he sympathizes in their interests, allows for the circumstances in which they are placed, exhibits the favourable parts of their character in the best light, and, without railing at defects, touches them with a gentle hand, leaving their amendment to time, and the extension of civilization. In writing a work of travels in this way, Dr. Walsh gives us the pleasing picture of an amiable man, and a worthy minister of the church to which he belongs; and we sincerely hope that those of his brethren who may hereafter commit to the press their observations upon foreign countries, will profit by his excellent example.

The mission of Lord Strangford to Rio, in the summer of 1828, afforded Dr. Walsh, his lordship's chaplain, the desirable opportunity of visiting Brazil. The object of the mission,—viz. to induce the Emperor to accede to the completion of the marriage (already legally celebrated by procuration) of his daughter with Don Miguel,—is known to have failed. Pedro, who was exceedingly indignant with his brother for placing himself on the throne of Portugal, would scarcely allow the subject even to be mentioned. Dr. Walsh, however, made the best use of the short time which was allowed him before the legation returned to England, and we have little doubt that the two volumes which contain what he modestly terms his 'Notices of Brazil,' will be quite as popular as the duodecimo which detailed his route from Constantinople.

To be candid, however, we think that much of the matter which occupies the first volume might have been omitted, without the slightest injury to the work. We allude to the details concerning Madeira, which have been repeated in a thousand ways by as many voyagers. The chapters also which are devoted to the history of Brazil, from the period of its discovery down to that of his arrival, have a suspicious aspect, coming from the Chaplain of Lord Strangford. These might also have been safely left out, as besides the questionable authenticity of some of the particulars, the whole of the historical portion may be said to incumber the first volume. The second volume is free from any fault of this kind. It contains an account of the author's excursion in the province of Minas Geraes, and is more like a romance than a book of travels. It abounds in the most delightful reading.

The Galatea frigate, which was appointed to convey the mission to Brazil, sailed from Portsmouth, on the 26th of August, 1828, and taking the usual course, arrived at Rio, about the middle of October. We pass over the journal of the voyage, noticing only the author's observations on that most interesting little ornament of the deep, the flying fish.

'The flying fish* is distinguished by its immense fins, situated immediately behind the gills, which it uses as wings when it wishes to change its element. They generally flew forty or fifty yards, when they met a wave, and plunging into the bosom of it, disappeared. A few rose over the crest, and apparently bathing their wings in the spray, pursued their flight with renovated powers. I know no object of natural history more interesting than a flock of stormy petterels sporting among a shoal of flying-fish, and alternating with each other's element—the little bird descending into the depths of the sea, and becoming an inhabitant of the water, the fish ascending to the heights of the atmosphere, and becoming an inhabitant of the air. It is one of those exquisitely curious and beautiful links in the great chain of creation, by which we suppose spiritual, and we know corporeal beings are connected; forming a regular and insensible gradation of existences, from the ministering angels below God's throne, to the lowest mass of unorganized matter.

'A singular occurrence took place in the evening. About eight o'clock a boy had got into his hammock, which was swung on the main deck, opposite a port. He was suddenly startled from his sleep by some living thing exceedingly cold, fluttering about his breast, and finally nestling in his bosom. He started out of bed in affright, and searching his hammock, he found a large flying-fish panting and gasping under the clothes. It was immediately brought to me as a curiosity, and I examined and sketched it. It was nine inches long, blue and mottled on the back like a mackerel, the head scaly, and the mouth toothless; the belly was white, flat, and angular; the tail was unequal, the lower division being longer than the upper; the wings were two membranaceous fins, of a triangular shape, about four inches long, consisting of eleven strong ribs, branching off from a point, dividing

* Exocoetus exiliens.

and subdividing with great regularity as they expanded, and connected by a transparent and very beautiful membrane, which presented a considerable surface to the air. They were attached to the shoulders of the fish, between the gills, at the apex of the angle, by muscles uncommonly strong, and of a solidity and tenacity very different from the substance of the body. I ate part of the fish broiled, and found it very good, exceeding a herring in firmness and flavour. The roe, however, was very strong, and to a certain degree, pungent and caustic.

'A rare and beautiful species or variety of this fish is sometimes found in the Mediterranean, having four wings or long fins inserted behind the gills; the body is a bright violet colour, covered with scales, which easily come off; the head flat and smooth, and the frontal bone so transparent that the brain is seen through it.

'The apparent motive which induces this fish to leave its proper element, is to avoid the pursuit of its numerous enemies, which every where persecute it—bonitos, albicores, but particularly dolphins. These last we constantly saw bounding after them, and frequently out of the water, their bright green backs and silver bellies presenting very beautiful objects. When this pursuit takes place at night, and near a ship, the flying-fish, like all its finny tribe, is strongly attracted by light, flies towards it, perhaps for protection, and enters any part of the vessel where it may be placed. Lanterns are sometimes set for this purpose in the chains: and another caught there was afterwards brought to me. It was the light between decks, gleaming through the port-holes, that attracted the fish to the boy's hammock, when the little creature accidentally took refuge in the lad's bosom. Had such an incident occurred in the days of Ovid, no doubt he would have invented some mythological metamorphosis to account for it, and have made a pretty tale of the loves of the sailor boy and the flying-fish!'—vol. i. pp. 101—104.

We must also stop to notice the effect produced upon the author on seeing, for the first time, the sublime aspect of the southern heavens. We cordially subscribe to the truth of his remark in another place, that 'to one whose eye is made familiar with the visible starry firmament, any change of position presents objects more new, interesting and beautiful, than the finest landscape on the surface of the earth.' The cross of the south is a particularly splendid constellation.

'As soon as we had passed the line, we experienced a delightful alteration of weather; and the damp, hazy, sultry heat was exchanged for a dry, bracing, elastic atmosphere, a bright sun, a clear blue sky, and a refreshing temperature, in which the thermometer stood at 78. The constellations of the southern hemisphere were glittering brilliantly above our horizon every night, and among them the southern cross was very conspicuous, and compensated us for the disappearance of the bears, which were no longer afraid, as in the days of Homer and Virgil, to bathe in the streams of the ocean.* The cross rose after midnight, and at four in the morning I went on deck to see it. The aspect of the heavens was singularly beautiful. In the east was Venus just risen, with a brilliancy and lustre which she does not display

* "Arctos oceani *metuentes* equore tingi."—*Virgil, Georg.* lib. i. l. 240.

in the foggy hemisphere. She gave a light equal to that of a young moon, casting a slight shadow from opaque bodies on the deck, and rendering objects very distinct, both at sea and on board. It was the *alma lux nautis affulgens;* and surely nothing could be conceived more bland and bounteous than the lights of the lovely star. Orion was in the zenith, glittering with his belt and other appendages, and so bright with so many smaller stars about him, all now vivid and distinct, that he was hardly to be recognized. Among the new objects presented, were the nebulæ Magellanicæ, or Magellan's clouds, two patches of lighter matter than the dark blue sky, and which seemed to be fragments broken from the milky way, and floated to this spot; a third appeared more distant towards the pole. They were fixed, like the constellations, on the starry vault, and with them revolved round its axle. In the south was a vast cluster of brilliant stars, many of them of the first magnitude, figuring the ship and other constellations; and among these, and well defined, was a brilliant cross formed of four stars—the sacred Cynosure of the southern hemisphere. The stars which mark the top and bottom have the same right ascension, and therefore the figure of the cross is perpendicular when on the meridian, as I often saw it afterwards. In this position it is watched in South America, and they ascertain that it is past midnight when the cross begins to decline!'—vol. i. pp. 119—121.

We have always maintained that African regions were as susceptible of improvement from cultivation as any other race of men. Dr. Walsh, who appears to be of the same opinion, had scarcely set his foot on shore at Rio de Janeiro, than he had a remarkable opportunity of putting this opinion to the test, by observing the Negro under four different aspects of society, clearly demonstrating that his character in each depended on the state in which he was placed, and 'the estimation in which he was held.' He saw the negro first as a slave, despised, and 'far lower than other animals around him.' Next, the poor African appeared advanced to the grade of a soldier, 'clean and neat in his person, amenable to discipline, expert at his exercises, and showing the port and bearing of a white man, similarly placed. Thirdly, our author had occasion to respect the negro as a citizen, remarkable for the respectability of his appearance, and the decorum of his manners. And fourthly, to admire him as a priest of the living God; and, says Mr. Walsh, 'in a grade in which moral and intellectual fitness is required, and a certain degree of superiority is expected, he seemed even more devout in his impressions, and more correct in his manners, than his white associates.' This is valuable testimony in favour of the Negro character. Let us now walk into one of our countrymen's houses at Rio, and after seeing how it is arranged, take an evening lounge through the streets of that singular city.

'The next day I visited Mr. Price, an intelligent English merchant, to whom I had letters. He lived in the Rua dos Pescadores, or Fisherman's street, because it was originally inhabited by some of this class when the sea came up to their doors. His house was large and massive, built of hewn stone; and as it was a representative of all the houses of the British

merchants, I will briefly describe it. Below was a large shop, or store, filled with all kinds of goods: between it and the main wall, was a long narrow entry to a flight of stone stairs, which led to the second floor, in which was a large apartment, half of it appropriated to the purposes of an office, and the other half filled with boots, saddles, hats, and other articles of English manufacture. He invited me to dine with him at two o'clock, and on my return at that hour, I found all the streets deserted, the houses closed up, and the whole town in this commercial part, like a city of the dead—as silent and solitary at mid-day, as at midnight. All the inhabitants were at their dinner, or taking their siesta; and during that time all business is suspended; every place below was shut up, so I made my way to the top of the house. Here I found Mr. Price and his family assembled. I returned with my host to his apartment, and dressed for dinner, by taking off my coat, and putting on a calico jacket; and this preparatory luxury is part of the entertainment a Brazilian host always provides for his guests as regularly as napkins.

'In the evening I proceeded along the Rua dos Pescadores, to where it terminated in a large open square, called the Campo de Sta. Anna. The shops were again opened, and filled with all kinds of European merchandise, particularly Manchester shawls, handkerchiefs, cottons, and calicoes of the most showy colours, broad-cloths, silks, hats, boots, shoes, and stockings, all hung out in front of the houses, and covering the doors and windows with their rich drapery. These things were sent out in such profusion, and the market was so overstocked, that they were selling in the Rua dos Pescadores, for less money than in Cheapside.

'Having passed the shops, I arrived at that part of the street towards the country, where no business was carried on. The solitude and seclusion of the houses were strikingly contrasted. The windows were barred up like those of the Turks, with lattices of close cross-barred laths, which scarcely admitted the light, and through which it was impossible to see or be seen. These were suspended from above by a hinge, and opened from below, and when any of the inmates wish to look out, they thrust their heads against them, and push them forward. In almost every house as I went along, I saw some woman's forehead pressed on this blind; and in the opening was a black, brown, or sallow visage, with dark eyes, gleaming obliquely through the aperture, one up and the other down the street. On the arrival of the Court, the windows of all the houses of the town were hung with these *gelosias*, projecting into the narrow streets when opened, and intercepting the passage; but an edict was then published, that as Rio was elevated to a high destiny, it should show its sense of it, by abolishing all its Gothic customs, and assimilating itself to the improvements of Europe: that those barred up windows were as unwholesome, as they were barbarous and unseemly, by interrupting the free current of air: that, therefore, within six months, they should all be removed, except from clay-built houses. This edict had the desired effect, and they have now disappeared, except from the low edifices of this description, in the remote streets.

'The aspect of the streets was extraordinary; they were narrow, and crossed one another at right angles, and were called Rua and Travessa. The Rua commenced on the shore of the bay, and ran in a right line till it terminated in a large open space, inland. The Travessa, or cross street, was

closed up by two ranges of hills, so that when I stood at the angle of crossing, and looked both ways, I saw at the extremities of one, the sea and the country; and at the extremities of the other, the abrupt face of two steep rocks. If the defile in which this most opulent and populous, as well as largest portion of the town is crammed, lay in the direction of the bay; it would be ventilated continually by alternate currents of air, caused by the regular land and sea breezes; but unfortunately it lies across it, and every breath of passing wind is interrupted by the two ridges of hills that cut their course.

'On emerging from this suffocating gorge, I found myself in an open plain, into which all the streets leading from the sea debouche; and I perceived that the land views of this magnificent country were equal to those of the coast. The plain was nearly surrounded by a vast amphitheatre of mountains; their bases were sloping lawns of the richest verdure, terminated by belts of forest-trees of immense growth and variety, from which issued their summits, rugged and shaped in all varieties of form; some ridged, some peaked, and some abruptly bent. One of these latter is called, from its very extraordinary and fantastic shape, the Corcovado, or broken back; an appellation which it well deserves. On advancing into this plain, I found it was enclosed with houses, so as to form an enormous quadrangle, among which was the senate-house, the museum, the camera, or town-hall, and other public buildings. It is, therefore, secured from further encroachment, and reserves to the capital of Brazil the boast of possessing perhaps the largest square in the world. It had been called the Campo de Santa Anna, but its name was changed to the Campo d'Acclamaçao, and it is sacred to the Brazilians, as some of the most important events of their revolution were transacted upon it.'—vol. i. pp. 141—146.

The mansion occupied by the mission was delightfully situated.

'The house taken for our residence was entirely at the other end of the city, and at a considerable distance. The passing from one place to another in Rio, is not in a direct line; mountains literally intervene between one street and another; and, as you cannot climb over their summits, you must wind round their bases. A range of these hills approaches so close to the sea, as to leave only a narrow way between them and the water. Beyond is another open space of level ground, somewhat similar to that which I have described, and called Catete, on which a new town has been built. A street, with houses on one side, and open to the sea on the other, connects them both; and in this was our residence. The house belonged to a gentleman who had been an officer in the British navy, but had changed the service; and from the rank of lieutenant, was promoted to that of commodore in the Brazilian service. His house corresponded with his station, and was fit for the residence of an ambassador in Brazil. Indeed, had it been worse, it would not have been easy to procure a better. It stood at the base of a rock, which overhung it with its pendant vegetation: before it was the sea, immediately under the windows, where the waves continually rolled on a bed of fine white sand, forming a little bay, terminated by the beautiful promontory of Gloria, its summit crowned with its ornamental church, and its sides dotted with villas. Opposite were the romantic highlands, which formed the east side of the bay, projecting and retiring, with their forest-covered sides, clothed in eternal verdure; sometimes smiling in the sun, and sometimes veiled in dense mists, which displayed an infi-

nite variety of light and shade, as they rolled over them. The expanse of water between, was an ever-moving surface of ships, entering or leaving the harbour, with the morning and evening winds.'—vol. i. pp. 146—148.

The happy immunity which Rio enjoys from earthquakes, has enabled its inhabitants to construct the finest city in South America. The houses are massive, built of granite of the finest quality, and though the streets are narrow, yet they enjoy the rare luxury of flagged trottoirs, not very wide of course, on each side.

In the second volume, Dr. Walsh gives some interesting particulars, concerning the Emperor and his family, which we shall by and by notice. We confess that we were hardly prepared for some of the details which we find in the volume immediately under our consideration, regarding Pedro's conduct towards his late consort. Dr. Walsh had no doubt the best opportunity of ascertaining the truth upon this painful subject, which he treats with becoming delicacy.

'On visiting the province of St. Paul's on a former occasion, he had met with a lady who had attracted his attention in no ordinary degree; by the connivance, it is said, of her own brother, an interview was arranged, and from that time he became attached to her to a passionate excess. He created her Marchioness of Santos,—built a palace for her close by that at St. Christovao,—acknowledged her child as his own, by the title of Duchess of Goyaz,—and so far forgot what was due to the private feelings of her he was bound to cherish and respect, that he had this person appointed one of the ladies in waiting to his wife. These are matters of public notoriety, of which the evidence exists in the facts themselves. They were borne with a meek and uncomplaining submission by the empress; but on the night of his embarkation for St. Catherine's, a circumstance occurred which roused even her gentle spirit. She had acquiesced, from a sense of duty, in such arrangements as her husband was pleased to make; but she would not sacrifice the respect she owed herself, by visiting her unworthy attendant, nor seem to countenance vice by such a public mark of apparent approbation; a painful discussion took place, and immediately after his departure, the empress was taken alarmingly ill.'—vol. i. pp. 256, 257.

The Empress was then unfortunately in the first stage of her pregnancy: premature labour soon came on, after which the symptoms became so violent, that no hope was entertained of her recovery. 'It was then,' says Dr. Walsh, 'that her very amiable disposition displayed itself. After having humbly received all the last rites of her church, she called around her all the domestics of her establishment, and while they stood, shedding tears of real sympathy and feeling beside her bed, she asked them in succession whether she had injured or offended them by word or deed, as she could not leave the world with the impression on her mind, that any one remembered ought against her, for which she could make reparation. The whole tenor of her domestic life had been so good and condescending to others, that nothing could be recollected that

was not so, and her attendants only answered by irrepressible sobs and tears, which her humility and kindness had excited. It is mentioned that the Marchioness de Santos, the cause of all this suffering, had the gross indelicacy to attempt to visit the Empress on the very eve of dissolution, and that nothing could have prevented her from carrying her intentions into execution, but an exertion of physical strength on the part of the royal attendants. The servants who thus very properly interposed, were subsequently dismissed by Pedro! Yet, to be just to all parties, it must not be forgotten that the late Empress had given some cause for the fatal alienation, of which she afterwards became the victim. There is nothing perhaps, short of infidelity, which dissolves the spell of wedded life more effectually than the indifference of the lady to her personal appearance. It is not requisite that she should be always decked out in jewels, or arrayed in costly garments. But it is absolutely indispensible, if she desires to preserve her husband's affections, that her attire should be appropriate and pleasing to his eye, and that her person should be itself an index to the purity of her heart. Attention to this object, which is but too much disregarded in every station, sheds a charm around a woman of which she can scarcely be conscious, but which, it is certain, exercises an amazing power upon those with whom it ought to be her pride to stand in the highest degree of honour and esteem. Pedro's late consort, according to Dr. Walsh, unfortunately became very blameable in this respect.

'When the empress first came to Brazil, she is represented as exceedingly engaging and lovely; her fair skin, clear complexion, blue eyes, and blond hair, were pleasingly contrasted with the dark locks, brown tint, and sallow visages of the ladies about her. But she soon neglected these advantages; she had not the least personal vanity, and became utterly careless of her appearance, as of a thing altogether of no consideration. She went abroad with large thick boots, loaded with great tarnished spurs, such as are worn by the mineiros. She wrapped herself up in a clumsy great coat, and a man's hat, and in this way sat herself astride on a horse, and rode through all parts of the town. It is true, this mode of riding is always practised in the provinces, and I have never seen a woman there ride otherwise; and she adopted it from a wish to conciliate, in complying with the customs of the people among whom she came to reside; though in Rio, where European habits and the usages of more polished countries have modelled the opinions of the natives, it is considered as coarse and indelicate. When she became a mother, she was as negligent of her person at home as abroad. Her hair, which was long, and without curl, she suffered to hang lank and loose about her face and shoulders; and the defects of her person became every day more conspicuous. She had a large Austrian nether lip, and the thick neck which is characteristic of the people of Vienna, and gives them the appearance of being *bossu*. When she first appeared as a bride, with all the advantages of youth and dress, these defects were not apparent; but when neglect and indifference, and the duties of a mother succeeded, they were but too conspicuous, and

added, it is said, to the estrangement of her husband, who was himself scrupulously neat in his person, as all the Brazilians are, and exacted a similar attention from those about him.'—vol. i. pp. 265—267.

Against these faults, and serious faults they undoubtedly were, the late Empress however exhibited many amiable qualities. Her pecuniary allowance fell far short of her charity, which is said to have been boundless. As a mistress, she was kindness itself; as a mother, all affection; as a wife, faithful, submissive and dutiful, even under the grave provocations she had received. She loved and patronized the fine arts, and wrote, in Portuguese and French, letters which are highly spoken of.

Dr. Walsh goes at some length into the history of that foolish war in which Don Pedro had embarked with Buenos Ayres, for the attainment of a strip of territory of little use to either party, and which, in the end, both agreed to give up. The treatment of the Irish and German emigrants, whom the Brazilian authorities enlisted in their service upon this occasion, was altogether most disgraceful. It has called down our author's disapprobation, and in our opinion, most justly.

The particulars which Dr. Walsh has collected concerning the state of the church in Brazil are very interesting. It is peculiarly creditable to him that he mixes with these details none of the bigotry which might have been expected from the minister of a foreign establishment. The Bishop of Rio seems to have won his marked regard.

'From the character I had heard of this worthy man, I wished much to know him, and was soon gratified, for he is exceedingly easy of access. He invited me to dine with him at two o'clock, and I went with a friend. His palace is on one of the commanding hills of the town, forming, like the churches and convents, a very conspicuous object, and presenting a magnificent prospect from the platform before the door. The edifice is very spacious, abounding in stairs and corridors, but in a state of neglect, like a great mansion-house, too large to be kept in repair by the limited means of the proprietor. We found him sitting in a very bare apartment, with papers before him: he was a low man, with hair partly grey, and combed negligently over his forehead. His dress was a very plain blue cotton gown, and he had nothing to distinguish his rank, but a diamond cross suspended from a rosary.

'When dinner was announced, he took me by the hand, and placed me in his own chair at the head of the table, and with a courtesy that really embarrassed me, sat down on a low chair beside me. His family consisted of six persons, four of whom were ecclesiastics; one a secretary and member of the Chamber of Deputies; and one a promising young Brazilian artist, whom he patronises for his merit, and sends to the academy. There was no form or ceremony at table, nor any restraint on the conversation of the young men, except that instinctive deference all pay to the presence of a venerable man. It happened to be Friday—our dinner was, of course, fasting fare of various sorts, plainly dressed, but plentiful and good; first, Newfoundland salt, and Rio fresh fish, of different kinds, all helped

together on the same plate; then small fish stewed with herbs, and the entertainment concluded with a copious dish of fried eggs. When these were removed, a large pan of quince marmalade was set down, which was cut into square blocks and sent round. The bishop informed me that the quince was an imported fruit; it is now one of the most abundant in every part of Brazil, where it attains to a prodigious size. During dinner a black came round with wine, and frequently filled our glasses, and every time we drank, we pledged each other's health. In return for mine, I wished prosperity to Brazil, and then apologized for taking what might be supposed a liberty. They all declared, they were exceedingly obliged and complimented by the toast.

'After sitting a short time at table; the bishop proposed that we should retire to the library, and take our coffee there. We all stood up, and after his example remained some short time in silent prayer and thankfulness; he then led the way to the library, when he again placed me in his own seat, covered with red morocco—a courtesy I found he always used to strangers.

'The library is a fine spacious apartment, containing about four thousand volumes in different languages, ancient and modern, with a large portion of French and English. Among the latter, he showed me "Southey's History of Brazil," which he said was a standard work, highly prized as one of great research and impartial detail; in the compilation of which, he knew the author had access to the most authentic documents through his uncle, the respectable chaplain at Lisbon. Indeed, in such repute was the work held in Brazil, that he said a native author, I think Pizarro, or Cazal, compiled his history in the bishop's library, principally out of Southey's work. It was certainly a high compliment to the estimation in which a foreigner's work was held, when a native drew all his information from it, about his own country.

'I was so pleased with the conversation of this urbane and intelligent man, that I quite forgot that I was infringing on his habits, of which I had been previously apprised. Having passed the morning in his various duties, and dined frugally at two, he immediately after retires to his couch, where he continues some hours; then rises and studies all night, till the morning calls him again to his episcopal and other duties. I was sorry to find, I had intruded two or three hours upon his natural rest.'—vol. i. pp. 369—372.

The clergy, however, generally speaking, in Brazil, are not a learned body, as their means of education, in consequence of the poverty of the church, are extremely limited. In point of morality, Dr. Walsh bears testimony that they by no means deserve the unfavourable character usually imputed to them. The establishment of the public library at Rio under ecclesiastical care, is universally creditable to all parties.

'There are two public libraries; one at the convent of S. Bento, and the other the imperial library in the Rua Detraz do Cormo. This latter consists of 60,000 volumes, in all languages, ancient and modern, with plates, charts, maps, and manuscripts; but it is particularly distinguished for its collection of Bibles, more extensive, perhaps, than in any other library in the world; they fill a whole compartment.* The books are

* One of them is a copy of the first Bible ever printed. It is on vellum,

arranged in several rooms, particularly in two grand long saloons; one intended exclusively for the use of the royal family, and the other open to the public, who have free access to all the books in every part of the library.

'I passed much of my time in this noble establishment; and I think it inferior to nothing of the kind I have seen in Europe, either in extent, or liberal accommodation; though the number of books at present may be more limited. Every one is not only admitted, without question or inquiry, but invited to enter and enlarge their minds. The approach is by a large stone staircase, decorated with fine paintings of the Vatican; and the reading-room is a spacious arched saloon, extending from side to side of the building, and ventilated by a breeze or current always passing through it, from the large windows at the extremities. Here, at a long table covered with green cloth, and furnished with desks and apparatus for writing, as at the British Museum, you take your seat, and several librarians, in different parts of the room, are prompt in their attendance to provide you in a moment with every book you call for. All the periodicals of Rio and the provinces are sent every morning: and that, as well as a growing taste for reading, attracts a number of natives, of all colours, to this place, in which they seem to take no less pleasure than pride. It is open, every day, except holidays, from nine in the morning, and I know no spot where it is possible to endure the meridian heat more agreeably, or profitably, than in this cool, silent, and elegant retirement. Is it not then, most unjust, my friend, to accuse the Catholics as enemies to knowledge? Here is a noble and public literary institution, filled with books on all subjects, founded by a rigid Catholic monarch, and superintended and conducted by Catholic ecclesiastics, on a plan even more liberal, and less exclusive, than any similar establishment in our own Protestant country. The sum of 4,485 milreis is annually allowed for its support.'—vol. i. pp. 435—438.

The commercial intercourse between England and Brazil is much greater than between Brazil and any other country. In the year 1828, the imports into that empire amounted to something more than three millions sterling, of which £2,200,000 were from England alone, in manufactured goods. We no longer, it appears, send blankets, warming pans, and skates, to the good Brazilians, having found out that such articles are scarcely wanted in a country where there is neither snow nor ice, and hardly any cold weather. But of hardware and printed goods, Sheffield and Manchester send such a great quantity to Rio, that most articles are said to be

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very beautiful, and in high preservation. It has the following colophon in black letter:—"Pñs hoc opusculū artificiosa adinvētione impr̄mendi ceu caracterizandi absq. calami exaratōne in civitate Mogunt: sic effigiatū ad eusebia Dei industrie per Johē: Fust civē et Petrū Schaeffer de Gernfleyrn clericū dioc: ejusdem est consummatū Anno dñi, M.CCCC.LXII. In vigilia assumpcois Virg. Marie." "This present work, by a wonderful invention, of impressing or marking characters, without tracing them with a pen, thus effected in the city of Mentz, to the piety of God by the industry of John Fust, citizen, and Peter Schaeffer, of Guernfleyim, clerk, of the same diocese, was completed in the year of the Lord 1462, in the vigil of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary.

as cheap there as in the city of London; yet there are more Frenchmen settled at that grand emporium, than Englishmen. The population of the place is estimated at 150,000 persons, of whom two thirds at least, are blacks. Dr. Walsh presents us with an engaging picture of the general manners of its inhabitants.

'The manners of the people of Rio, though not polished, are kind and cordial. I had opportunities of witnessing those of all ranks. Immediately after our arrival, we dined with Baron Mareschal, the Austrian plenipotentiary, where I met the whole of the ministry, and other distinguished Brazilians. They were men generally of low stature, and had not the least appearance or pretension of a similar class in Europe. The greater number had been engaged in business, and being men of opulence, when the separation of the countries took place, naturally stepped into those situations formerly occupied by strangers of rank from the parent country. They were men of the plainest manners, laughing, good-humoured, and accessible, like common-councilmen at a London feast. Their dress, however, was rich and expensive; and some of them wore large golden keys, attached like small swords to their sides, intimating that they performed the office of chamberlain to his Majesty. Among them was a little man, with a sharp pock-marked visage, formerly a jeweller, but now the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the court. He holds no official situation, but has attained the same influence over the Emperor that Halet Effendi possessed over the Sultan, when I was at Constantinople. It is familiarly called in Rio, Chalassa, a local term, synonimous, I believe, with *bon vivant*.

'Shortly after, I was at a ball given by M. Pontois, the French Chargé d'Affaires, where I saw the ladies who composed the beau monde of Rio, dancing waltzes and quadrilles. They, like the men, were remarkably low of stature, with sallow complexions, and dark eyes and hair. The latter were dressed remarkably high, and ornamented with various productions of the country; among these were the shells of a very beautiful species of beetle, of a rich vivid green, more bright and lustrous than the finest emerald. They danced well, and their manners were very affable and unaffected.

'The shopkeepers of Rio are rather repulsive in their address, and so little disposed to take trouble, that a customer is often induced to leave the shop, by the careless way in which he is treated. They are exceedingly fond of sedentary games of chance, such as cards and draughts, and often engage at them on their counters. I have sometimes gone in at these times to purchase an article, and the people were so interested in their game, that they would not leave it to attend to me and sell their goods. They are, however, honest and correct in their dealings, and bear good moral characters. Their charity is boundless, as appears by the sums expended on different objects by the irmandades or brotherhoods which they form. They are, as far as I have heard, generally speaking, good fathers and husbands, and their families are brought up with strictness and propriety. It is pleasing to see them walking out together, the corpulent parents going before, and the children and domestics following in their orders. The women are fond of black, wear no caps, but a black veil is generally thrown over their bare heads, which hangs down below their bosom and back; and as it is generally worked and spotted, it

makes their faces look at a little distance, as if they were covered with black patches. They always wear silk stockings and shoes, and are particularly neat and careful in the decorations of their feet and legs, which are generally small and well-shaped. The boys of this rank are remarkably obliging; when I saw any thing among them that seemed curious, and I expressed a wish to look at it, they always pressed it on my acceptance with great good nature, and seemed pleased at an opportunity of gratifying me.'—vol. i. pp. 468—471.

We have already alluded to the excursion which our author made to the province of Minas Geraes, whither he went in order to take a look at the gold, the diamond and the topaz mines. Throughout the whole of his journey we have followed his footsteps with unwearied attention. His style of description is so clear, and he notices with so much quickness every feature of the country, and every little circumstance that marked his intercourse with its inhabitants, that after reading his account of the province, we feel as if we had actually visited it. The following incident which occurred at a farm-house, discloses a curious trait in Brazilian manners.

'The old man and his wife had no children, so they sent for a brother's child to keep them company, and manage their family. This young lady was very comely; and having the prospect of a good inheritance from her uncle, she thought it right to look out for some agreeable and worthy partner to share it with. My companion, possessing these requisites, had caught the eye of the fair Victorina; and not having an opportunity of speaking to him herself, had communicated, by means of the attendant slave, her partiality for him, and an intimation that, if he was actuated with similar sentiments, she would marry him, and share with him the inheritance she expected from her good uncle. I was greatly astonished and amused by this communication, but he was not; he knew it to be not at all uncommon, in a country where ladies are very susceptible, and, from the secluded situations in which they live, have but few opportunities of selecting a partner, who they think would make them happy; and when one occurs, they do not let it pass, but are prompt to avail themselves of it. This deviation from the established etiquette of European usage, does not convey any imputation of want of delicacy on the part of the ladies. Victorina was as modest as she was comely; she sat in the remote part of the house with her aunt, superintending her domestic concerns, and seemed retiring and diffident, and not at all disposed to attract the admiration of any other person than him, on whom she had fixed her affections. And had my friend been disposed to settle himself in this rich vale, she would, no doubt, have made him a good and amiable wife.'—vol. ii. pp. 37, 38.

A singular peculiarity is also that which substitutes for the sound of the evening bell, the hum of the beetle.

'When we arrived at the bridge of the Parahiba, we found that we were too late to pass over. In Brazil, all journies are suspended at the Ave Maria, that is the vespers to the Virgin, that commence after sun-set. Instead of a curfew, this period is announced in the country by a very

simple and beautiful circumstance. A large beetle* with silver wings then issues forth, and announces the hour of vespers by winding his solemn and sonorous horn. The Brazilians consider that there is something sacred in this coincidence; that the insect is the herald of the Virgin, sent to announce the time of her prayer; and it is for that reason constantly called escaravelho d'Ave Maria, or the Ave Maria beetle. On the hill of Santa Theresa, I have heard it of an evening, humming round the convent, and joining its harmonious bass to the sweet chaunt of the nuns within, at their evening service.'—vol. ii. pp. 43, 44.

The delight in listening to such sounds must, however, we should think, have been considerably diminished by the apprehension of encountering other tenants of the forest, especially the morcego, from whose horrid embraces we should have devoutly prayed to be delivered.

'When setting out in the morning I perceived a large wound in the neck of my horse, from whence issued a stream of blood. Alarmed, lest he should have been stabbed, or wounded maliciously, so as to disable him from proceeding, I inquired into the cause, and Patricio informed me it was occasioned by the morcego. This is a large bat, which like the devil of Surinam, attacks both man and beast. When a party under Cabeça da Vacca were exploring the sources of the Paraguay in the year 1543, they attacked him in the night and seized on his toe; he awoke and found his leg numbed and cold, and his bed full of blood; they at the same time eat off the teats of six sows. They fix on the thumbs or great toes of men; and the rumour of the country is, that while they suck the blood through the aperture they make, they keep waving their sooty wings over their victim, to lull him to a death-like repose, from which he never wakes; and in the morning he is found lifeless, and the floor covered with pools of coagulated blood, disgorged by the vampire when full, to enable him to extract the last drop of the vital current. They sometimes grow to the size of pigeons. One of these horrid animals had attached itself to the throat of my horse when he stood in a shed, and clasping his neck with its broad sooty wings, had continued to suck till it fell off gorged with blood; and if not timely driven away, might have left him dead in the morning. They reckon in Brazil no less than eighteen kinds of morcego, nine of which are voracious blood-suckers,—vol. ii. pp. 45, 46.

The wondrous fertility of South America is not confined to its rivers, fields and forests; it extends also to the human species. The medical world is, we believe, divided upon the subject of superfœtation. Instances of such a phenomenon are said to have occurred in Europe, and an astonishing case was mentioned in one of the Pennsylvanian papers for 1827, of a lady, who, in eighteen months, had at three births, twelve living children born prematurely. This fact, if true, is, however, not more miraculous than those which our author relates, particularly that relating to the Creole woman. Buffon and Dr. Mosely give two cases nearly similar, but they are extremely rare.

* Pelidnota testacea.

'The women of the country are remarkably prolific. They marry at the early age of twelve or thirteen, and continue to have children to a late period. Marriages, also, take place between persons of very different ages, and the disparity is not considered singular. Men of sixty frequently marry girls of twelve, and have a family about them, where the wife seems the daughter, and the little ones the grandchildren. When both the parties marry young, their families increase to an incredible number. A Jeronimo Comargos, living near S. José, aged forty-eight, and his wife, aged thirty-eight, had thirteen sons in succession, and then six daughters all living; three of them are married, and they have already five grandchildren also. Anna, the wife of Antonio Dutra, had four children at one birth, who were all baptized together, and lived. Instances of similar fecundity are every where seen in the town and neighbourhood.

"I have pointed out, also, several distinguished for extraordinary births, and a super-fœtation hardly known, I believe, in other countries. Maria Hene, the wife of Antonio José d'Andrada, was confined after the usual time, and had a daughter, but she still continued pregnant, and in two months after was delivered of another, who both lived. But the most singular circumstance, and which I could hardly have believed, was it not communicated to me by the sargenté môr, as a thing which he knew to be fact, was the following very extraordinary conception. A Creole woman, with whom he was acquainted in the neighbourhood, had three children at a birth of three different colours, white, brown, and black, with all the features of their respective classes. Such a thing, I believe, is generally supposed to be impossible in Europe; but in South America, it is only one of the extraordinary instances of the almost preternatural fecundity both of the animal and vegetable kingdom.'—vol. ii. pp. 153—155.

One of the most serious dangers to which the traveller in Brazil is likely to be exposed, is a thunder storm. There it is the real firing of the artillery of the heavens.

'I had always before been rather gratified by the sensation which thunder and lightning imparted, any vague apprehensions of danger being lost in the stronger feelings of awe and sublimity; but this was really so horrible, that I could no more enjoy it than if I had stood under the exposure of a battery of loaded cannon—and the impression is hardly yet worn off. It became quite dark in mid-day sunshine, except when some lurid blaze enveloped us, which was accompanied by a sheet of water, which fell on us like a cataract, and almost beat us to the ground. The explosion of sound immediately followed the flash; it came with a tremendous rattling noise, not like distant thunder, but as if the rocks above us were rent by some force, and tumbling upon us. If I could have divested myself of the alarm which the immediate proximity of such awful danger excited, I should have been delighted to contemplate the chemistry of nature, on her grand scale. I remember with what pleasure I had seen Sir Humphry Davy produce water from the combustion of hydrogen and oxygen. Here it was generated from the same cause in an instant, and in cataracts; and I was standing in the midst of the combustion, and admitted, as it were, into the very interior of nature's great laboratory. The lightning in this part of the country is often fatal; and we had next day an opportunity of seeing a commemoration of its effects.'—vol. ii. pp. 158, 159.

While detained in the town of San José, our author had an opportunity of seeing a Baptismal procession, the appearance of which must have made him think for the moment that he was living in the middle ages.

'The next day a party of people came by, forming a very characteristic procession. In front was a curtained sedan, carried on poles between two mules. Inside, was a veiled lady and a child. Next followed a tall thin stately cavalleiro, with a large round Spanish hat turned up before, and ornamented with a plume of feathers, short mantled cloak trimmed with gold, large puffed breeches, with pink silk lining appearing through the slashes, yellow boots, and enormous silver spurs; he was attended by two others, dressed nearly in the same antique fashion; then followed huntsmen with poles, holding greyhounds in leashes; and behind, a train of other domestics. The whole exactly resembled the pictures one sees in the early editions of Don Quixote, or Gil Blas, and was one of the many instances I had remarked, where old manners and customs were preserved in the mountains of Brazil, as they were originally brought over by the early settlers, long after they had passed away in the mother-country. This was, I found, a baptismal procession; they repaired to the house of the vigario to have the ceremony performed.'—vol. ii. p. 240.

Dr. Walsh entertains a favourable opinion of the prospects of the Anglo-Brazilian Mining Association. We cannot follow him in the account which he gives of their possessions, or of the other mines which he visited, as this article has already reached its just limits. One or two of the birds which he observed in the open and more cultivated parts of the provinces, must, however, claim our attention for their extraordinary habits.

'The birds here were more numerous, and their notes more cheerful, than in the dense forests we had passed. The most usual and attractive is Joao de Barros, or John of the Clay, because he always builds a regular house of it. We saw this constantly, in shape like an Irish cabin, built on the upper side of a large branch of a tree, not pendant, but erect. It consisted of an edifice, with an arched roof, having a corridor or porch, with a door leading to an inner apartment. With a singular instinct, the door was always found on the side from which the wind less frequently blew; and the edifice was so strong and well constructed, that one has been known to last its ingenious architect many winters. The bird is about the size of a lark, or larger, and is sometimes called the yellow thrush. It is exceedingly familiar, and generally found near ranchos and villages. Whenever we approached we saw John clinging to the branch of a tree, in an upright position, announcing our coming with a shrill, lively note, as if he was the warder placed there to warn the inhabitants of the arrival of a stranger. This cheerful salutation, however, was not confined to human habitations, but he frequently accosted us far from the haunts of men; and his lively note of welcome often met our ear in the most solitary places.

'Another familiar and cheerful bird was the Ben te vi, so called from the perfect accuracy with which he pronounces these words. He is about the size of a sparrow, and distinguished by a circle of white round his head, with a yellow belly. Whenever we passed, he put his head out of the bush,

and peeping at us from under the leaves, he said, "ben te vi—oh, I saw you!" with an arch expression, as if he had observed something which he could tell if he pleased.—vol. ii. pp. 310—311.'

The reader will be much pleased with the interesting varieties which our Author presents of the climate, remarkable for its salubrity, the varied scenery, the insects, the trees, the plants, and the other natural objects which Dr. Walsh observed in the course of his excursion. It is however time for us to return to Rio, and collect a few of the details which tend to make us better acquainted with the Emperor.

'The church of N. S. da Gloria, close by our house, was that to which he was particularly attached, from a sincere and deep feeling, I was told, for the memory of his wife. Every Saturday, at nine in the morning, as regular as the movement of a clock, he passed our door, driving four mules in a phaeton, and attended by a troop of horse with a trumpeter. I frequently followed in my morning walk over the hill. The emperor always stopped his phaeton at the bottom, and walked up, leaning on his chamberlain, and dressed generally in plain clothes. A few respectable people of the neighbourhood formed the congregation on this occasion, and when he walked in they followed him; he knelt on a carpet laid on the steps of the altar, and they knelt behind him. I have observed him during the continuance of the service, and he seemed serious and sincere, frequently crossing himself with much devotion. When it was over, they all rose, and he walked out among the crowd, as a simple individual of the congregation. He was generally accosted in the portico by some person, with whom he entered into familiar conversation; and on one occasion, a droll forward fellow, of the lower ranks, told him some story with the ease and familiarity he would to an acquaintance, at which the emperor laughed heartily, and every one about him joined, as if they were not in the smallest degree restrained by his presence. On his way down, he generally had a group about him joking in the same way, and his whole progress was totally divested of any seeming dislike to the *profanum vulgus*, or a wish to repel them, but was on the extreme of familiarity. When he again entered his carriage, he drove off with velocity, followed by his guards at a gallop, and was soon lost in clouds of dust and sand.'—vol. ii. pp. 450, 451.

Our author thus describes an interview which he had with Don Pedro, and indeed a very satisfactory one to the clergyman's view, as we should imagine.

'I found the emperor standing in the middle of a room inside. When I had seen him before on the steps of the throne, with his little boy beside him, he looked to me a tall and portly man; but when I now approached, and we stood close together, I perceived his person was below the middle size, and remarkably thick and sturdy. The face was full, and appeared deeply pitted or blotched. His hair was black, and thick about his forehead, with large whiskers, and his countenance rather coarse and forbidding. His manner, however, though dry, was affable and courteous. When I approached him, he said to me in French, "I am much obliged to you for the books you sent me by the Marquez d'Aracaty." "Your

Majesty does me too much honour. I trust you found in them something to approve of?" "Oh! as to that, I have not had time yet to read them; besides, I do not understand English well." "I have been informed your Majesty speaks it fluently?" "No! I was learning it from father Tilbury, but he is ill, poor man. How did you find the interior of the country through which you travelled?" "Oh! the country is very superb, it only wants inhabitants." "What do you think of our botanic garden: we hope to make something of it?" "It will be highly useful, when the indigenous plants are scientifically arranged." After a few more similar observations, I made my bow, and was conducted out by the marquez; and I have transcribed for you, verbatim, what passed; as, perhaps, you would wish to know in what manner the emperor converses.'—vol. ii. pp. 457, 458.

The Emperor's general habits are said to be very active and temperate.

'He rises every morning before day, and, not sleeping himself, is not disposed to let others sleep. He usually begins, therefore, with discharging his fowling-piece about the palace, till all the family are up. He breakfasts at seven o'clock, and continues engaged in business, or amusement, till twelve, when he again goes to bed and remains till half-past one; he then rises and dresses for dinner. The Brazilians, as far as I have observed, are neat and cleanly in their persons; and the emperor is eminently so. He is never seen in soiled linen or dirty clothes. He dines with his family at two, makes a temperate meal, and seldom exceeds a glass of wine, and then amuses himself with his children, of whose society he is very fond. He is a strict and severe, but an affectionate father, and they at once love and fear him. I heard Baron Marechal the Austrian minister, say, he one day paid him a visit: he met no person at the door to introduce him; so availing himself of his intimacy, he entered without being announced. He found the emperor in an inner room, playing with his children with his coat off, entering with great interest into all their amusements, and like another Henry IV., was not ashamed to be found by a foreign ambassador so employed. At nine he retires to bed.

'His education was early neglected, and he has never redeemed the lost time. He still, however, retains some classical recollections, and occasionally takes up a Latin book, particularly the breviary, which he reads generally in that language. He wished to acquire a knowlege of English, and to that end he commenced, along with his children, a course of reading with the Rev. Dr. Tilbury, an Englishman, who has taken orders in the Catholic church, and to whose courtesy and information on several subjects, I am very much indebted. After having made some progress, he laid it aside and began to learn French, in which he sometimes converses. He has an English groom, from whom also he unfortunately learned some English. This fellow, I am informed, is greatly addicted to swearing and indecent language, and the emperor, and even the late empress, adopted some of his phraseology, without being aware of its import.

'In his domestic expenses, he is exceedingly frugal. The careless profusion of his father, and the total derangement of the finances, had involved the country in such difficulties, that he found it necessary to set an exam-

ple of frugality in his own person, by limiting himself to a certain expenditure. In his speech to the constituent assembly, he announced this determination. "The king's disbursements," said he, "amounted to four millions; mine does not exceed one. I am resolved to live as a private gentleman, receiving only 110,000 milreis for my private expenses, except the allowance to which my wife is entitled by her marriage contract." This, at the rate of exchange before we left Rio, would not have amounted to more than 10,000*l* per annum. His present allowance, as fixed by the chambers, is 200,000 milreis for himself, and 12,000 for his children. To make this answer, he engages in various profitable pursuits, and adopts, in every thing, the most rigid system of economy. He lets out his fazenda at Santa Cruz, for grazing cattle passing to Rio, from the Minas Geraes, and receives so much a head from the drovers. His slaves cut capim, and sell it, on his account, in the street, where they were pointed out to me distinguished by plates on their caps. He derives, also, a revenue, I am told, from several caxas shops, of which he is the proprietor, and thinks, like Vespasian, that the money is not at all affected by the medium through which it passes. In his domestic expences, he is rigid even to parsimony. He allows a very small sum to his cook, of the expenditure of which he exacts a minute account, and is very angry if this trifling sum is exceeded on any occasion; and it is said that this was one cause of his disagreement with the late empress, whose free and careless bounty he never could restrain.'—vol. ii. pp. 459—462.

We must now close these volumes, conscious that we have omitted many topics which the author has treated with great care and intelligence. They contain a complete picture of the actual state of Brazil, and the accuracy of resemblance which we may safely ascribe to it, confers upon it a degree of importance that cannot be said to appertain to many of the works lately published in this country upon South America.

ART. VIII.—*Address of Earl Stanhope, President of the Medico-Botanical Society, for the Anniversary Meeting, January* 16, 1830. London: J. Wilson. 1830.

THERE is sometimes to be met with about town a gentlemanly person, of moderate stature, comely it may be said, immaculate as to his cravat, and eminently scrupulous respecting the purity of his visible costume. He patronized the Medico-Botanical Institution; he was a sort of masculine Flora, and led a life of bliss amidst the roses and the praises of this Society. The members called him "Director;" to vulgar souls he left the administration of the Society's affairs. Such people as Earl Stanhope, Sir H. Halford, and Sir J. Macgregor, might fill the executive offices, if they pleased; but *he* was director, gubernator, all in all; in short, he was a living concentration of that abstract principle of sovereign controul, which subtile jurists affect to believe exists in the monarchical department of the British Constitution. Mr. Frost,

for such is the name of our hero, led the Society a merry dance: he always managed the royal correspondence himself; he exchanged compliments with the monarchs of Europe, and once paid a state visit to his Majesty's representative in Ireland, on behalf of the Society. Sometimes ribbands and seals were presented to the Society by potentates in far and distant countries; Mr. Frost usually adorned his person with the same, caring as little about the immediate use of the several articles, as some of those imitators of humanity whom Landseer has figured in such fantastic positions. But Mr. Frost took it into his head to deliver lectures. Such lectures! He was absolutely lost in his subject; so lost that he had not one moment's thought for the minor concerns of grammar and syntax. But, like all the despots that we read of in history, Mr. Frost fell a sacrifice to his own ambition; he assumed a dispensing power, he set aside popular elections, and made members at will. This was putting the drop into the cup after it could hold no more: it overflowed, and in the dreadful *thaw* which it brought on, Mr. Frost melted away into a last year's recollection.

What is the moral of all this? How is it that one, whose very name in connection with science only raises a laugh, should have been allowed to lord it over an association composed of some of the wisest and best men of the day,—should have been permitted to represent them to the world, to be their organ, their mouth-piece, the chosen specimen which was to give foreigners a due notion of the exalted qualities which characterized the Medico-Botanical Society? What, we ask, is the moral of all this? Why, it is simply that John Frost, Esq. was a very wealthy young man, and possessed a disposition of corresponding liberality. Yes, it was the worship of Mammon—the idolatry of gold which raised Mr. Frost to his unmerited rank; a directorship forsooth, was found out for him; bells and rattles were obtained for the restless boy. We appeal to the candour of the Society itself, if they would not still have lain prostrate under this dominion, but for the dignified firmness which Earl Stanhope displayed upon the very first overt act in violation of the Society's laws, which could be proved against Mr. Frost; and, we may take this as an example of the value on a much larger scale, of an aristocracy, to the safety and happiness of the people. A more detestable, or more galling influence never cursed any state than that which is conceded to mere wealth. No doubt the possession of power in the hands of most men will constantly suggest the abuse of it. In the case of the nobility, this tendency is restrained by a great many circumstances peculiar to their order; at all events the vindication of their superiority over other men, is gilded over, generally, by so much of the personal courtesy that is habitual to noble families, that to individuals of inferior rank, it is scarcely ever made odious or even irksome. But with respect to the aristocracy of the *purse*, the thing is altogether different. The hereditary nobleman is placed above the people—not the people below

him; the creature of opulence, on the contrary, must put his former fellows beneath him, in order that he may get above them.

And does not the experience of Lord Stanhope, as chief officer of the Society, satisfy the members, of the justice of these remarks? If we are to submit to one another at all in our social institutions, nobles and people as we are, let the head of our domestic government be derived from that sphere where influence is already held, and its exercise well regulated; where authority, being a permanent qualification, amalgamates with the general character of the man, and thus becomes subject to the operation of all those means of amelioration and refinement, which are constantly applying themselves to that character.

But it is not until we come to examine the conduct of Earl Stanhope, as a practical officer—the President of the Society, that we are placed in possession of the whole of the claims which he has on the gratitude of its members. The address, which was delivered by that nobleman at the last anniversary meeting, is not only a forcible and elegant composition; but it shews an extent as well as a precision of technical knowledge in the author, which we could hardly expect from any one out of the medical profession. As a proof of the industry with which he applies himself to the minutest details, we may mention that part of his address, in which he states the result of his comparison of some foreign Pharmacopæias. The Austrian Pharmacopæia, his Lordship says, contains seventy-one plants, which are not to be found in that of the London College of Physicians. The Bavarian Pharmacopæia, which is admirably arranged, has thirty-one more plants than the London one; and the Prussian has twenty-nine, making in all 131 plants, of which sixty-four are indigenous to this country. The suggestions, however, of the noble President, appear to us to arise from very just and sound views of medical botany; and as they strikingly exhibit the aid which the most abstruse sciences may occasionally derive from the innate good sense and correct judgment of persons not immediately within its precincts, we shall quote some of them with pleasure.

'One of the most important and beneficial discoveries which could be made by this Society would be of Plants, by the operation of which the diseased organs might be primarily affected in the same manner as the action of the DIGITALIS *purpurea* appears to be directed to the Heart, and that of the CHENOPODIUM *olidum* to the Uterus. With respect to the latter, I have already noticed the interesting and valuable Paper with which Mr. Houlton has favored the Society; and a Member of this Society, who has devoted great attention to Medical Botany, and has published a Work upon the subject, has made some experiments with the Extract of that Plant, and will, I trust, communicate to us the results. This Plant, which is often treated as a Weed, and allowed to decay on the places where it grows, may probably afford a substitute in complaints of the Uterus, to the Ergot of Rye, which is extremely expensive. Might we not hope, if a medicine could be found of which the action were directed to the Lungs in a diseased state, that it would be possible to cure Pulmo-

nary Consumption, which is so insidious in its origin, so dangerous in its progress, and so destructive in its effects? Such a discovery would deserve a public reward, and would justly entitle its author to the gratitude of mankind; and the trials which would be requisite for the purpose might be made without danger in those advanced stages of the disorder in which it is considered to be incurable. Upon this point I would call your attention to a Plant, mentioned in a Work which I recently procured in Germany, and which was published last year at Leipzig. The Plant is termed by the Author, GALEOPSIS *grandiflora*, and appears to be the GALEOPSIS *ochroleuca*, or *villosa*, which is indigenous to this country, and a decoction of the flowers and of the leaves is given in cases of consumption. He states that this Plant is much employed as a popular remedy, and its efficacy ought to be submitted to actual trials in a variety of cases. I think that experiments may properly be made with respect to any of those vegetable substances, which, though they are not professionally prescribed, are, however, used as popular remedies in several districts, from an experience, or even from an opinion of their virtues; and, also, but with more caution, with respect to other vegetable substances which, from botanical analogy and from chemical analysis, may be considered as medicinal.

'Another most important discovery would be, that of a vegetable substance which would have a specific action on the Liver, and which would cure, without the assistance of mercurial preparations, the diseases of that organ. The deleterious effects of some of those preparations on the general health, and on the vital powers, are too well known, and have been too generally experienced to require any observations from me; and you will concur in my opinion, that a substitute which might be found for those remedies, and which could be administered with safety in other respects, would be of great benefit to mankind. The mineral waters of Carlsbad, in Germany, have very long possessed much reputation in the cure of disorders of the Liver, for which they have been found, by experience, to be eminently efficacious; and they do not appear, by chemical analysis, to contain any portion of Mercury. It cannot, therefore, be justly contended, that Mercury is the only specific for such disorders; and I speak from the authority of a most eminent physician in this country, when I state that, in his judgment, there is no medicine which is so much misused as calomel. Although mercury forms an ingredient in the composition of the Carlsbad Waters, I am ready to admit that, in addition to those substances which have been found in them by analysis, such as Soda, Glauber Salt, common salt, &c., they may contain some others, which, from the peculiarity of their nature, may not be discovered by the art of chemistry, and which may greatly contribute to their salutary effects. A very remarkable instance of this is exhibited in the Waters of Gastein, which are also in Germany, and which are of extraordinary and indeed surprising efficacy in the cure of contractions, even of such as are the most inveterate, although those Waters appear by analysis to contain only substances so insignificant in their nature, and in such very small quantities, that some Physicians have considered those Waters to operate only from their heat, which, when they rise from the spring, is stated to be 38° of Reaumur, or 118° of Fahrenheit. A German physician, for whom I entertain the highest respect, related to me from his own personal observation, a most

remarkable cure, from the use of the Gastein Waters, of a distortion of the limbs which had existed from infancy; and he had communicated a report of it to the Academy of Medicine at Paris, of which he was a Member.

'It appears also very desirable to investigate accurately the nature and properties of the COLCHICUM *autumnale*, and to ascertain whether it will dispel a fit of the Gout; whether it ought to be taken in small doses, as was done by Sir Joseph Banks, to serve for an alterative, and to prevent the recurrence of a fit; and in the one case, as well as in the other, to discover in what manner it ought to be prepared and administered, or with what other medicines it ought to be blended, in order to secure the patient from any deleterious effects. The Medicine which is supposed to be made from it is known to be very potent; but in chronical disorders, the potency of a remedy may not be so important as its safety; and the effects, when they are slow, may not be the less certain, and seem more congenial to the course of nature, which, in the formation and development of vegetables, as well as of animals, advances gradually in its work, and with that admirable order and arrangement which exemplifies, in every case, the infinite wisdom and goodness of Divine Providence.'—pp. 28—31.

The whole discourse deserves to be attentively perused, and as descriptive of the existing state of our knowledge of medicinal plants, and furnishing the best materials for such hopes and expectations as the friends of this science may reasonably indulge in, we think that the address has all the merit of a record.

ART. IX.—*A History of the Establishment and Residence of the Jews in England; with an Enquiry into their Civil Disabilities.* By John Elijah Blunt, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., M.A., Barrister at Law. 8vo. pp. 148. London: Saunders and Benning. 1830.

THE partial success that has attended the motion in the House of Commons for leave to bring in a Bill, the object of which is to place Jews upon the same footing, with respect to civil franchises, as Roman Catholics, has induced the learned and intelligent Author of this pamphlet to inquire into the actual state of the law upon that subject. The question is one to which the country has not yet turned its attention. We believe even the advocates for the Jews have been surprised by the majority which they won in the first instance. They will, however, most probably find that they cannot go much farther during the present session. Even if no important event occur to disturb the course of public business, we have reason to believe that the motion for the second reading of the Bill will not be carried.

This belief, however, will not divert us from the discussion of the question at the present moment, as it is fit that we should, in common with others, express our opinion upon it, and thus assist in preparing the public mind for eventually coming to a discreet and just decision, with reference to a subject which is surrounded

by not a few difficulties. The Bill, if lost now, will most probably be again and again brought forward, and the people cannot too soon make themselves acquainted with the principles according to which the discussion ought, as we think, to be guided.

Let us in the first place see, with the assistance of Mr. Blunt, whose researches reflect great credit upon his industry and skill, what has been the history of the Jews in this country. It sufficiently appears that Jews were resident in England as early as the year 750. Basnage asserts that they were banished from it in the beginning of the eleventh century, and that they did not return till after the Conquest. This, however, does not seem to have been the fact, for the laws attributed to Edward the Confessor distinctly declare the Jews to be under the royal protection, upon the ground that "the Jews and all they have belong to the King." It is certain that the Conqueror (it is supposed for a valuable consideration) encouraged the Jews to come over from Rouen in large numbers, who appear to have fixed their residence principally at Stamford. From that period they increased rapidly in this country until the year 1290, when they were expelled by a proclamation of Edward I., having in the interval, particularly during the reigns of Richard of the Lion-heart and Henry III., suffered many exactions and cruelties of the most arbitrary and barbarous character. They were frequently accused of crucifying the children of Christians, of plotting against the state, and sometimes even of a design to set fire to the city of London. They were, in truth, the Papists of those times, and no crime was considered too horrible to be charged upon their unhappy nation. They seemed to be the mere footballs of the populace, who robbed and murdered them, not only with impunity, but applause.

After the expulsion of the Jews in the year 1290, they made no attempt to re-establish themselves here until the period of the Commonwealth, when they petitioned Cromwell for permission to be received in England. The Protector afforded every encouragement to their wishes, but although their request gave rise to much debate, no decision was come to upon it. Some Jews of the Levant imagining, or rather perhaps choosing to imagine, that the Protector was the long-expected Messiah, came to England under the pretext of ascertaining that fact, though most probably their only motive was to forward the object of their re-admission. But the matter getting wind, they were all expelled by the Council, after having been angrily reproached for their audacity.

It appears, however, that soon after the Restoration, Jews, though not very numerously, were resident in this country. They had a synagogue in London in 1662; from that period to the present they have gone on increasing in their numbers, and though these are estimated by Mr. Goldsmid at only 27,000, we are more inclined to agree with Mr. Blunt, that they cannot fall far short of double that amount.

We have seen that by the laws of Edward the Confessor, it was held that "the Jews and all they have belong to the king." In fact, they were treated either as villeins of the king, or as aliens, down to the period of the Revolution, with the exception of an interval in the reign of James II., when they were relieved from the alien duty. An attempt was made in the year 1753, to enable foreigners who were Jews, to be naturalized without being obliged to take the sacrament. A Bill was proposed in the House of Lords with that object, which, after very warm debates, was passed into a law, but was repealed in the course of the subsequent year, in consequence of the very unfavourable manner in which it was received throughout the country. Since that time Jews have been allowed to live here without molestation, though in what relation, with respect to the crown, or to the Christian community of the country, has not, we believe, yet been settled.

With the exception of the incapacity of Jews to hold land, which arose out of the 55th of Henry III., it is supposed by Mr. Blunt, that they were legally subject to no disability, at the period when the recent bill (since carried into a law) for the relief of the Dissenters was proposed in Parliament. We do not agree in this supposition. We have not heard that the oaths then required from members of both houses before they were permitted to take their seats, were ever proposed on the Old Testament alone; we have not heard that the Old Testament alone has been used in making any of the oaths of office which were then required. The mere addition of the words, "*upon the true faith of a Christian,*" introduced by the 9th of Geo. IV., undoubtedly excludes Jews from sitting in Parliament, or from holding any office, civil or military, under the crown, and may perhaps also impose upon them other minor disabilities. But we contend that the mere omission of those words would not have been sufficient to complete the emancipation of the Jews, and accordingly the Bill for their relief, which has been read a first time, goes a great deal farther. It proposes to place them in all respects upon the same footing as Roman Catholics; thus, in truth, introducing a totally new principle into the law of this country, of which law, according to the highest authorities, the Christian system is an integral and inseparable part.

In removing the disabilities of the Protestant Dissenters and the Roman Catholics, this doctrine of Christianity being a part and parcel of the law of England, far from being violated, was, on the contrary, acted upon in its true spirit. But the question now before us is a very different one indeed. It is this. Are we prepared to go the length of admitting that there shall be no religious test whatever, for ascertaining the faith of individuals to whom the management of our national affairs in the legislature, and the service of the country, in office at home and abroad, are to be committed? If Jews be allowed to sit in Parliament, why not Mahometans, why not Pagans, why not those who worship Jug-

gernaut, and those who acknowledge no God at all? We can see no distinction between these cases.

But even if the country were prepared, which we do not admit to be the case, to say that the religious character of our law shall be no longer Christian, there is another step even beyond that, which it must be prepared to adopt before the proposed measure can be carried into execution. The Jews in England, and, indeed, in every country in which they reside, form a separate people. They are a nation within a nation. They are not separated from us merely by religion, but by blood, by physiognomy, by manners, by customs, by interests of the dearest kind. They do not intermarry with Christians, at least not frequently in this country, and such intermarriages are forbidden by their law. We do not say that there are not amongst them honest and honourable men, for we know, on the contrary, that there are many Jews to be found in London and elsewhere, quite as scrupulous as Christians in all that relates to the obligations between man. But as a nation, they have ties which bind them together all over the world, and give them views and hopes which must always keep them severed and distinct from the rest of mankind. They look forward to the re-establishment of their own kingdom, as soon as their great lawgiver shall make his appearance; to that event, all their prayers and ceremonies have an exclusive tendency. How, then, we ask, can it be expected, that if Jews were in office or in Parliament, they would attend to the interests of these realms?

Many Jews now residing in England have been born here, and therefore are, in point of law, subjects of his Majesty. But when and where have they served him in his army or navy? In truth, they have conducted themselves rather as aliens than otherwise, and we see no good reason why they should not be so considered. Whatever hardships and cruelties they suffered in England before their expulsion, in the thirteenth century, they have no serious cause to complain of their treatment here since the Restoration. They have now lived amongst us for nearly three centuries without disturbance, and yet are they as much apart from us, as a nation, now, as they were in the reign of Charles the Second. This, be it remarked, is the necessary effect of their own exclusive law. They cannot amalgamate with Christians. It is no slight shade of difference that keeps us asunder, but a solid barrier which, since their exile from Jerusalem, they have themselves industriously erected, and tenaciously preserve around them.

For this, it is no part of our purpose to censure them. Their religion, we have no wish to interfere with. That is an affair between them and their CREATOR, on which, we presume not to touch. Full liberty in the exercise of their worship, let them by all means enjoy. Whatever property they acquire, should also be sacred. We do not even see any strong objection which should prevent them from holding land, if that be to them a matter of importance, which we

greatly doubt. The Jews are too migratory in their habits, too unsettled as a people, to be ambitious of landed possessions. In Poland, where they are very numerous, and peculiarly favoured, they lend abundance of money on mortgages, which they find a much more profitable trade than holding and cultivating the soil upon their own account. In every country we see them money changers, and great accumulators of personal property, but no where land owners. And this is at once the consequence and the evidence of the state of preparation in which they keep themselves for the approach of the epoch, which is to restore them to Palestine.

It will be seen from what we have said, that we do not oppose the claims of the Jews, as religionists, but as aliens, as people who, though born here, have alien interests, alien objects, alien manners, alien laws and alien connections. In our opinion, it would be equally consistent in us to admit Frenchmen or Russians into our legislature, as Jews. The refugees from Spain, several of whom would ornament any assembly, have just as much right, as far as we can judge, to give laws to England, as Mr. Goldsmid, Mr. Rothschild, or any other man, who traces his origin to the land of Canaan.

Mr. Blunt has stated the history of the Jews in this country very clearly, and we doubt not very correctly. He has also pointed out the disabilities which in common with all aliens they labour under; but he has not advanced a single argument to show why those disabilities ought to be removed.

Art. X.—*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.* 2 vols. 12mo. with Etchings. Dublin: Curry and Co. 1830.

It is mortifying to witness so unnatural a union of bigotry and humour, as is displayed in these volumes, The design of this work is primarily of a religious nature, the title being given to it for the obvious purpose of recommending its contents to the world. This is by no means a maintenance of that good faith which authors are bound ever to observe; neither is it just to put such an affront on the reading public, as to insinuate that the concerns of religion, in themselves, have no attraction for them, and that they require to be baited, as it were, with droll stories and traits of national character. Haply, our author may have calculated the other way, and thought that his religious animosity would make his humour more vendible, or, at all events, that they might do better in company. If such were the conclusion of this writer, he cannot too soon disabuse his mind of the error; for, although we are not, on this side of the water, without our love of controversy, and are sometimes inclined to dwell on what we consider the absurdities of other men's creeds, yet we take care to appoint our season for indulging in this propensity. We do not like, for instance, to discuss the beer question in

St. Clement's church; nor points of theology in an afternoon at the Albion; nothing, John Bull is less prone to than mingling business with pleasure; and consequently there is no sort of accident that is more likely to revolt him, as when he makes up his mind for amusement, to have serious matters thrust upon his attention. We would put it to the kindlier nature of our author, if it be wise or respectable to mix up with the materials of a delectable literary banquet—a real feast of the soul, of which all persons have an opportunity of partaking,—statements, descriptions, and expressions, which are sure to disgust no small portion of the guests, and to contribute materially to the prolongation of the bitterest mutual hostility amongst all. We say, let every man do his best to propagate sound religion, to the destruction of that which falsely assumes its sacred name. Neither should he do it with hesitation or indifference. Enthusiasm even becomes a virtue in such a cause. But let him proclaim his mission; let him put the right title upon his religious book, and not delude us into a controversy, when we thought he was going to make us laugh by his merriment. We say this in the spirit of kindness, not with the view of deprecating the author's zeal in the direction which it has taken; but really in order to protect our lighter description of literature from those adulterations which will only impair its wholesomeness, if they do not altogether discredit its character.

Having refreshed ourselves by thus venting our disappointment, we shall not be slow to render justice to the merits, for they are very great, of the author of these volumes. He is much better, and far more extensively acquainted with the Irish peasantry, than any modern narrator of Hibernian frolics with whom we are acquainted, that is to say, he knows them intimately in more of their varieties and their aspects, than any of his predecessors. But then he cannot match Mr. Croker, nor yet Mr. Griffin, in an Irish story. He wants the faculty of a poet; he crowds his descriptions, and accumulates circumstance on circumstance, confusing rather than clearing what he means to set before us. With a fourth of his words, Mr. Croker would have made a better picture of any one of the scenes which the author has given in these volumes. But his extensive opportunities of entering into the character of his countrymen, and a power of accurate observation, compensate amply for the want of other advantages, and will always enable this writer to keep an elevated rank amongst the delineators of national manners.

The two volumes contain eight tales, each of which has for its object to develope some peculiarity of character or habit of the people. They are all more or less tainted with the objectionable matter to which we have already alluded, and we may add, that when upon this unpleasant subject, the author seems to lose not only the more benign feelings of our nature, but also that strict regard for truth which is not merely an ornament to, but an indis-

pensible requisite in every man. Stripped of these excrescences, we think the 'Irish Wedding' a very amusing scene, though elaborated to a degree almost beyond all patience. Shane Fadh, who had the honour of being one of the principals in this merry drama, is himself the narrator, and our acquaintance with him shall commence just at the moment that after being exceedingly garrulous, he comes to the gist of the story.

'Well, at last the day came. The wedding morning, or the bride's part of it, as they say, was beautiful. It was then the month of July. The evening before, my father and my brother went over to Jemmy Finigan's to make the regulations for the wedding. We—that is, my party, were to be at the bride's house about ten o'clock, and we were then to proceed, all on horseback, to the priest's, to be married. We were then, after drinking something at Tom Harris's public house, to come back as far as the Dumbhill, where we were to start and run for the bottle. That morning we were all up at the skriek of day. From six o'clock, my own faction, friends and neighbours, began to come, all mounted; and about eight o'clock there was a whole regiment of them, some on horses, some on mules, others on raheries and asses; and by my word, I believe little Dick Snudaghan,the tailor's apprentice, that had a hand in making my wedding clothes, we mounted upon a buck goat, with a bridle of selvages tied to his horns. Any thing at all, to keep their feet from the ground, for nobody would be allowed to go with the wedding that hadn't some animal between them and the earth. To make a long story short, so large a bridegroom's party was never seen in that country before, save and except Tim Lannigan's that I mentioned just now. It would make you split your face laughing to see the figure they cut; some of them had saddles and bridles—others had saddles and halters: some had back-suggawns of straw, with hay stirrups to them, but good bridles; others of them had sacks fixed up as like saddles as they could make them, girthed with hay ropes five or six times round the horse's body. When one or two of the horses wouldn't carry double, except the hind rider sat strideways, the women had to be put foremost, and the men behind them. Some had dacent pillions enough, but the most of them had none at all, and the women were obliged to sit where the crupper ought to be,—and a hard card they had to play to keep their seats, even when the horses walked easy, so what must it be when it came to a gallop, but that same was nothing at all to a trot.

'From the time they began to come that morning, you may be sartin that the glass was no cripple, any how—although, for fear of accidents, we took care not to go too deep. At eight o'clock we sat down to a rousing breakfast, for we thought it best to eat a trifle at home, lest they might think that what we were to get at the bride's breakfast might be thought any novelty. As for my part, I was in such a state, that I couldn't let a morsel cross my throat, nor did I know what end of me was uppermost. After breakfast they all got their cattle, and I my hat and whip, and was ready to mount, when my uncle whispered to me that I must kneel down and ax my father and mother's blessing, and forgiveness for all my disobedience and offinces towarst them—and also to requist the blessings of my brothers and sisters. Well, in a short time I was down;

and, my goodness, such a hullabaloo of crying as was there in a minnit's time, "Oh Shane Fadh – Shane Fadh, a cushla machree," says my poor mother in Irish "you're going to break up the ring about you're father's hearth and mine—going to lave us, avourneen, for ever, and we to hear your light foot and sweet voice, mornin', noon, and night, no more. Oh!" says she, "it's you that was the good son all out—and the good brother too: kind and cheerful was your beautiful voice, and full of love and affection was your heart! Shane, avourneen deelish, if ever I was harsh to you, forgive your poor mother that will never see you more on her flure as one of her own family." Even my father, that was'nt much given to crying, couldn't speak; but went over to a corner and cried till the neighbours stopped him. As for my brothers and sisters they were all in an uproar - and I myself, begad, cried like a Trojan, merely becase I *see* them at it. My father and mother both kissed me, and gave me their blessing; and my brothers and sisters did the same: while you would think all their hearts would break. "Come, come," says my uncle, "I'll have none of this: what a hubbub you make, and your son going to be well married—going to be joined to a girl that your betters would be proud to get into connection with. You should have more sense, Rose Campbell—you ought to thank God that he had the luck to come across such a girl for a wife; that it's not going to his grave instead of into the arms of a purty girl—and what is better, a good girl. So quit your blubbering, Rose; and you, Jack," says he to my father, "that ought to have more sense, stop this instant. Clear off every one of you, out of this, and let the young boy get to his horse. Clear out, I say, or by the powers I'll—look at them three stags of huzzies; by the hand of my body they're blubbering bekase its not their own story this blessed day. Move—bounce! —— and you, Rose oge, if you're not behind Dudley Fulton in less than no time, by the hole of my coat, I'll marry a wife myself, and then where will the twenty guinneys be that I'm to lave you?"

'"Any how, it's easy knowing that there wasn't sorrow at the bottom of their grief; for they were all now laughing at my uncle's jokes, even while their eyes were red with the tears—my mother herself couldn't but be in good humour, and join her smile with the rest.

'"My uncle now drove us all out before him; not, however, till my mother had sprinkled a drop of holy water on each of us, and giving me and my brother and sisters a small taste of blessed caudle to prevent us from sudden death and accidents. My father and she didn't come with us then, but they went over to the bride's, while we were gone to the priest's house. Well, now we set off in great style and spirits; I well mounted on a good horse of my own, and my brother on one that he had borrowed from Peter Donnellon, fully bent on winning the bottle. I would have borrowed him myself, but I thought it dacenter to ride my own horse manfully, even though he never won a side of mutton or a saddle, like Donnellon's. But the man that was most likely to come in for the bottle was little Billy Cormick, the tailor, who rode a blood-racer that young John Little had wickedly lent him for the special purpose; he was a tall bay animal, with long small legs, a close tail, and didn't know how to trot. May be we didn't cut a dash—and might have taken a town before us. We set out about nine o'clock, and went acrass the country; but I'll not stop to mintion what happened some of them, even before we got to the bride's house.

It's enough to say here, that sometimes one in crassing a style or ditch would drop into the shough; sometimes another would find himself head-foremost on the ground; a woman would be capsized here in crossing a ridgy field, bringing her fore-rider to the ground along with her: another would be hanging like a broken arch, ready to come down, till some one would ride up and fix her on her seat. But as all this happened in going over the fields, we expected that when we'd get out on the king's high-way there would be less danger, as we would have no ditches or drains to cross. When we came in sight of the house, there was a general shout of welcome from the bride's party, who were on the watch for us: we could'nt do less nor give them back the cheer in full chorus; but we had better have let that alone, for some of the young horses took the *sthadh*, others of them capered about; the asses—the devil choak them—that were along with us should begin to bray, as if it was the king's birth-day—and a mule of Jack Irwin's took it into his head to stand stock still. This brought another dozen of them to the ground; so that between one thing and another, we were near half an hour before we got on the march again. When the blood horse that the tailor rode, saw the crowd and heard the shouting, he cocked his ears, and set off with himself full speed: but before he had gone far, he was without a rider, and went galloping up to the bride's house, the bridle hanging about his feet. But Billy, having taken a glass or two, wasn't to be cowed; so he came up in great blood, and swore he would ride him to America, sooner than let the bottle be won from the bridegroom's party. When we arrived, there was nothing but shaking hands and kissing, and all kinds of *slewsthering*—men kissing men—women kissing women—and after that men and women. Another breakfast was ready for us; and here we all sat down. Myself and my next relations in the bride's house, and the others in the barn and garden; for one house wouldn't hold the half of us. Eating, however, was all only talk; but we took some of the poteen agin, and in a short time afterwards set off along the paved road to the priest's house, to be tied as fast as he could make us, and that was fast enough. Before we went out to mount our horses though, there was such a hullabaloo with the bride and her friends as there was with myself: but my uncle soon put a stop to it, and in five minutes had them breaking their hearts laughing. Bless my heart what doings! what roasting and boiling!—and what tribes of beggars, and shulers, and vagabons of all sorts and sizes, were sunning themselves about the doors—wishing us a thousand times long life and happiness. There was a fiddler and a piper: the piper was to stop in my father-in-law's while we were going to be married, and the fiddler was to come with ourselves, in ordher you know, to have a dance at the priest's house, and to play for us coming and going; for there's nothing like a taste of music when one's *on* for sport."'—pp. 112—115.

The marriage took place at the priest's house, which was four miles off, after which the party devoted an hour or so to dancing in his reverence's barn. The return home is well described.

'"When this was over we mounted again, the fiddler taking his ould situation behind my uncle. You know it is usual, after getting the knot tied, to go to a public house or shebeen, to get some refreshment after the journey; so, accordingly, we went to little lame Larry Spooney's—grand-

father to him that was transported the other day for staling Bob Beaty's sheep; he was called Spooney himself, from his sheep-stealing, ever since Paddy Keenan made the song upon him, ending with "his house never wants a good ram-horn spoon;" so that, let people say what they will, these things run in the blood—well, we went to his shebeen house, but the tithe of us couldn't get into it; so, we sat on the green before the door, and, by my song, we took dacently with *him*, any how; and, only for my uncle, it's odds but we would have all been fuddled. It was now that I began to notish a kind of coolness betune my party and the bride's, and for some time I didn't know what to make of it. I wasn't long so, however; for my uncle, who still had his eye about him, comes over to me, and says, "Shane, I doubt there will be bad work amongst these people, particularly betune the Dorans and the Flanagans—the truth is, that the ould business of the law-shoot will break out, and except they're kept from drink, take my word for it, there will be blood spilled. The running for the bottle will be a good excuse," says he, "so I think we had better move home before they go too far in the drink." Well, any way, there was truth in this; so, accordingly, the reckoning was *ped*, and, as this was the thrate of the weddineers to the bride and the bridegroom, every one of the men clubbed his share, but neither I nor the girls, any thing. Ha—ha—ha! Well, I never—ha—ha—ha!—I never laughed so much in one day, as I did in that, and I can't help laughing at it yet. Well, well! when we all got on the top of our horses, and sich other iligant cattle as we had—the crowning of a king was nothing to it. We were now purty well I thank you, as to liquor; and, as the knot was tied, and all safe, there was no end to our good spirits: so, when we took the road, the men were in high blood, particularly Billy Cormick, the tailor, who had a pair of long cavalry spurs upon him, that he was scarcely able to walk in- -and he not more nor four feet high. The women, too, were in blood, having faces upon them, with the hate of the day and the liquor, as full as trumpeters.

'"There was now a great jealousy among them that were bint for winning the bottle; and when one horseman would crass another, striving to have the whip hand of him when they'd set off, why, you see, his horse would get a cut of the whip itself for his pains. My uncle and I, however, did all we could to pacify them; and their own bad horsemanship, and the screeching of the women, prevented any strokes at that time. Some of them were ripping up ould sores against one another as they went along; others, particularly the youngsters, with their sweethearts behind them, coorting away for the life of them; and some might be heard miles off, singing and laughing: and you may be sure the fiddler behind my uncle wasn't idle, no more nor another. In this way we dashed on gloriously, till we came in sight of the Dumb-hill, where we were to start for the bottle. And now you might see the men fixing themselves on their saddles, sacks, and suggawns; and the women tying kerchiefs and shawls about their caps and bonnets, to keep them from flying off, and then gripping their fore-riders hard and fast by the bosoms. When we got to the Dumb-hill, there were five or six fellows that didn't come with us to the priest's, but met us with cudgels in their hands, to prevent any of them from starting before the others, and to show fair play.

'"Well, when they were all in a lump,—horses, mules, ragherys and asses, some, as I said, with saddles, some with none; and all just as I tould you

before; the word was given, and off they scoured, myself along with the rest; and divil be off me, if ever I saw such a sight but itself, either before or since. Off they skelped through thick and thin, in a cloud of dust like a mist about us: but it was a mercy that the life wasn't tramped out of some of us; for before we had gone fifty perches, the one third of them were sprawling a-top of one another on the road. As for the women, they went down right and left—sometimes bringing the horsemen with them; and many of the boys getting black eyes and bloody noses on the stones. Some of them being half blind with the motion and the whiskey, turned off the wrong way, and gallopped on, thinking they had completely distanced the crowd; and it wasn't until they cooled a bit that they found out their mistake. But the best sport of all was, when they came to the lazy corner, just at Jack Gallagher's *flush*, where the water came out a good way acrass the road; being in such a flight, they either forgot or didn't know how to turn the angle properly, and plash went above thirty of them, coming down right on the top of one another, souse into the pool. By this time there was about a dozen of the best horses a good distance before the rest, cutting one another up for the bottle; amongst these were the Dorans and the Flanagans; but they, you see, wisely enough dropped their women at the beginning, and only rode single. I myself didn't mind the bottle, but kept close to Mary, for fraid that among sich a divil's pack of half-mad fellows, any thing might happen her. At any rate, I was next the first batch: but where do you think the tailor was all this time? Why away off like lightning, miles before them—flying like a swallow: and how he kept his sate so long has puzzled me from that day to this; but, any how, truth's best—there he was topping the hill ever so far before them. Though, after all, the unlucky crathur nearly missed the bottle; for when he turned to the bride's house, instead of pulling up as he ought to do—why, to show his horsemanship to the crowd that was out looking at them, he should begin to cut up the horse right and left, until he made him take the garden ditch in full flight, landing him among the cabbages. About four yards or five from the spot where the horse lodged himself, was a well, and a purty deep one too, by my word; but not a sowl present could tell what became of the tailor, until Owen Smith chanced to look into the well, and saw his long spurs just above the water; so he was pulled up in a purty pickle, not worth the washing; but what did he care? although he had a small body, the divil a one of him but had a sowl big enough for Golias or Sampson the Great. As soon as he got his eyes clear, right or wrong, he insisted on getting the bottle; but he was late, poor fellow, for before he got out of the garden, two of them came up—Paddy Doran and Peter Flanagan, cutting one another to pieces, and not the length of your nail betune them. Well, well, that was a terrible day, sure enough. In the twinkling of an eye they were both off the horses, the blood streaming from their bare heads, struggling to take the bottle from my father, who didn't know which of them to give it to. He knew if he'd hand it to one, the other would take offince, and then he was in a great puzzle, striving to rason with them; but long Paddy Doran caught it while he was speaking to Flanagan, and the next minnit Flanagan measured him with a heavy loaded whip, and left him stretched upon the stones. And now the work began; for by this time the friends of both parties came up and joined them. Such knocking down, such roaring

among the men, and screeching and clapping of hands and wiping of heads among the women, when a brother, or a son, or a husband, would get his gruel! Indeed, out of a fair, I never saw any thing to come up to it. But during all this work, the busiest man among the whole set was the tailor, and what was worst of all for the poor crather, he should single himself out against both parties, bekase you see he thought they were cutting him out of his right to the bottle."'—vol. i. pp. 123—125.

The only other part of the history that deserves to be quoted is the scene after dinner. It is certainly very imperfect, as, indeed, is the whole that follows. These deficiences are easily accounted for when we see how much more intent the author was to detail a long and foolish conversation on religious topics between two priests, than to complete the sketch of the wedding.

'" By this time the company was hard and fast at the punch, the songs, and the dancing. The dinner had been cleared off, except what was before the friar, and the beggers and shulers were clawing and scoulding one another about the divide. The dacentest of us went into the house for a while, taking the fiddler with us, and the rest staid on the green to dance, where they were soon joined by lots of the counthry-people; so that, in a short time, there was a large number entirely. After sitting for some time within, Mary and I began, you may be sure, to get uneasy, sitting palavering among a parcel of ould sober folk; so, at last, out we slipped, and the few other dacent young people that were with us, to join the dance, and shake our toe along with the rest of them. When we made our appearance, the flure was instantly cleared for us, and then she and I danced the *Humours of Glin*. Well it's no matter, it's all past now, and she lies low; but I may say that it wasn't very often danced in better style since, I'd wager. Many a shake-hands did I get from the neighbours' sons, wishing me joy—and I'm sure I couldn't do less than thrate them to a glass, you know; and 'twas the same way with Mary—many a neighbour's daughter, that she didn't do more nor know by eye-sight, may-be, would come up and wish her happiness in the same manner, and she would say to me, 'Shane, avourneen, that's such a man's daughter—they're dacent, friendly people, and we can't do less nor give her a glass.' I, of coorse, would go down and bring them over, after a little pulling—making, you see, as if they wouldn't come--to where my brother was handing out the native."'—pp. 143, 144.

The sports which usually take place at a *wake* are well described by our author in another tale, entitled "Larry M'Farland's Wake." This word in Ireland means the assembling of persons in the room where a corpse is laid out, and where the junior part of the company are in the habit of performing all manner of tricks for their amusement. As traits of national manners, they possess a good deal of interest.

'" The way they play it, Mr. Morrow, is this:—two young men out of each parish, go out upon the flure—one of them stands up, then bends himself, Sir, at a half bend, placing his left hand behind on the back part of his ham, keeping it there to receive what it's to get. Well, there he stands, and the other coming behind him, places his foot out before him,

doubles up the cuff of his coat, to give his hand and wrist freedom; he then rises his right arm, coming down with the heel of his hand upon the other fellow's palm, under him, with full force. By jing, it's the divil's own diversion; for you might as well get a stroke of a sledge as a blow from some of them able, hard-working fellows, with hands upon them like lime stone. When the fellow that's down gets it hot and heavy, the man that struck him stands bent in his place, and some friend of the other comes down upon him, and pays him for what the other fellow got. In this way they take it, turn about, one out of each parish, till it's over; for, I believe, if they were to pelt one another since, that they'd never give up. Bless my soul, but it was terrible to hear the strokes that the Slip and Pat M'Ardle did give that night."'—pp. 201, 202.

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'"The next play they went to was the *sitting brogue*. This is played by a ring of them, sitting down upon the bare ground, keeping their knees up. A shoe-maker's leather apron is then got, or a good stout brogue, and sent round under their knees. In the mean time, one stands in the middle; and after the brogue is sent round, he is to catch it as soon as he can. While he is there, of coorse, his back must be to some one, and accordingly those that are behind him, thump him right and left with the brogue, while he, all the time, is striving to catch it. Whoever he catches this brogue with must stand up in his place, while he sits down where the other had been, and then the play goes on as before. There's another play called the *Standing-brogue*—where one man gets a brogue of the same kind, and another stands up facing him, with his two hands locked together, forming an arch turned upside down. The man that houlds the brogue then strikes him with it betune the hands; and even the smartest fellow receives several pelts, before he is able to close his hands and catch it; but when he does, he becomes brogue-man, and one of the opposite party stands for him, until he catches it. The same thing is gone through, from one to another, on each side, until it is over. The next is *Kissing*, and is played in this manner:—A chair or stool is placed in the middle of the flure, and the man who manages the play sits down upon it, and calls his sweet-heart, or the prettiest girl in the house. She, accordingly, comes forward, and must kiss him. He then rises up, and she sits down. "Come now," he says, "fair maid—call them you like best to kiss you!" She then calls them she likes best, and when the young man she calls comes over and kisses her, he then takes her place, and calls another girl—and so on, smacking away for a couple of hours. Well, it's no wonder that Ireland's full of people; for I believe they do nothing but coort from the time they're the hoith of my leg. I dunna is it true, as I hear Captain Sloethorn's steward say, that the English women are so fond of Irishmen?"'—pp. 203—205.

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'"The next is marrying—a bouchal puts an ould dark coat on him, and if he can borry a wig from any of the ould men in the wake-house, why, well and good, he's the liker his work—this is the priest: he takes and drives all the young men out of the house, and shuts the door upon them, so that they can't get in till he lets them. He then ranges the girls all beside one another, and going to the first, makes her name him she wishes to be her husband; this she does, of course, and the priest lugs him in, shat-

ting the door upon the rest. He then pronounces a funny marriage service of his own between them, and the husband smacks her first, and then the priest. Well, these two are married, and he places his wife upon his knee, for fraid of taking up too much room, *you persave;* there they coort away again, and why shouldn't they? The priest then goes to the next, and makes her name *her* husband; this is complied with, and he is brought in after the same manner, bnt no one else till they are called: he is then married, and kisses his wife, and the priest after him: and so they're all married. Bnt if you'd see them that don't chance to be called at all, the figure they cut—slipping into some dark corner, to avoid the mobbing they get from the priest and the others. When they're all united, they must each sing a song—man and wife, according as they sit; or if they can't sing, or get some one to do it for them, they are divorced." '—pp. 208, 209.

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' "The next play is in the military line. You see, Mr. Morrow, the man that leads the sports, places them all on their seats—gets from some of the girls, a white handkerchief, which he ties round his hat, as you would tie a piece of mourning; he then walks round them two or three times, singing

' Will you list, and come with me, fair maid?
Will you list, and come with me, fair maid?
Will you list, and come with me, fair maid?
And folly the lad with the white cockade?'

When he sings this, he takes off his hat, and puts it on the head of the girl he likes best, who rises up and puts her arm round him, and they both go about in the same way, singing the same words. She then puts the hat on some young man, who gets up and goes round with them, singing as before. *He* next puts it on the girl *he* loves best, who, after singing and going round in the same manner, puts it on another, and *he* on *his* sweetheart, and so on. This is called the *White Cockade.* When it's all over, that is, when every young man has pitched upon the girl that he wishes to be his sweetheart, they sit down, and sing songs, and coort, as they did at the marrying. After this comes the *Weds* or *Forfeits,* or what they call putting round the button. Every one gives in a forfeit—the boys, a pocket handkerchief or pen-knife, and the girls, a neck handkerchief or something that way. The forfeit is held over them, and each of them stoops in turn. They are, then, compelled to command the person that owns that forfeit to sing a song—to kiss such and such a girl—or to carry some ould man, with his legs about their neck, three times round the house, and this last is always great fun. Or, maybe, a young upsetting fellow will be sent to kiss some toothless, slavering, ould woman, just to punish him; or, if a young woman is any way saucy, she'll have to kiss some ould, withered fellow, his tongue hanging with age, half way down his chin, and the tobacco water trickling from each corner of his mouth. By jingo, many a time, when the friends of the corpse would be breaking their very hearts with grief and affliction, I have seen them obliged to laugh out, in spite of themselves, at the drollery of the priest with his ould black coat and wig upon him; and when the laughing fit would be over, to see them rocking themselves again—so sad. The best man for managing such sports in this neighbourhood, for many a year, was Roger M'Cann, that lives up as you go to the

mountains. You wouldn't begrudge to go ten miles, the couldest winter night that ever blew, to see and hear Roger.

' " There is another play, they call the *Priest of the Parish*, which is remarkably pleasant. One of the boys gets a wig upon himself, as before—goes out on the flure, places the boys in a row, calls one his *man Jack*, and says to each—' What will you be?' One answers, ' I'll be *black cap;*' another—' *red cap;*' and so on. He then says, ' The priest of the parish has lost his considering cap—some say this, and some say that, but I say my man Jack!' Man Jack, then, to put it off himself, says—' Is it me, Sir?' ' Yes, you, Sir!' ' You lie, Sir!' ' Who then, Sir?' ' Black cap!' If black cap, then, doesn't say—' Is it me, Sir?' before the priest has time to call him, he must put his hand on his ham, and get a pelt of the brogue. A body must be supple with the tongue in it.

' " After this comes one they call *Horns*, or the *Painter*. A droll fellow gets a lump of soot or lamp-black, and, after fixing a ring of the boys and girls about him, he lays his two-fingers on his knees, and says, ' Horns, horns, cow horns!' and then raises his fingers by a jerk up above his head; the boys and girls in the ring then do the same thing, for the maning of the play is this:—the man with the blacening *always* raises his fingers every time he names an animal, but if he names any that has *no* horns, and that the others jerk up their fingers, then they must get a stroke over the face with the soot. ' Horns, horns, goat horns!'—then he ups with his fingers like lightning; they must all do the same, bekase a goat *has* horns. ' Horns, horns, horse horns!'—he ups with them again, but the boys and girls ought not, bekase a horse has *not* horns; however, any one that raises them *then*, gets a slake. So that it all comes to this:—Any one, you see, that lifts his fingers when an animal is named that has *no* horns—or any one that does not raise them when a baste is mintioned that *has* horns, will get a mark. It's a purty game, and requires a keen eye and a quick hand; and, maybe, there's not fun in straking the soot over the purty, warm, rosy cheeks of the colleens, while their eyes are dancing with delight in their heads, and their sweeth breath comes over so pleasant about one's face, the darlings—Och, och!

' " There's another game they call *The Silly Ould Man*, that's played this way:—A ring of the boys and girls is made on the flure—boy and girl about—houlding one another by the hands; well and good—a young fellow gets into the middle of the ring, as ' the silly ould man.' There he stands looking at all the girls to chuse a wife, and, in the mean time, the youngsters of the ring sing out—

Here's a silly ould man that lies all alone,
That lies all alone,
That lies all alone;
Here's a silly ould man that lies all alone,
He wants a wife, and he can get none.

' " When the boys and girls sing this, the silly ould man must choose a wife from some of the colleens belonging to the ring. Having made the choice of her, she goes into the ring along with him, and they all sing out—

Now, young couple, you're married together,
You're married together,
You're married together,

You must obey your father and mother,
And love one another like sister and brother,
I pray, young couple, you'll kiss together.

And you may be sure this part of the marriage is not missed, any way."'—vol. i. pp. 212—214.

We have a very full and particular account of a hedge school, that peculiarity of Ireland with which so few have an opportunity of becoming familiar. The master and the establishment having been elaborately depicted, the author introduces us to both in the full tide of business.

'"Come, boys, rehearse....(Buz, buz, buz.)....I'll soon be after calling up the first spelling lesson—(buz, buz, buz)—then the mathematicians——book-keepers—Latinists, and Grecians, successfully. (Buz, buz, buz) ....Silence, there below! your pens? Tim Casey, is'nt this a purty hour o' the day for you to come in to school at; arrah, and what kept you, Tim? Walk up wid yourself here, till we have a confabulation together; you see I love to be talking to you."...."Sir, Larry Brannigan; here, he's throwing spits at me out of his pen."....(Buz, buz, buz)...."By my sowl, Larry, there's a rod steeped for you."—"Fly away, Jack—fly away, Jill; come again, Jack—." "I had to go to Paddy Nowlan's for tobaccy, Sir, for my father."....(Weeping, with his hand knowingly across his face—one eye laughing at his comrades)...."You lie it was'nt." "If you call me a liar agin, I'll give you a dig in the mug." "It's not in your jacket." "Is'nt it?" "Behave yourself; ha! there's the masther looking at you—ye'll get it now."...."None at all, Tim?—and she's not afther sinding an excuse wid you?—what's that undher your arm?" "My Gough, Sir."....(Buz, buz, buz.) "Silence, boys. And you blackguard Liliputian, you, what kept you away till this?"—"One bird pickin'—two men thrashin'—one bird pickin'—two men thrashin'—one bird pickin'—" "Sir, they're stickin' pins in me, here." "Who is? Briney." "I don't know, Sir, they're all at it." "Boys, I'll go down to yous."...."I can't carry him, Sir, he'd be too heavy for me: let Larry Toole do it, he's stronger nor me; any way, there he's putting a corker pin in his mouth."....(Buz, buz, buz.) ...."Who-hoo-hoo hoo I'll never stay away agin, Sir; indeed I won't, Sir. Oh, Sir, dear, pardon me this wan time—and if ever you cotch me doing the like agin, I'll give you lave to welt the sowl out of me."....(Buz, buz, buz.) "Behave youself, Barny Byrne." "I'm not touching you." "Yes you are; did'nt you make me blot my copy." "Ho, by the livin', I'll pay you goin' home for this."...."Hand me the taws." "Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo—what'ill I do, at all at all! Oh, Sir dear, Sir dear, Sir dear—hoo-hoo-hoo." "Did she send no message, good or bad, before I lay on?" "Oh, not a word, Sir, only that my father killed a pig yesther-day, and he wants you to go up to day at dinner time." (Buz, buz, buz) ...."It's time to get lave, it is'nt, it is, it is'nt, it is," &c...."You lie, I say, your faction never was able to fight our's; didn't we lick all your dirty breed in Buillagh-battha fair?" "Silence there."....(Buz, buz, buz.) "Will you meet us on Sathurday, and we'll fight it out clane?" "Ha-ha-ha! Tim, but you got a big fright, any how: whist, ma bouchal, sure I was only jokin' you; and sorry I'd be to bate your father's son, Tim. Come over, and sit beside myself at the fire here. Get up, Micky Do-

noghue, you big burn't-shin'd spalpeen you, and let the dacent boy sit at the fire." "Hullabaloo hoo-hoo-hoo—to go to give me such a welt, only for sitting at the fire, and me brought turf wid me." "To day, Tim?" "Yes, Sir." "At dinner time is id?" "Yes, Sir." "Faith, the dacent strain was always in the same family."....(Buz, buz, buz, buz.) "Horns, horns, cock horns: oh, you up'd wid them, you lifted your fingers—that's a mark, now—hould your face till I blacken you."...." Do you call thim two sods, Jack Lannigan? why, 'tis only one long one, broke in the middle; but you must make it up to-morrow, Jack; how is your mother's tooth; did she get it pulled yet?" "No, Sir." "Well, tell her to come to me, an' I'll write a charm for it, that'ill cure her....What kept you till now, Paddy Magouran?" "Couldn't come any sooner, Sir." "You couldn't, Sir—and why, Sir, couldn't you come any sooner, Sir?"...." See, Sir, what Andy Nowlan done to my copy."....(Buz, buz, buz.)...." Silence, I'll massacre yees, if yees don't make less noise."....(Buz, buz, buz.)...." I was down with Mrs. Kavanagh, Sir." "You were, Paddy—an' Paddy, *ma bouchal*, aren't you afeard to tell me that you go to see my wife behind my back—eh, Paddy?"...." Masther, Sir, spake to Jem Kenny here; he made my nose bleed?" '—pp. 167—169.

This may be regarded as a winter scene—for in the warm weather the site of the school varies to suit the convenience of master and scholars.

'During the summer season, it was the usual practice for the scholars to transfer their paper, slates and books, to the green which lay immediately behind the school house, where they stretched themselves upon the grass, and resumed their business. Mat would bring out his chair, and, placing it on the shady side of the hedge, sit with his pipe in his mouth, the contented lord of his little realm, whilst nearly a hundred and fifty scholars of all sorts and sizes, lay scattered over the grass, basking under the scorching sun in all the luxury of novelty, nakedness, and freedom. The sight was original and characteristic, and such as Mr. Brougham would have been delighted with—"The schoolmaster was abroad again." As soon as one o'clock drew near, Mat would pull out his *Ring-dial*, hold it against the sun, and declare the hour. "Now boys, to yer dinners, and the rest to play." "Hurroo, darlins, to play—the masther says its dinner time!—whip-spur-an'-away-grey—Hurroo—whack—hurroo." "Masther, Sir, my father bid me ax you home to yer dinner," "No, he'll come to huz—come wid me if you plase, Sir." "Sir, never heed them; my mother, Sir, has some of what you know - of the flitch I brought to Shoneen on last Aisther, Sir." This was a subject on which the boys gave themselves great liberty, an invitation, even when not accepted, being an indemnity for the day; it was usually followed by a battle between the claimants, and bloody noses were the issue. The master himself, after deciding to go where he was certain of getting the best dinner, generally put an end to the quarrels by a reprimand, and then gave notice to the disappointed claimants of the successive days on which he would attend at their respective houses. "Boys, you all know my maxim; to go, for fear of any jealousies, boys, wherever I get the *worst* dinner; so tell me now, boys, what yer dacent mothers have all got at home for me?" "My mother killed a fat hen to-day, Sir, an' you'll have a lump of bacon and 'flat dutch' along wid it." "We'll

have hang beef and greens, Sir." "We tried the praties this mornin', Sir, an' we'll have new praties, and bread and butter, Sir." "Well, it's all good, boys; but rather than show favour or affection, do you see, I'll go wid Andy, here, and take share of the hen an' bacon; but, boys, for all that, I'm fonder of the other things, you persave; and as I can't go wid you, Mat, tell your respectable mother that I'll be with her to-morrow; and with you, Larry, ma bouchal, the day afther."'—pp. 181—183.

We think that the strictures in which our author indulges on hedge schools are unjust and uncalled for, nor were they by any means those nurseries of vice which he would represent them. We should say, indeed, on much more impartial authority than that we have now before us, that these establishments were more remarkable for producing no effect at all on the moral character of the population than they were for operating hurtfully upon it. But the mind of the writer is excessively distorted by his prejudices, and however successfully he may apply his talents to the promotion of his own views of religion, he has certainly, by his officious and unseasonable partizanship, unfitted himself for the character of an agreeable writer. We only hope that when next we meet him as a candidate for public favour, that he will allow his own good sense and feeling nature to have more influence than they have had on this occasion, in ordering the sort of appearance which he should make.

Art. XI.—1. *The Doom of Devorgoil, a Melo-drama. Auchindrane; or the Ayrshire Tragedy.* By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 8vo. pp. 337. Edinburgh: Cadell & Co. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1830.

2. *Twelve Dramatic Sketches, founded on the Pastoral Poetry of Scotland.* By W. M. Hetherington, A. M. Edinburgh: Constable & Co. London: Hurst & Co. 1829.

3. *Cain the Wanderer, a Vision of Heaven, Darkness, and other Poems.* By——— 8vo. pp. 1830. London: Whittaker & Co. 1829.

4. *Vallery, or the Citadel of the Lake; a Poem.* By Charles Doyne Sillery. 2 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1829.

5. *Adra, or the Peruvians, the Ruined City, &c.* By G. P. R. James, Esq. 12mo. pp. 197. London: Colburn. 1829.

6. *Oliver Cromwell, a Poem. In three Books.* 12mo. pp. 192. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. London: Simpkin & Co. 1829.

7. *Poems, original or translated.* By the Rev. W. Shepherd. 12mo. pp. 192. London: Longman & Co. 1829.

8. *Repentance, and other Poems.* By Mary Ann Browne. 8vo. pp. 118. London: Longman & Co. 1829.

9. *Portraits of the Dead; to which are added Miscellaneous Poems.* By N. C. Deakin, Esq. 12mo. pp. 320. London: W. Marsh. 1829.

10. *The Portfolio of the Martyr Student.* 12mo. pp. 191. London: Longman & Co. 1830.

11. *The Pilgrim of the Hebrides; a Lay of the North Countrie.* By the Author of "Three Days at Kilkenny." 8vo. pp 299. London: Longman & Co. 1830.

12. *The Traveller's Lay, a Poem.* By Thomas Maude, Esq. A. M. 8vo. pp. 94. London: Longman & Co. 1830.

13. *Montmorency, a Tragic Drama. The first of a Series of Historical and other Dramas. Together with some Minor Poems.* By H. W. Montagu. 8vo. pp. 141. London: Joy. 1828.

THE preceding formidable list contains the titles of by no means the whole of the self-styled poetical works, which either their authors or publishers have forwarded to us for review within the last six or seven months. There lurks, we believe, somewhere or other, a notion, that if books be brought in this way, under our immediate notice, it becomes us at least not to speak harshly of them, if we cannot with a safe conscience exalt them to the regions of fame. The sooner this idea becomes dissolved into the empty air, the sooner shall the principles of this journal be perfectly understood. We have but one standard for our guidance, the real character of every particular publication which we sit down to review. We have no predilection either of censure or applause to gratify, no interests in the trading world to promote, no enmities to dread, no patronage to solicit. We do not care one farthing for all the booksellers in London, or in the empire. As little regard have we, professionally speaking, for any of the poets, dramatists, historians, philosophers, novelists, of the time in which we live. We look simply and exclusively to the soundness and purity of English literature, which we cultivate with unaffected devotion. When we meet with a new work that is worthy to be admitted into the sacred temple, we hail it with enthusiasm, from whatever quarter it comes. When we find that authors who once basked in the sunshine of public esteem, count upon their popularity in order to pass off the productions of a careless hour, or of a mind decayed, we boldly resist the imposition, and shut the door of the temple against them. When youthful aspirants turn impudent pretenders, and attempt to set up standards for themselves,—standards which they easily form by seeking to depress the literature of the country to their own level, or in other words by talking of schools to which their ideas and their phraseology belong,—we expose their folly, and compel them to hide again their miserable heads in that obscurity, from which they never should have dared to emerge. But when modest merit comes forth with burning brow and palpitating heart, to win the suffrages of the public for her earliest labours, we hold out the hand of encouragement. We listen to her accents, we know her by the ruby on her cheek, and the music that falls from her tongue, and far from repressing, we sympathize with her in her hopes, and stimulate her glorious ambition.

In pursuing this discriminating course, we offend numberless persons,—the author, the publisher, the author's friends, and

whole worlds of various sort of individuals, who form literary coteries and conversaziones, both here and in Edinburgh. But all this is to us as the idle wind that passes over the desert. We utterly disregard it, because we feel and know what is right, and we have the courage to pursue it. We thus keep ourselves equally distinct from the parasitical critics of the week, or the day, who with open mouths are ready to swallow every absurdity, and to praise every book, as from the zoilous tribe of pedants, who look down with contempt upon every effort of modern genius.

We are not among those who think that it is absolutely necessary that every man who writes verse and calls it poetry, should be a Byron or a Campbell. There are moods of the mind in which the light even of the lesser stars may produce a soothing effect, more particularly in the absence of the planets. It depends sometimes on the humour in which we chance to be at the moment, whether we should prefer the solitary sound of that beautiful instrument called the Æolina, to the finest chorus that ever was performed at the Philharmonic Society. In the revival of nature which takes place at this season of the year, when the voices of heaven and earth sometimes appear of an evening to mingle together, a thought or an image will touch the heart and vibrate through the frame, that under other circumstances might have no such power to charm. The reader may perhaps in this way find amongst the works which we are about to notice, something that he may take into the fields, and dwell upon with pleasure.

It is with regret, however, that we cannot offer him for any such purpose, the book that stands first on our list—a place of honour assigned to it out of respect for the name of the author. Heaven help that name, if it had never been attached to a more precious composition than the 'Doom of Devorgoil'! The Latin word *inaninis* which is explained to mean a "want of fulness in the veins of the animal," in some degree characterizes it. The veins, if we may carry on the metaphor, have in them a thin watery substance, of a colour that is neither red nor black. The work is called a melo-drama. We should like to see any set of actors attempt to perform it on the stage. The late Mr. Terry, for whose intended benefit it is said to have been written, shewed his good taste by not meddling with it. It is founded upon a version of the old story of the "Ghostly Barber," but it is in point of plot and poetry so utterly worthless, that we shall pass it over without further comment. There is something more of nerve, and blood too, about the Ayrshire Tragedy. Here is indeed a tale of horror, sufficient to frighten all the nurseries from the Land's End to the Orknies. Murder is perpetrated after murder in the most wild and diabolical manner. A deadly feud existed between two rival familes in Ayrshire—the Mure of Auchindrane and the house of Cassilis. The head of the latter was, without any other cause than that of envy, barbarously slain by the head of the former. A

young man who could have proved Mure's guilt, and who was spirited away by him for a while, returned to Scotland. Him he gets murdered by one of his own dependants, and that dependant he causes to be murdered by his own son, thus closing up, as he thought, the chain of evidence that might be unrolled against him. But the bodies of his victims bear witness of the crime, and he and his accomplice are delivered over to the vengeance of the law. We extract part of the concluding scene.

'*Auchindrane.* Where is he?—where's MacLellan?
'*Philip.* In the deep—
Both in the deep, and what's immortal of them,
Gone to the judgment-seat, where we must meet them.
'*Auchindrane.* MacLellan dead, and Quentin too?—So be it
To all that menace ill to Auchindrane,
Or have the power to injure him!—Thy words
Are full of comfort, but thine eye and look
Have in this pallid gloom a ghastliness,
Which contradicts the tidings of thy tongue.
'*Philip.* Hear me, old man—There *is* a heaven above us,
As you have heard old Knox and Wishart preach,
Though little to your boot. The dreaded witness
Is slain, and silent. But his misused body
Comes right ashore, as if to cry for vengeance;
It rides the waters like a living thing.
Erect, as if he trode the waves which bear him
'*Auchindrane.* Thou speakest frenzy, when sense is most required.
'*Philip.* Hear me yet more!—I say I did the deed
With all the coolness of a practised hunter
When dealing with a stag. I struck him overboard,
And with MacLellan's aid I held his head
Under the waters, while the ranger tied
The weights we had provided to his feet.
We cast him loose when life and body parted,
And bid him speed for Ireland. But even then,
As in defiance of the words we spoke,
The body rose upright behind our stern,
One half in ocean, and one half in air,
And tided after as in chase of us.
'*Auchindrane.* It was enchantment!—Did you strike at it?
'*Philip.* Once and again. But blows avail'd no more
Than on a wreath of smoke, where they may break
The column for a moment, which unites
And is entire again. Thus the dead body
Sunk down before my oar, but rose unharm'd,
And dogg'd us closer still, as in defiance.
'*Auchindrane.* 'Twas Hell's own work!——
'*Philip.* MacLellan then grew restive
And desperate in his fear, blasphemed aloud,
Cursing us both as authors of his ruin.
Myself was wellnigh frantic while pursued

By this dead shape, upon whose ghastly features
The changeful moonbeam spread a grisly light;
And, baited thus, I took the nearest way
To insure his silence, and to quell his noise;
I used my dagger, and I flung him overboard,
And half expected his dead carcass also
Would join the chase—but he sunk down at once.
'*Auchindrane.* He had enough of mortal sin about him,
To sink an argosy.'—pp. 327—330.

This is horrible enough in the description. But Sir Walter Scott, to whom has undoubtedly been denied dramatic genius, has the good taste not only to have his double murder minutely described, but also to have the dead body of one of the victims floated on the mimic shore, where it bleeds at the touch of a virgin! This is too bad even for the Coburg theatre.

The author of the sketches founded on the pastoral poetry of Scotland, intended to produce eclogues, not dramas. His idea was to give pictures of the rural manners which prevail, or more properly speaking, have prevailed in that country. A Master of Arts could not, however, be supposed to know a great deal from his own personal experience on the subject, although he informs us that in his youth he was a sort of poetical shepherd boy. For his scenes, however, he has gone, not to his own experience, such as it was, but to the old pastoral songs of his native country. From these he has drawn a series of sketches, in which he has given to Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, to the lowland lass and the highland lad, to Annie, and Peggie, and Colin, and Phemie, and to a whole race of Scottish shepherds and shepherdesses, language which they certainly never spoke, and which they cannot even speak at this day. It is amusing to see an educated mind, sophisticated in the notions of the world, ape the simplicity of the hamlet and the fields. As for instance, Colin after singing to Annie asks her,

'What say you, my sweet Annie, will you come?
'*An.* Hold there! Deep hid amid the yellow broom,
Who shall protect me, Colin, from thyself?
I doubt that would be giving to the fox
The lambs to keep:—bad shepherd-craft, I ween.
'*Col.* And dost thou ask who would be thy protector?
Love, my dear lassie! pure, true love shall be
Thy sure protection:—Love, the viewless bond—
Viewless, but mighty—joining earth and heaven!
Love, universal as the air we breathe.
Look round on the broad hills, the springing grass,
The budding flowers, the honeyed heather-bell,—
The thousand living things that hum around,—
All in boon Nature's bounties revelling,
And all, as their capacities permit,
In song or gambol telling of their joy.

Can, then, a native wanderer of the wilds
Fail to perceive—to feel the general spell,—
To own the potent agency of Love?
And dares he violate that sacred power,
And in its pure domains betray the trust
Of sweet, confiding, maiden innocence?
My Annie, no! This heart of mine was ne'er
Made for such villainy!
'*An*, How easy 'tis
To make a fair show with fair promises!
But I have seen among the dews of morn,
Woven amid the interlacing briers,
A filmy web of glittering gossamer,
Round, bright, and studded like a Highland targe.
The sun shone out,—the dews arose;—I look'd,—
The fair round targe was melted all away,
And spiky thorns, urged by the rising breeze,
Swept harrowing through the dark forsaken place.—
Such and so fleeting are men's protestations!
And such the joys they leave the trusting heart!
'*Col.* My eloquent disputant! well may I
From thee learn lessons of sweet minstrelsy;
But sure thy Colin's faith, unsullied yet
By word or thought, should bear a greater weight
Than loose and general accusations.
'*An.* Better
To trust too little than too much.
'*Col.* Come, come;
Look not so distant, dearest! I could brook
The thickest, keenest snow-drift ever blew,
Wearing my sheep upon the brent hill-side,
Where it smites chillest, rather than the cold
Unkindness of thy cheek and eye.
'*An.* Oh! flatterer!
A woman's frown, were it of hate and scorn,
Is mirth and sunshine to the angry blast
Of winter.'—pp. 71—73.

We do not suppose that in all the highlands or lowlands of Scotland, there is to be found a single shepherd who could understand, not to say, talk in the language that is here set down for the amiable Annie, and the amorous Colin. We must do the author the justice to remark, however, that some of the songs which he has introduced into his scenes, breathe the hospitable spirit of Caledonia, and that too in her native dialect. We shall take one at random from the harvest field.

'Awa' ye fretful carles a',
We dinna want ye here;
Your crabbed words, and looks sae sour,
Wad only spoil our cheer:
The sunshine, an' the glorious sky,—
The gloaming's dewy air,—

Earth's beauties a', free we enjoy;
  What could we wish for mair?

It's no the coffers fu' o' gowd,—
  It's no the lordly birth,—
But it is the sterling honest heart
  That makes the man o' worth:
An' though his frame be worn and bent,
  An' plain his garb may be,
There's honour in his manly breast,
  An' freedom fires his ee.

When cheerfu' neighbours meet a blink,
  To ca' the lightsome crack,
It isna wrang a' cares an' toils
  To cast ahint their back.
Then gie's your hands, my hearty chiels,
  My cronies frank and free,—
There's mony greater, richer men,—
  But blyther canna be.'—vol. i. p. 143.

In the poem of 'Cain the Wanderer' and the minor pieces which are appended to it, we perceive a display of genius of a high order, though unfortunately the principles of the author appear to have been corrupted by the infidelity of Lord Byron. He confesses that his first notion of writing such a work arose from his perusal of that noble bard's "Cain," and we regret to see abilities such as his are, thrown away upon subjects which are not only worthless in themselves, but altogether against the taste of this country. In one of his notes the author declares that there is no country under heaven in which there is *more*, and at the same time *less* religion than in England, thus intimating that while there is a great deal of talk about religion amongst us, we know very little of its spirit. If this remark be just, we would take leave to ask, is this author consistent in endeavouring as far as in him lies, to reduce the little that we have to a still smaller compass?

The author flatters himself that in his account of the GODHEAD and his attendant spirits, of Lucifer and his satellites, and of fallen man and his children, he is more *philosophical* than Milton. We do not see what he gains by this supposed advantage, either in his poetry or his morality. By way of novelty he has led his hero, after the murder of his brother, through the bosom of the earth, the void of space, the Paradise of Heilel or the morning star, and and through Pandemonium, after which he returns to his father's tent. This is unprecedented at all events, and for aught we know, may find admirers.

We are sorry to find still stronger traces of the author's infidel creed in his 'Vision of Heaven' and his poem on 'Deity,' the very title of which is disrespectful towards that GREAT BEING. We pity the mind that can find no example worthy its imitation save that of Lucifer. As for his gross want of patriotism, and

his praise of Napoleon at the expense of Wellington, it is despicable.

Of a very different stamp indeed is the work entitled 'Vallery, or the Citadel of the Lake,' a poem in nine cantos, and which, whatever may be its demerits, constantly looks with affection from "nature up to nature's GOD." In one respect it is a singular piece of writing. There is scarcely any measure known to the English language which is not made use of by the author. Nor does the singularity stop here. For a hundred lines of rhyme, we have, perhaps, as many of blank verse, and, if we may speak for ourselves, this variety is by no means disagreeable. The castle of Vallery was one of the strong places taken by the Moors in Spain. The fall of the place is the final catastrophe, but the subject seems to have been selected by the author merely for the purpose of enabling him to present a picture of the chivalrous manners of the times—a picture which he has drawn with accuracy, and considerable effect. We shall only extract from his poem a sunrise, which besides being truly poetical, is very far from being commonplace.

'Lo! o'er the welkin sails a white-fringed cloud,
  That laves the fading forehead of the moon;
Now it is gathering in a darker shroud,—
  And now 'tis o'er the pinnacle of noon:
  The stars are dimm'd; while, in a pale festoon
Of circling light, Diana holds her way;—
  It rains;—the dusky woods receive their boon
  Of liquid pearls,—the breezes freely play,
And soft the trickling shower falls on each blossom'd spray.

'The hush is over.—Hark! from every bower
  The song of birds,—the murmuring of the streams,—
The drowning beetle and the weeping flower,—
  The lizard rustling midst the orange gleams,—
  The cricket chirping where the bamboo teems,—
The dancing rain,—the living wind,—the sea
  Rousing her billows from their coral dreams,—
The insect hum,—the whispers on the lea,—
There wants Aurora but to raise the jubilee.

'She comes,—in glory walking from the east!
  Health on her cheek, and roses on her brows;
With robes of purple o'er her azure breast,
  And golden hair, that round her fair form flows,
  Breathing perfume which vanquishes the rose,
And gathering up her diamonds from the woods
  To melt them midst the vapours that repose
In fairy isles, above the liquid floods;
And now she wakes the hymns of all her solitudes!'—pp. 81, 82.

This description of course applies not to Spain, where no bamboo is to be seen, but to one of the islands in the east which the author had visited.

We were amused with the preface, in which the author of 'Adra' has introduced his poem. He of course 'thinks it good, or he would not print it: he is pleased with it himself, and therefore he hopes it may please the public.' He remarks with great naiveté, that he does not believe in the common cry of the day, "that the world is sick of poetry;"—no, he adds with singular diffidence, 'the world is never sick of any thing that is good; it is only bad poetry that it is sick of,' wherefore it is left to us to conclude that the poetry displayed in this volume is of a right excellent description. Now although we have no desire whatever to mar the good opinion which G. P. R. James, Esq. entertains of his own writings, we must nevertheless take the liberty to assure him that we are not at all pleased with them; that we are never sick of any thing good, but that his Adra acted upon us with a medical power, producing certain qualms of nausea which, if they were not sickness, were exceedingly like it. Adra, the bride of a Peruvian named Huara, is taken possession of by a Spaniard, upon the invasion of the land of the Incas. In this poem the Peruvian is avenged, if Mr. James may be believed. 'The Ruined City,' which is a tale of modern Greece, is much better written than Adra; we shall detach from it only a reflection.

'Why was hope given to man? To lead him on
From joy to joy, till worldly joys be gone!
To strive with care, to heal the wounds of time,
And teach the mind from height to height to climb;
To leave the heart unsatisfied with earth,
And point to pleasures of a brighter birth.
Oft as I've gazed on Time's swift flowing stream,
And seen Hope's bubbles dancing in the beam,
And breaking, one by one, without a trace
To mark their fleeting, or to point their place,
I've marvell'd, empty things, like these that past,
Should still engage, and cheat us to the last.

'Oh! in the close of life, when years are few,
Hope! wilt thou still delude my willing view,
When from my earliest days, thy flatt'ring ray
Has served, too oft, to lead my steps astray;
When still thy sweetest words have mock'd my ear,
And brightest smiles been followed by a tear;
When even now thy witchery I feel,
And still confiding at thine altar kneel;
Oh! must it be that thou wilt yet deceive,
And I be yet so mad as to believe?

'Often in infancy, when joys are young,
And Hope! thy Syren voice most sweetly sung,
O'er the green meadow, and the April plain,
I've chased the varied bow of heaven in vain—
Followed its hues, transparent as they shone,
And woo'd its fleeting splendour for mine own.

In after years, when beauty's fairer beam
Rose to my eyes, in loveliness supreme,
Beauty I followed, and as fondly too,
As e'er I chased yon arch of painted dew.
Next came the love of glory, and the dream
Of winning fame; I felt my bosom teem—
With thoughts and feelings, deep, and such as lead,
When rightly taught, to honour's shining meed;—
No matter now, what might such dream destroy,
Hope! 'twas like all thy gifts, a gilded toy.
Each splendid trifle, that thou hang'st in air,
Is to man's fancy but a glitt'ring snare:
Thyself, the Iris of life's changeful skies:
And still man follows, where the rainbow flies.'—pp. 111—113.

The poem called Oliver Cromwell is nothing more or less than a history of England in blank verse: it is divided into three books, and represents the famed Oliver in the most favourable point of view. He appears here truly as the most learned man of his day; he explains the fundamental parts of our constitution, the rise and progress of our religion, and a great variety of subjects, in conversation with his daughter Elizabeth, alias Mrs. Claypole, a most unpoetical name by the way. The author throws out in his preface a doubt whether he is to have any readers. In that doubt we beg leave to say that we entirely participate, for the production is as heavy as the leaden sceptre of sleep itself.

When we announce that the Rev. Mr. Shepherd of Gateacre, near Liverpool, was induced to collect in their present form, poems which had been already published in the periodicals, and which have met with a flattering judgment from 'individuals whom *he* regards as competent critics,' the reader will perhaps think it an act of supererogation on our parts to say one word upon them. We cannot avoid noticing the originality and perfect innocence of a few of the subjects on which they expatiate. One is entitled 'Verses on the death of a young lady's linnet, which she had taken from the nest,' which said demise is celebrated in the following magnificent stanza:—

'The clock struck twelve,—when, twitt'ring shrill,
Linetta to the window flew;
There thrice she peck'd with tiny bill,
Thrice, flutt'ring, brush'd the evening dew.'—p. 1.

That is to say, it died. But when the young lady awoke the next morning, the spirit of the bird appears to her, reproaches her for having taken it from its mother, and then goes, whither?—To heaven! Ah me!—thou art indeed a gentle shepherd! We have, a few pages after this, a sonnet on hearing a skylark sing in the month of January; a sonnet to Hope; an ode to Myra, which is really pretty; an Inscription in Miss Johnes's garden; lines written in Miss Johnes's garden; stanzas composed in Miss Johnes's apart-

ment.—Oh fie, reverend Mr. Shepherd! But, good sir, the young lady was dead! Indeed!—that alters the case.

Besides a variety of such rural verses as those we have just alluded to, our reverend poet presents us with a memoir of Miss Johnes's late father, the well-known translator of the Chronicles of Froissart and Monstrelet, which memoir has already appeared in the annual obituary. After this we have translations from Latin, Italian and French poets, some of which are gracefully executed. We give a sprightly piece from Moschus.

'Oyez! cried Love's all-powerful queen,
If any man has lately seen
My scape-grace, tell me where he is;
The sweet reward shall be a kiss:—
If further blisses you would rifle,
I shall not stand upon a trifle.
The boy's so notable, no doubt,
Among a score, you'll find him out.
His skin glows like the fiery gleam;
His eyes flash like the lightning's beam;
His honied tongue distils with lies;
His heart is wrapp'd in dark disguise;
When passion rankles in his mind,
To savage deeds the elf's inclined;
And, under guise of harmless jest,
He stings the unsuspecting breast.
Innumerous curling tresses grace
His impudent and rakish face.
His hands are tiny, but their power
Extends to Pluto's gloomy bower.
The peevish urchin carries wings,
With which from heart to heart he springs,
As little birds, in wanton play,
Fly carelessly from spray to spray.
A trinket-bow and shafts he wears,
Which carry to the farthest stars.
His golden quiver swings behind,
With numerous fatal weapons lined,
With which he deals sharp sorrows round,
And dares his mother's heart to wound.
His torch, with its portentous blaze,
Consumes the very solar rays.
If thou shalt catch this vagrant child,
Ah, be not by his tears beguiled;
Bind fast his trickful hands, nor heed
Those smiles that secret treachery breed;
Drag him along, nor thoughtless stay
To fondle with him by the way.
Fly,—fly his kisses:—they inflame
With every poison thou canst name;

And if he cry, "My arms I yield,"
Try not those deadly arms to wield:
Let prudence check this mad desire,—
They're pregnant with celestial fire.'—pp. 190—192.

Miss Browne we have already had the honour of introducing to our readers, heralding her with due sounds of praise from our critical trumpet. We are sorry to find her writing, or rather publishing so rapidly, because we fear, that before she arrives at the age of maturity, she will have already begun to exhibit the sere and yellow leaf of her poetical fame. Young ladies, aye and old ones too, will however have their way, and so Miss Browne will write and publish on, until she gets married, the only event we know of that can clip the wings of her imagination.

As usual, Miss Mary Ann is in the lugubrious strain. Why does she not take up a tambourine, and dance about her drawing room for a week or two, to shake off the clouds that hang for ever upon her beautiful brow? We say beautiful, although we have never seen the said brow, nor any feature belonging to the young lady; but if we be wrong, she at least will be too happy to excuse us. Her present volume begins with 'repentance, and ends with 'a dear little boy.' We have therefore some hopes that our fair minstrel will think of our suggestion about the tambourine. Upon this condition, we shall indulge her, and haply some of our readers too, by extracting two pieces from her present collection, the first of which she entitles 'The hopes of my life.'

'Hope of my childhood! what wert thou?
That I might roam on the mountain's brow:
That when I awoke to the morning's light,
The day might be serene and bright;
That I might be first to find out where
The violet scented the soft spring air;
That I might track the wilding bee
To his home in the trunk of the hollow tree:
Such were the simple things that first
The spirit of hope in my bosom nurst.

'Hope of my youth!—thy intensity
Was like the glow of the summer sky;
Thou wert a dream of loveliness,
Fixed in my bosom's inmost recess;—
That I might be gazed on tenderly,
By the eyes that were as heaven to me;
That the heart I loved might pour again
Its love on mine, like the summer rain;
That that spirit might melt in affection's power:
Such were the hopes of my youth's warm hour!

'Hope of my summer! wild and vain
Wert thou, although my fevered brain
Cherished thee with that mad desire,
Whose wild flames are like a lava fire,

That my name might blend with many a name
That is uttered by the voice of fame;—
Oh, how I tried my heart to deceive!
Even as when a sweet dream doth leave,
We try and long, and long in vain,
To sleep, and dream it o'er again.

'Hope of my age!—and what art thou?
Oh, not on fading things below
Is thy foundation,—thou art no dream,
To melt away like the summer beam.—
I have known some hopes that looked most bright,
Perish like dreams in Truth's morning light.
I have known others as blossoms fair,
Wither like them in the blast of Care;
But thou, thou can'st not be faded or riven,
For thy spring is Truth—thy source is Heaven.'—pp. 20—22.

Miss Browne's mother will not be made less happy, we flatter ourselves, when she sees in our pages the verses addressed to her by her daughter.

'My mother! now the gladsome spring
Is smiling o'er the earth;
And butterflies on painted wing,
In sunny light go forth.
Though all spring days most lovely be,
All fair and full of mirth,
One, one is dearest far to me,
The day that gave thee birth;
It *was* a day with joyance fraught,—
It *is* a day for deepened thought.

'My mother! I remember well,
When thou wast not as now;
Remember when Time's shadow fell
Less darkly on thy brow.
I can remind me of the time,
When in life's summer glow,
Thy years had hardly passed their prime,
And scarce one flower lay low;
But clouds thy heaven have overcast,
Since those bright days of pleasure past.

'Mother! thy step is not so firm
As it was wont to be,
For secret blight and open storm
Have done their work on thee;
Thy hair turns grey, and I can see
Thy hand more tremulous,
And thy dark eye hath lost its glee,
Save when it turns on us,
Thy children—then it hath a joy
And light that nothing can destroy.

'Yet weep not, mother! for the days
Passed by, we'll not regret;
The star of Hope, with all its rays,
Is only dimmed, not set.
Fixed o'er thy path it shall remain,
And never more deceive,
And it shall sparkle out again,
To light thy quiet eve;
Flinging a radiance o'er past years,
And brightening all thy fallen tears.

'Mother! perhaps the poet's wreath,
May ne'er be twined for me;
Perhaps I was not made to breathe
In lofty poesy;—
Yet still I know thy tender love
Will think it melody;
Thy partial ear will still approve,
However weak it be;
And thou wilt love the words that start,
Thus from the fulness of the heart.'—pp. 65—67.

The reader will find many other pieces in this volume, which will please his fancy, should he happen to have a quiet mind, and chance to be seated under a shady tree, and near some stripling of a brook that sings in unison with Miss Browne.

Bravo, Mr. Deakin! we never by any chance heard of thy odd name before, but whatever thy verses may be, thy preface is at all events original. Here is a young varlet of a poet, who tells us that 'it is the practice of some authors, by an *affection* (sic) of frankness and a half-anticipating condemnation of themselves *in initio*, to attempt to disarm the wrath of the critic, and the irreverence of the reader; I humbly beg to be excused doing either—it would be an overweening piece of superciliousness—a species of mock modesty—a harlot attired in the garments of innocence,' &c. &c. After all this, and a Latin quotation to back his effrontery, he says, 'and it is with *moral* confidence that I have the *honour* of concluding my Preface to the Public!' As to the honour of concluding his preface, we know not where that was found; but when he speaks of moral confidence, we must presume that he means confidence in his morality, in which he is sufficiently justifiable. His strains are very much akin to those of Miss Browne; like her, he is given to what may be called the amiabilities of piety and sentiment, and writes in limpid and agreeable style. We have the honour of transcribing from his collection one poem, which will afford a specimen of the rest.

'Oh, didst thou ever gaze upon the deep rich crimson bloom
Of Evening, when she sheds around her shadow and perfume,
When scarce a silken zephyr sighs, and not a sound is heard,
Save tinkling fountain welling near, or voice of lonely bird,

When twilight draws her line of light along the vesper sea,
And stars! those barks of bliss above, with sails are swelling free.
And tranquil murmurs musing steal beneath the deep red sky,
And all is peace where'er we turn the contemplative eye?

'In such a holy hour as this, when the hush'd heart is still,
And the crimson tide within flows like a coral rill,
'Tis sweet to wander then and watch the starry realms above,
When love is all we look upon, and all below is love:
When no cloud is on the heart, and no cloud is on the sky,
And sweet sounds whisper to the soul from seraphs shrined on high,
That calm intense that speaks and tells more eloquently far,
Than were the shouts of millions raised and roll'd from star to star.

'A calm that almost makes us pray; a holy calm of prayer,
That prompts the soul, like fount, to fling its waters on the air;
And all the darker feelings ebb, like ocean's gloomy tide,
Or into placid beauty turn, as clouds the moon beside.
O wander forth with me, my love! O wander forth with me,
And launch the vessel of thy thoughts on yonder crystal sea:
Look through the purple gloom of Eve, unto the zenith bright,
For whilst thou look'st on heaven thyself, thou'rt heaven unto my sight.

'See, how I pluck this crimson flower! 'tis bathed in vesper dew,
It sparkles like thy blushing cheek with rich and modest hue:
And oh! the liquid on its leaf so frosty that appears,
'Tis like thy cheek of beauty too, when pearl'd with sorrow's tears.
And see this glow-worm in thy path, that flings its radiance wide,
'Tis like thy brow of pleasantness in summer's glowing pride.
And hark! the lyrist of the Eve, whose pausing notes we hear;
They're like thy tones, most musical that revel in the ear!

'O come with me and gaze on stars, and scent the dewy flowers,
And listen to the waterfalls that lull the lapsing hours:
Come watch with me yon river glide, "like happiness away,"
And how yon mountain peak almost anticipates the day:
O come with me beneath the shade of yonder dusky wood,
Nay—closer cling unto my heart, nor fear its solitude;
For, though the settled sun has shed a deeper darkness there,
Its very stillness communes with the heart that throbs with prayer!

'Then come with me, thou cherish'd one, and I to thee will tell
Where angels plume their diamond wings, where cherub, seraph, dwell,
Who through yon jewell'd shrine of night, that spreads its fane above,
Rolls orb on orb in glory forth, in plenitude of love:
Who in his clasped hand upholds the sun's majestic sway,
Who says unto the night, "Go forth—go forth" unto the day!
O come with me, my cherish'd one, there's peace unto us given,
The prayer is pausing on our lips! let's waft it up to Heaven!'

pp. 118—224.

The Author of the "Portfolio of the Martyr-Student," has been, he says, in Germany lately, and he tells a romantic tale of the manner in which he came by the poems which he now publishes. The writer of them, he would have us believe, was a German youth of intense poetical feeling, who, upon his removal to a university, was

so ambitious of distinguishing himself in his pursuits, that he fell a martyr to them. This, of course, is a fiction, intended merely to inform us that the poems were produced by a second Byron, a man who knew not how to cool the fires that burned in his breast. The compositions which we have before us do not always indicate the presence of a muse; at the same time it may not be denied that they merit a high rank in the scale of minor poetry, as the following example will sufficiently prove.

'When tender feelings fondly twine
  Themselves around another's breast,
And 'neath all skies that frown or shine,
  Seek there and there alone to rest:—
When they have clung so firmly there,
  Like ivy to the forest tree,
That he who would their tendrils tear
  From thence must make them cease to be:—
When they have thrown their beauty round
  Some sightless soul, deform'd, and rent,
And been what flowers are to the ground,
  Its covering and its ornament:
Oh! when they thus so truly cling,
  And find their fondest clasps betray'd,
And feel the poor, the worthless thing,
  Though leafless, sapless, and decay'd
With puny efforts, strive to shake
  Their warm fidelity away,
And bid them, with their fondness, make
  The whirlwind and the storm their stay:
No wonder that they droop and die—
  No wonder that their days are o'er—
That, trampled on by scorn, they lie
  To bloom in life and light no more!'—pp. 157, 158.

Our Scottish brethren, who are the most numerous among the minor poets, will doubtless be delighted with the 'Pilgrim of the Hebrides.' We are neither pleased nor displeased with this versified tour; we stand with relation to it in a state of happy indifference. It neither shook us with laughter, nor melted us to tears. We wish the Pilgrim a happy journey. He philosophizes and rhymes with so much facility, that we can easily imagine him carrying on a soliloquy for two or three successive days upon the beauties of a biscuit, or some such equally arid affair.

A much more interesting traveller have we in Mr. Maude, whose lay comes before us with the *imprimatur* of no less an authority than that of Moore. Upon the compliments of poets to each other, we are aware little value is to be placed. Mr. Maude's verses, however, really do deserve to be read; they have been written, or at least revised, with classical care as well as taste. They tell us of the author's feelings on quitting England, where

it appears he cannot, unfortunately, get married, and his delight in visiting Paris, Waterloo, and all the other lions of the continent. We are sure that some of our fair readers will take pity on Mr. Maude, when they read his apostrophe to female beauty.

'Oh beauty! female beauty!—if amid
These savage scenes I may apostrophise
Thy softness—whether in wild valleys hid,
Or blooming peerless in life's opener skies,
What charm can match the love that fills thine eyes?
Tedious without thee, joy hath slight regard;
From thy sweet presence low distraction flies;—
In Alpine dell, Parisian boulevard,
But chief in home retired,—thy sphere and thy reward!

'Thou mak'st the world a garden: in thy light
All things a deeper loveliness assume;
Nor wholly dark is ev'n affliction's night,
If thy dear eyes the dreary depth illume,
Cheer the sad heart, and mitigate the gloom.
Yon low-roofed cot, with Beauty for its queen,
Outshines Versailles—since Marie's ruthless doom:
What are the pillared dome, the terraced green,
If beauty deign not add her sweetness to the scene?

'What resting-place like her dear bosom sweet,
For man's o'erwearied heart? and whither, say,
Since Adam found his Eden incomplete
Without her, flies he in affliction's day,
Save to that home of love? Her heart for aye
Is home,—and home *without* her heart is none;
In sickness and in sorrow she her ray
Of love withdraws not,—life's benigner sun—
Our all in all on earth—our heaven on earth begun!'—pp. 30, 31.

If the number of tragedies, and other dramas which are printed, were compared with those which ill-starred managers, or their deputies, have to read in manuscript, we should undoubtedly have to congratulate ourselves on the difference. And if we, who examine only the printed dramas, have reason to complain of the fatuity which leads every unfledged bard to try his hand in this species of composition, what head-aches, what groans must afflict the poor devil who, in some remote room behind the scenes, is obliged to wade through the piles of trash in opera, farce, and comedy, pantomime, burletta, and tragedy, which are left at the theatres for inspection, with a desire that they be forthwith produced.

'Montmorency' was never acted, save within the precincts of a private theatre. It is founded upon the treason of the Duke of that illustrious name, and is the first of a series of historical and other dramas which, if the public approve of this example, are to be brought forth in due season. We, as a part of the public, enter

our protest against Mr. Montague doing any such thing. If his private acting of his own compositions give him or his friends amusement, let them enjoy it to the end of their days; but we pray him not to inflict his tragic writings, at all events, upon the public. The specimen now before us is nothing but a continuation of tiresome scenes; the language is feeble and puerile, the characters are a set of old women. Some of the minor poems are readable, but we have found in them neither imagery nor diction entitled to particular notice.

ART. XII.—*The History and Antiquities of the Abbey, and Cathedral Church of Bristol. Illustrated by a Series of Engravings of Views, Elevations, Plans, and Details of that Edifice: with Biographical Anecdotes of Eminent Persons connected with the Establishment.* By John Britton, F.S.A. M.R.S.L., &c. 4to. London: Longman and Co. 1830.

WE have had no such man as Mr. Britton, in this country, for centuries. By individual enterprize, industry and peculiar ability, he has done more during thirty years than the whole race of what are called the patrons of the arts, to establish in the public mind a taste for the true principles of architectural excellence. The illustration of the Cathedrals of England, graphically as well as by literature, was a stupendous task for one man to contemplate as within the scope of his own personal ability. Hundreds may possess the ambition to accomplish such a work, but how few are there that will consent to abandon the thousand short roads to independence, and embark in an enterprize where profit is contingent on the soundness of the public taste, or the warmth of the public gratitude. We hope that it is not from any failure in his expectations from both that Mr. Britton is induced to indulge in those reminiscences of his early life, with which are mingled some aspirations towards another and a different career from that which he has chosen.

'It has been his destiny,' Mr. Britton says of himself, 'to labour to get his own living by exerting the faculties with which nature has endowed him, and by these, he hopes to enrol the name of Britton, amongst the worthies of his county and country, although he may fail to emblazon it in letters of gold.'—Preface, p. v.

And a little afterwards—

'Had the author of this volume been apprenticed in Bristol forty-five years ago, as recommended about that time, he is persuaded that he would have been enabled, by the same assiduity and zeal which he has exerted in literature, to have obtained a seat in the Corporation of that respectable city.'—ib.

The very thought of such a man as Mr. Britton being lost to the empire in a provincial alderman, is enough to drive us into a fever. What, to live and die like a sloth—eat his sensual path up to the top of the tree of life, and then tumble down into oblivion or igno-

miny; to abandon choirs, and vaulted roofs, and long drawn aisles, for the mimic architecture of the cunning, and not to be despised, in his way, pastry cook; to become an investigator of sauces; a collector of soys, and a patron of caviare; to measure the dimensions not of a chancel or a vestibule, but of a Guildhall table on the day of a banquet; to admire the proportions of a sir-loin, and take the elevation of a plum-pudding; and, alas, to know nothing of *carving*—beautiful art!—except in its modern capacity as a pioneer to the appetite; is this the occupation for his body and mind, which Mr. Britton now sighs to remember that he had once abandoned? Yet we doubt not but the innate love of ancient art would be still too strong in his heart not to prompt him to do something that would raise him above the degree of an Alderman. A Guildhall, in the Cathedral style, at least, would ere this have adorned Bristol, and its clumsy Court of Justice would have been undoubtedly swept away, and during the mayoralty of Mr. Britton, the public windows would be stained, and some beautiful monsters be appended to the civic cornices; or if out-voted in the Common Council, Mr. Britton might have taken his disappointment to heart, and there would be no more heard of him. How then could England be indemnified for the loss of those pictorial registers which multiply a thousand times over, as it were, those monuments of art, in which she embodied the sublimest conceptions of the Divinity to whom they were dedicated? Who was to carry far and wide the living images of those grand structures? No, not even for the sake of Mr. Britton himself; not even to make him rich and influential; not even though it might lead to the possession of a coach and four, or a yacht on the channel, with sundry other blessings with which members of Corporations are so conversant,—not for all this should we consent to an alteration in his destiny, such a one at least, as would have excluded him from Cathedrals, and quenched the love of ancient art, which, still as he goes, burns with a steady light.

With his usual patient and impartial diligence, Mr. Britton investigates the ancient history of Bristol Cathedral. The date of its origin, as the seat of a diocese, is so late as 1542, it having been previously the conventical Church of St. Augustine's Abbey. Nothing very remarkable occurs in his account of the edifice, or of the lives of the Bishops, who successively occupied the See of Bristol. In the interior of the Church, Mr. Britton notices a peculiar, and he believes unique example of construction which deserves the attention of the antiquarian and the architect. In almost all Churches, the aisles are lower than the nave and choir, "which are supported or strengthened by flying buttresses, extending from the side walls of the former to other larger buttresses, against the aisles." A new principle has been adopted in Bristol Cathedral, for the arches between the choir and aisles rise as high as the central vaulting, and the side windows of the aisles correspond in height. Hence both the choir and aisles are lighted by the lateral windows. This, and

some other peculiar beauties which characterize this edifice, are shown to great advantage in the plates annexed by our author. From personal observation, we can attest the minute accuracy of the details of the engravings; and as to the effect, we certainly do say that it is almost as imposing as the original itself. We can also answer for the completeness of the account of the monuments, which are contained in the Cathedral.

ART. XIII.—*The Family Library, Nos.* 11, 12; *and No.* 1 *of the Dramatic Series.* Murray: 1830.

THE life of Columbus occupies the first of these volumes. It is a very happy miniature, by Mr. W. Irving, of the noble full length picture of the illustrious Navigator, which the American writer had some time since given to the world.

Volume 12th contains a reprint, with some amendments, of Mr. Southey's Life of Nelson,—a work which, as long as the English language is understood, will be regarded as one of the finest monuments that genius ever raised to valour. Half the utility of a great example of any virtue is lost, if it be not celebrated in a suitable manner. The nation is happy indeed that can boast of such a hero as Nelson; but still happier is that country which, with a Nelson, possesses also a historian worthy of recording his actions,—sharing himself in that immortality which his pen confers. The secondary title of Southey's Life of Nelson should be—or, Sailor's Manual.

The Dramatic Series of the Family Library has been planned in such a manner, as to promise to make it one of the most important features of that admirable collection. Hitherto there has been scarcely any attempt—certainly no successful one—at opening the immense mine of poetical treasure, which is to be found in the works of those dramatists who flourished cotemporaneously with the mightiest of them all. Mr. Charles Lamb vindicated the truth of his instinct, when he so constantly adverted in his various writings to those early productions; and we believe that he took a vast deal of trouble to diffuse a general taste for their beauties. We do not know what the fate was of an octavo volume of excerpts from the old dramatists, published some years ago, we believe, under his auspices; but it would seem that its reception was not very encouraging, since the remainder of the materials which Mr. Lamb had in his possession, were transferred by him to other hands. We do not wonder at the comparative failure which, we have no doubt, this volume experienced; for it was scarcely a whit more exempt from the objections which existed to the indiscriminate circulation of the originals themselves. Mr. Lamb, we really believe, had too pure a mind to comprehend the mischievous or offensive character of many passages which he retained. The book was certainly not fit for *female* reading, and long may it be the glorious distinction

of our literature, that every work which is remarkable for its popularity, shall also be remarkable for its innocence. But why have we had no better attempt made, either before or afterwards, up to the present publication, to familiarize the reading public with Massinger and Ford, and these real masters of the art of poetry, whose achievements, though so long ago crowned with applause, are now only, for the first time, about to be restored to that inheritance of fame which they should sooner have begun to enjoy? The reason may be fanciful, but we cannot find a better. There were two classes of persons who cultivated these dramatists: the one description is well represented by Mr. Lamb; they were persons who truly felt all the beauties of these authors, but in the fulness of their admiration, they confounded with what was commendable, that which certainly ought to have been concealed. Of the number of selections prepared by the men of this class, none that we know of attained even the stage of printing in its progress to the public, but the work of Mr. Lamb. The other class to which we allude was composed of persons, who, like Mr. Gifford, had a just relish for the merits of the early dramatists, but who also joined to it the ambition of a commentator. They know but little of the history of literature who are not aware of the enthusiastic attachment which a commentator is sure to contract for the works of his principal. Every line of them is sacred in his eyes, and no part of them must be subjected to the slightest disparagement. Under such circumstances how foolish it would be to expect a selection out of the pages of the early dramatists from such an admirer of them as Mr. Gifford? We do not wonder, therefore, that our popular literature was so long deprived of its natural property. We rather rejoice that the task of restoration has been destined to wait for the editor of the present volume, who though he does not lack a becoming partiality for his subject, does not yet suffer his judgment to be blinded, or his sense of decorum to be blunted; he goes practically to his work with an exact estimate of what he has to perform, and is one of the few editors that we know of, who, upon such ticklish occasions has no favourite little propensity of his own to fondle at the bottom of every page. We have blessed our stars upwards of one hundred times that he is no philologist, and consequently we may expect that he will keep his temper, and be very humane to the end of the chapter. Upon the principle that the excitement of wrath should be in the inverse ratio as the insignificance of the question in dispute, these syllable combatants have afforded clouds of testimony as to the nothingness of their general controversies. We doubt even if the green-eyed monster himself has been fertile in more numerous and disastrous broils than the settlement of a single word in the text of an ancient author. Burke never suffered half so much anxiety for his beloved impeachment,

as did Ritson for a Newcastle ballad. In that amusing accomplishment, black letter erudition, our editor is likewise most laudably deficient; we are therefore able to understand his explanations, to see and feel their pertinence and use, and be benefitted by them. We take it to be a decisive test also of the gentleman's general fitness for the office in which he appears, that he has begun the series with Massinger, as it is a proof that we are not to be pestered with long-drawn affectations about the earlier drama. We have seen one of the numbers of what is called a cheap edition of the old English dramatists, now we believe in course of publication. A specimen of the good sense which guides this aerial excursion, is seen in the fact that it begins with a very high antique, denominated in Christian language, "Ralph Royster D'Oyster," which, as far as our comprehension extends, is nearly as intelligible as the figures of speech that ornament the pyramids of Egypt. The total freedom from all these faults is perhaps one of the best recommendations which the volume possesses, both of itself and of its kinsfolk that are to be. Neither eccentric in his tastes, nor garrulous of his knowledge, the editor of this series is liberal of explanation and elucidation too, where they are called for by any verbal difficulty in the text. Cases of obvious necessity alone, however, obtain his interference; he supplies the requisite assistance, without obtruding it; sometimes from his own resources, at others, from unobjectionable authorities.—A better Cicerone, in short, could not be found than himself to conduct us over the resuscitated magnificence of our dramatic Herculaneum.

NOTICES.

Art. XIV.—*Elements of Natural History: or an Introduction to Systematic Zoology, chiefly according to the Classification of Linnæus, and aided by the method of Artificial memory.* By John Howard Hinton, M.A. 4to. Holdsworth and Ball. 1830.

We have not for a long time met with any plan connected with the important interests of education, half so ingenious, as the one contained in this volume, for teaching, and causing to be remembered too—which is of nearly as much consequence—that most curious science—Zoology. The assistance of the plates being absolutely necessary to a clear elucidation of the scheme, we should be apprehensive of communicating to the public a very unjust impression concerning it, were we to attempt to describe it merely by words. Those who have devoted themselves to this science, or who purpose to do so, and have resolved to pursue it systematically, will find this a very desirable plan to adopt in their studies, as it is extremely simple, and attended with neither trouble nor expense.

ART. XV.—*Conversations on the Natural Geography of Europe and Africa, &c. &c., being a continuation of "Domestic Instruction."* By Mrs. Matthias. In two volumes. 18mo. London: Seeley and Sons. 1830.

WHATEVER opinion was formerly expressed in this journal upon the merits of Mrs. Matthias' "Domestic Instruction," we can have no difficulty in recommending the little work now before us as one extremely well calculated to initiate young minds, not only in the Geography of Europe and Africa, but also in the natural aspect and productions of those two continents. The plan is very simple. A family gather together—a large map is spread out before them, and the mother, the best of all teachers, carries on with her children a familiar conversation; in the course of which she makes them acquainted with the outlines of the countries indicated on the chart, and at the same time with the birds, and beasts, the remarkable insects, scenery, fish, &c., which they exhibit or produce. This mode of instruction gives to children an interest which otherwise they are not generally apt to take in Geography,—a study, which from our own experience, we thought in the days of our boyhood to have been expressly devised for our perpetual torment. How could we ever expect to remember the names of so many mountains, rivers, countries, cities, and towns? Mrs. Matthias' work also implants betimes in the mind, a love for natural history, than which we know of no branch of knowledge more desirable for persons in every station. It makes a man feel at home in the forest, on the top of the mountain, as well as by his fire-side.

ART. XVI.—*The right of Dom Miguel to the throne of Portugal, incontrovertibly established, and his character vindicated from the calumnious charges of usurpation, perjury, and cruelty.* By W——r, Esq. 8vo. pp. 28. London: Wood and Son. 1830.

THE personage who now occupies the throne of Portugal, is, as our readers are aware, no great favourite of ours. We believe that we may say as much for nine hundred and ninety nine thousand out of every million of men in England. There never was a foreign prince, we believe, not even excepting Ferdinand of Spain himself, in such bad odour in this country as the present ruler of Portugal. Even Miguel, however, has, it appears, friends and able advocates amongst us. They have not yet succeeded, we believe, to any extent in instilling their convictions into John Bull; but still our motto is,—hear both sides of every question.

The little pamphlet, whose title we have above transcribed, is a shrewd and clever performance. It contains, within a narrow compass, an argument in favour of Miguel's right to the throne, and it attempts to vindicate him from a few of the thousand charges which have blackened his character in this country. The argument is well put.

'The framers of the resolutions of the Cortes of Lamego, in the year 1139, appear to have been chiefly anxious to guard against the accession of a foreign prince to the throne; for they allege as a reason for the enactment of the law, relative to the manner in which females should inherit,

that they do not wish that the people should be constrained to obey any king not *born* a Portuguese.

'Donna Maria was not *born* a Portuguese; her succession to the throne would therefore be contrary to the intentions of the framers of the resolutions of Lamego.

'The following are the resolutions, which were proposed to King Dom Juan, the founder of the Braganza dynasty, and accepted by him. The reader will recollect that the Portuguese, weary of the Spanish yoke, renounced their allegiance to Philip IV of Spain, and conferred the crown on the Duke of Braganza, much in the same way as they have lately done on Dom Miguel. Resolutions II. and III. of the popular delegates, contain among others the following:

'"That the sovereign, who is to be such over this kingdom of Portugal, *be a natural and legitimate Portuguese, born in the kingdom,* and held bound to dwell and personally abide therein," &c.

'Donna Maria is *not a natural and legitimate Portuguese, born in the kingdom; ergo,* she cannot succeed to the throne, not possessing the requisite qualifications. Dom Pedro did not dwell and personally abide therein; *ergo,* he could not be sovereign of the kingdom of Portugal, though he had not abdicated.

'"Let it be further ordained, that when the kings, princes, and infantas of this realm, marry in foreign kingdoms, special clauses be inserted in their marriage contracts, stipulating that their *issue* should not herein succeed," &c.

'Though it is probable that such clauses were not inserted in Dom Pedro's marriage contract, yet he is bound by the intentions of the framers of these laws, which was to exclude the issue of kings, princes, &c., *marrying in foreign kingdoms.* Under this clause Donna Maria as *issue* of Dom Pedro is also excluded from the succession.

'The first resolution of the nobility, after dwelling on the policy of requiring in the prince, who would reign over them, the various qualifications enumerated in this first resolution, proceeds—

'"That the person holding the supreme power ought to be an original inhabitant of the said kingdom, *therein born* and *educated,* in order that he may know his subjects and love them as countrymen."

'Donna Maria is not an original inhabitant of the said kingdom, *therein born and educated*; *ergo,* she cannot succeed to the throne.

'"The estate of the nobility pray your majesty in the first

'Dom Pedro, as Emperor of Brazil, *is* a foreign prince, there-

place to be pleased to order a law to be enacted, by which it may be ordained that the succession of this kingdom shall not at any time come to a *foreign prince*, nor to his children, notwithstanding they may be next of kin to the last in possession."

fore the succession to the throne of Portugal cannot *devolve on him*; nor on his children, notwithstanding they may be *next of kin to the last in possession*. Donna Maria is therefore also excluded by this resolution.

' "Further, that when it happens that the sovereign of these realms succeeds *to any larger* kingdom or lordship, he shall always *be bound to reside in this;* and having two or more male children, that the *eldest* shall succeed to the foreign kingdom, and *the second* to *this* one of Portugal, to whom the oath of allegiance is to be taken as the lawful sovereign and successor thereto.

' John VI did possess a *larger* kingdom; he also resided in Portugal, and having two male children, the *eldest, i. e.* Dom Pedro, succeeds to the foreign kingdom; the *second, i. e.* Dom Miguel, *to this one of Portugal*, to whom allegiance is therefore due as the lawful sovereign and successor thereto.

' "The thirty-fourth resolution urges, that a law be enacted ordaining all future sovereigns *to take the oath* before they are proclaimed and acknowledged, which oath the king says he had himself taken, and that the same be done by his successors."

Dom Pedro *did not take the oath*, he could not therefore be proclaimed and acknowledged.

' The ecclesiastical estate it appears did also enter into resolutions, which as far as they relate to the succession are precisely similar in spirit and intent. These resolutions were adopted by the founder of the Braganza dynasty, who affirms, that of his own free option and full knowledge, as well as with plenary, absolute, and royal power, that in and for every thing the same be fulfilled and kept, and have effect, equally as entire as he has so willed and declared in each of the answers aforesaid, &c.'

It is very certain, that our government, from the beginning of the negotiations concerning Portugal, reserved the personal rights of Miguel to the throne; but after all, the question is now more likely to be settled by the sword than by the pen.

Art. XVII.—*Reasons in favour of a Moderate and Constitutional Reform of the Commons House of Parliament, in a Letter to Viscount Althorp, M. P. from Charles Eyston, Esq.* 8vo. pp. 20. Abingdon: C. Evans. London: Baldwin & Co. Reading: Cowslade & Co. 1830.

Mr. Eyston is a gentleman of property in Berkshire, whose talents we hope the public will, at no distant period, have an opportunity of appreciating in the House of Commons. This pamphlet shews that he can

write well, and we happen to know that he can speak well, accomplishments which are essential requisites in a useful legislator. Though liberal in his political principles, Mr. Eyston is by no means a friend of sweeping measures. The reform which he proposes has nothing in common with Annual Parliaments, universal suffrage, and election by ballot, all of which he looks upon as highly objectionable. He considers that such towns as Birmingham, Leeds, and Manchester, ought not to be without representatives; that the influence of the peerage in the lower house is an evil of appalling magnitude, and in order to diminish it, he thinks that all decayed boroughs reduced below a population of two or three thousand inhabitants, ought to be allowed to return one member only, and that the withdrawn members should be transferred to large counties and towns. One member he would allow still to remain for the decayed places, as he admits 'the necessity of some small boroughs which may give seats in Parliament to the ministers, and to useful men of business, who cannot secure their re-election for popular places.' Mr. Eyston further proposes 'the extension of the elective franchise in counties to respectable copyholders and lease-holders,' as he justly feels that the character of this description of persons is altered since the time when the franchise was limited to freeholders. The franchises of corporate bodies he would also have extended to all resident householders paying a certain sum in taxes or local rates. Above all things he is anxious to see bribes completely put down, by making him who gives, as well as him who receives them, amenable to the law, and the expense of county elections diminished by having the poll taken at more than one place. This is a summary of Mr. Eyston's suggestions, and we think no man of common sense can read them without admitting that they are at once safe and practicable, and that before long they must be adopted.

Art. XVIII.—*The Tradesman's Law Library: consisting of Familiar Treatises on the Laws, which Tradesmen in general, for their governance, in the ordinary affairs of business, ought to be conversant with, or have an opportunity of immediately referring to, as occasions may arise.* By G. H. Tompson, Attorney at Law. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 1024. London: 1830.

It would be impossible to find a more accurate, and every way a happier description of what a book ought to be, than we have in the preface of this work, and we have only to lament that a project so well conceived, did not receive its full development from the luminous pen of its author. Mr. Tompson proposes by this book, to arm every person in trade, who is not invincibly abandoned to litigation, with such a knowledge of the law, as will enable him to keep at a civil distance from its embrace. No greater service could be rendered to the public by an officer of the law, than the accomplishment of such an undertaking—but we fear that such a work is still a desideratum, as we shall shew. In the first place, the law of Landlord and Tenant is altogether omitted, being, as all the world knows, a source of as much misapprehension, and consequently, of irrational litigation amongst the trading classes, as almost any other part of our code, except, perhaps, the construction of wills, with reference to which, our au-

thor too, very curiously, maintains a profound silence. Then there is the like strict oblivion as to the laws which relate to Saving Banks—to Friendly Societies—and—the most remarkable suppression of all—the law of Patents. Not one word of the law of Patents in a Tradesman's Law Library! We could swell our list so as literally to astonish our readers. But it is not only for sins of omission that we are compelled to overhaul Mr. Thompson- we have charges of commission also to arraign him for. What advantage, may we ask, is there in devoting an immense portion of this volume to the exposition of the law of bankruptcy, since all the knowledge in the world that a man may have of this law will certainly have little weight in preventing him from becoming a bankrupt? He who falls into that pitiable character, cannot help himself—he is not the victim of ignorance—nor is he ensnared by his love of litigation, and consequently, cannot alter his fate, however conversant with the law. Let us suppose that he becomes a bankrupt—does he not instantly resign all controul of his affairs? Is he not given up body and soul to attornies? Must he not submit in spite of him to have his transactions administered according to the law of other men? The answer to this of necessity supplies a reason of irresistible force, why the law of bankruptcy should have been considerably abridged, if it were only to make room for matter much more appropriate.

We are sorry to be compelled to find fault with the production of one who we think possesses the very best qualifications for succeeding in the enterprise in which he has embarked, and whilst we say that the realization of the project which is here pointed out is still a desideratum, we, at the same time, readily acknowledge, that no man is better able to supply it than Mr. Tompson.

Art. XIX.—*The Ecclesiastical Polity, and other Works of Richard Hooker; with his Life, by Isaac Walton, and Strype's Interpolations. To which are now first added the "Christian Letter" to Mr. Hooker, and Dr. Covell's just and temperate Defence in reply to it, accompanied by an Introduction, a Life of Thomas Cartwright, B.D., and numerous notes.* By Benjamin Hanbury. Three vols., large 8vo. London: Holdsworth and Ball. 1830.

The works of Hooker were re-issued some time since from the Clarendon Press at Oxford, and with many others, for whose judgment we entertain great respect, we thought the edition did not abound in those tokens of editorial care and attention, which the text of this great champion of the church deserved, and to a certain extent, indeed, indispensibly required. The process of collation seemed to have troubled the delegates of the press but very little, although few of the great writers of his age has suffered more than Hooker from the negligence of printers; and what was of still more consequence, no attempt was made by note or comment to supply explanations, or place in its true light an ambiguous passage, in a work written at a period so distant and so differently circumstanced from our own. What is the consequence! Why that Hooker has been picked up by the enemy, and that under the plausible announcement of his text being faithfully restored, and his writings completed, and with the further recommendation of these writings being variously illustrated, Hooker is

sent forth to the world under the auspices of a fierce non-conformist, shorn of his strength, his arguments crippled and girded down by the antagonist force of a bold and impressive commentator.

The Ecclesiastical Polity, the standard defence of the English Establishment, has thus become a practical suicide, an annihilation of itself. The spirit in which Mr. Hanbury has proceeded in his work, will be seen in the following short extracts.

'The "fearful" Church of England is immeasurably behind the state, in adapting herself to the progress of knowledge and liberality.'—*Introduction*, p. xix.

'The power claimed by the Church of England is a most important and dangerous power, not fit to be trusted, and therefore never was trusted, with any fallible uninspired men: such a rude invasion of Christ's Church every sober Christian ought to resist.'—*Ib.* p. xxxii.

In truth the present edition is nothing more than a controversial answer to Hooker's chosen arguments; and urged, as they are, with learning, ability, and a tone of authority that is likely to overawe inexperience, and obtain the confidence of the timid, we have no hesitation in saying that the friends of the Church at Oxford have good reason to lament the imperfection of their skill in tactics.

ART. XX.—*Rouge et Noir, and Versailles.* Poems by Wm. Read, Esq. One vol. 12mo. Third Edition. London: Longman and Co. 1830.

WE are glad to have a proof of the extensive circulation of this work, because we take a great interest in the diffusion of every legitimate means of stemming the progress of a gigantic vice. Such an abomination as gambling forms the natural quarry which satire should pursue, and we have every reason to expect that the terse and forcible numbers, in which Mr. Read has denounced or ridiculed this vice, will obtain admission for its salutary warnings and counsels, in quarters which are not easily approached by more formal monitors.

ART. XXI.—*The Veracity of the Five Books of Moses, argued from the undesigned Coincidences to be found in them, when compared in their several parts.* By the Rev. J. J. Blunt. 8vo. London: J. Murray. 1830.

THERE is no task which requires the exercise of more delicate skill than that of deducing the truth of any part of the Sacred Scriptures, from evidence unconnected with its Divine authority. We firmly believe that the hands of infidelity have been greatly strengthened by the injudicious speculations in this way of several well meaning divines. We never open a book which professes to have an object of this nature in view without fear and trembling, lest, through the inadequacy of the advocate, the great cause of Revelation may be compromised. It is, perhaps, sufficient praise of Mr. Blunt's labours, that he has given no room for such apprehensions—and we think his clever and very ingenious web of argument will be read with pleasure, as it certainly must be with profit.

ART. XXII.—1. *A System of Geography for the Use of Schools and Private Students, on a new and easy plan, from the latest and best authorities, including also the Elements of Astronomy, an account of the Solar System, and a variety of Problems to be solved by the Terrestrial and Celestial Globes.* By Thomas Ewing. Twelfth edition, with maps, 6*s*. 6*d*. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1829.

2. *A Compendium of Modern Geography, with remarks on the physical peculiarities, productions, commerce, and government of the various countries; questions for examination at the end of each division; and Descriptive Tables, in which are given the pronunciation, and a concise account of every place of importance throughout the Globe. Illustrated by ten maps.* By the Rev. A. Stewart. Second edition, 3*s*. 6*d*. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1830.

WHAT amazing strides towards perfection have been of late years made in the books which are employed for the instruction of youth! In our early days we remember the literary jackalls for the schools used to write and prepare works in such a way, as if they took it for granted that the child to be taught was a profound savant, and that he knew every thing that could be learned upon any given subject. At last men of reflection and experience of the world applied themselves to the important duty of totally altering the plan of book instruction, and to such a pitch have their successive improvements been carried, that at the present moment this department of our literature is scarcely susceptible of a further advance in excellency. What admirable elementary books are the two which stand at the head of this article; how elaborate and yet how simple; how precisely exact, and still how abounding—how superfluously crowded we had almost said—with details interesting as they are important. We will not venture to enter into any comparison between the two, but we cannot avoid saying that they are highly creditable to Scottish talent and acuteness, and are superior to anything of the sort in England.

ART. XXIII.—*A Statement of the Principles and Objects of a proposed National Society, for the Cure and Prevention of Pauperism, by means of Systematic Colonization.* London: James Ridgway. 1830.

IT is not perhaps generally known that a Provisional Committee is now in existence, and is actively engaged in laying the foundation of a National Society to promote the colonization of the poor of this country on a plan that professes to be superior to any others now in operation. The present pamphlet may be regarded as the manifesto of this Committee. It sets out with stating that if the whole uninhabited territory which England has at her disposal, were in such a position as to be easily accessible to her inhabitants, then her population might exert its utmost capacity of increase without a check. But as the waste lands, over which that excess of population which exists at home might spread itself, are at an inconvenient distance, the disposition to emigrate is very considerably depressed It being assumed, then, that the cost of passage alone prevents numbers of the poorest classes from emigrating from this country,

a question arises,—" may passage, *cost free*, be provided for such a number of paupers as would, during many years at least, relieve this country of its excess of population." The author of the pamphlet argues that such a project is possible, and he proceeds with great ability and abundance of curious and important information, to expound the details of a plan by which a useful system of emigration might be put in activity, which system could be ultimately made to pay for itself. To the execution of this plan we confess we see obstacles that are perfectly insurmountable; and we are sure that those who are at all acquainted with public affairs, and know how intractable they are to anything like complicated machinery, will take a similar view of this proposal. But the pamphlet is very well worthy the serious attention of those who are anxious on the great problems of population and emigration.

Art. XXIV.—*Popular Lectures on the Study of Natural History and the Sciences, Vegetable Physiology, Zoology, Animal and Vegetable Poisons, &c., as delivered before the Isle of Wight Philosophical Society.* By Wm. Lempriere, M.D. One vol. 8vo. Second Edition. London: Whittaker and Co. 1830.

Those who stand in need of a sound, lucid, and ample digest of the principal facts hitherto established in the various branches of Natural Science, cannot do better than become conversant with this volume. They will find it very curious in its information, very striking and satisfactory in its reflections, and a constant reference to the origin of that wonderful system of contrivance, which is so visible in every part of nature, and which is so well calculated to imbue the feelings that best become a rational being in this world.

Art. XXV.—*Letters to the Right Honourable the Lord K———, on the Rights of Succession to Scottish Peerages; with an Appendix.* By E. Lockhart. 8vo. pp. 46. Edinburgh: William Tait. London: J. Ridgway.

This little pamphlet raises a very curious and important question, which we dare say, sooner or later, will call for the consideration of the legislature. The author contends, that a peer of Scotland, if challenged as to his right to assume a title, need not, as peers so situated do, appeal to the House of Lords to establish his title, he need only apply to the Court of Session in Scotland, or to the next meeting of peers assembled to elect a representative peer of that country. However, certain resolutions of the Lords, in 1822, seem to be totally at variance with such an independent right; and the gist of this small work seems to be to remind all those concerned, that the ancient law of Scotland, which existed before the Union, and which was confirmed by that measure, cannot be overturned by the resolutions of one branch merely of the legislature, but that, in order to have authority, a regulation such as the Lords' resolutions embody, must have the sanction of the Commons and the King beside. There are numerous questions resembling those which Mr. Lockhart has now thrown into the arena of discussion, connected both with Scotland and Ireland, that must remain in abeyance.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

We have received a second edition of Sir Henry Parnell's able and valuable work upon financial reform; in which some errors that crept into the first impression, in consequence of the Hon. Baronet's absence from town while it was in the press, are corrected. In its present form, it is decidedly the most useful, as well as the most intelligible guide to the financial state and prospects of this country that we know of.

Pressure of matter of a more temporary nature, has hitherto prevented us from noticing the new and very beautiful edition of the Waverley novels, now in progress. It has already reached as far as the Heart of Mid-Lothian, and for type and illustrations, stands unrivalled. We may take an early opportunity of examining the interesting additions to each work which Sir Walter has made, and in the mean time, we recommend the subscribers to secure for their copies, the exquisite *landscape illustrations* which are also in course of publication by C. Tilt. There is scarcely a striking scene in Scotland or England, or elsewhere, alluded to by the author, which is not to be exhibited to the eye in these engravings, and, if we may judge from the first number, they will be in every way worthy of the improved state of art, as well as of the popular compositions which they are destined to adorn.

Mr. Leigh, of the Strand, has long been celebrated for the facilities in the way of information, which he has accumulated for foreign travellers who come to England, and for Englishmen who roam abroad. His Panorama of the banks of the Thames, from London to Richmond, is a curious and most amusing performance. We are afraid to say how many yards it is in length: it must, we think, exceed thirty. Every seat, every building, nay, we should think every tree that stands on, or near the verge of the river, is here individually reflected. To a stranger in London, it must be a most agreeable present. The Panorama of the Maine is also very well done. It is of course not so large as that of the Thames; but no traveller who knows of the existence of such a chart, will go up or down the Maine without it.

A singular case of small pox recently occurred, and is now puzzling about three fourths of the faculty. A prisoner in the penitentiary at Millbank was seized with the disorder, but no clue has been discovered as to the quarter from which he contracted it. Indeed so strong is the evidence against its having been communicated at all, that some notions begin to arise, as to the possibility of spontaneous small pox.

We have received a communication on the subject of the Cow Pock, which, if we inserted it, would carry this journal much farther than would be desirable into the proper territory of the medical press. But as the letter contains some facts of importance, we have deemed it expedient to transmit it to the editor of *The Medical and Surgical Journal*, which we believe, ranks amongst the highest of the periodicals connected with medicine in our day.

A very sensible letter has also reached us, signed A. C. C. complaining of the too general practice amongst our modern literati, of inserting in their writings, passages or words in tongues not universally understood, and without translations. We certainly have always endeavoured to obviate such an objection, and we shall continue to do so to the best of our power.

An University, on the plan of the London, is about to be started in New York.

A new constitution has been given to Colombia.—It is unspeakably disgraceful to this state, that even still it tolerates no other religion than that of the Roman Catholic.

In our volume for 1827, we had an article on a very singular work, respecting Paraguay and the Dictatorship of Dr. Francia, who we mentioned had by a violation of all the laws of hospitality, forcibly detained in his dominions, M. Aimè Bonpland, the naturalist, and worthy fellow traveller of De Humboldt. We are happy to be able to state that M. Bonpland has been liberated, and was in November last at the Brazilian Missions on the Uruguay, with his collections, on his way to Europe.

The number of the members enrolled on the books of the Society of Antiquaries, on the 23d of April last, was 777.

A paper, by Sir Robert Ker Porter, was read at the College of Physicians, in which he gives the results of his investigations into the nature of the *guaco*, a wild plant in South America. It is a useful plant, and grows best in the hotter parts of that country. The juice of this herb taken internally, and rubbed on the body, is said to be a preservative against the bites of poisonous animals. It was discovered in the same way, nearly, as almost all specifics that we possess, namely, from the instinctive use of it, as a security by animals themselves. A bird of the kite kind was observed always before he attacked a venemous serpent, to make a good meal on the guaco.

An American expedition, the enterprize of a body of commercial men, is now on a voyage of Discovery to the South Pole, under the command of Captain Palmer.

The two Gold Medals, annually placed by the kindness of His Majesty at the disposal of the Royal Society of Literature, to be awarded to persons who have distinguished themselves by literary works, honourable to themselves and to literature, have been voted to Washington Irving and Henry Hallam, Esqrs.

A monument to Dante has recently been erected at Santa Croce.

Mr. Peel has presented to the Royal Society, Seven Volumes, entitled the Criminal Code.

The Members of the Tuscan Scientific Expedition to Egypt, have recently returned with no less than 1300 drawings of the most interesting basso-relievos which they met with on the exterior and in the interior of Egyptian monuments.

The exquisite silliness of keeping up this office—and the still greater folly of continuing such an imbecile as Mr. Colman in the execution of its functions, were never more palpably exposed, than by a recent act of authority on the part of this mighty little personage. A new Easter piece, was lately brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, under the name of Cinderella; but, as all the world knows, the manuscript of even this children's pastime, must be submitted to the inquisition of the Chamberlain's office, which means, in practice to Mr. Colman himself.—The following dialogue, in the course of the piece, arrested the attention of the official critic.—*Dandini.* "Pray, Mr. Alidoro, help me, for I am a great man, and can do nothing."—*Alidoro.* "How, Sirrah! is that one of our privileges?"—*Dandini.* "Certainly—what do the great do, but live by the labours of the little."—Mr. Colman put his chastising pen over the latter

sentence, and condemned it to dramatic oblivion, as being instigated by the d—l.

Mad. de Genlis is involved in a dispute with her bookseller, arising out of an imputation by the latter, that instead of composing a new and original work under the title of a Manual for Youth, she had palmed on him a compilation of hacknied matter.

Mr. Strutt is preparing for publication in the course of the present month, an edition, in royal octavo, of his SYLVA BRITANNICA, complete in one volume.

Dr. Uwins will publish in the course of a few days, a pamphlet on Nervous and Mental Disorders with especial reference to recent investigations on the subject of Insanity.

Mr. W. I. Goodwin has just published an account of the late Cameleopard, which died at Sand Pit Gate, Windsor. It was brought to England in August, 1827, and was then about a year and a half old. It died in October, 1829. The disease was a swelling of the knee, fetlock, and hock, contracted in consequence of the poor animal having been carried on the back of a camel, to which it was bound, during its journey over land. It was chiefly fed on barley hay, and the shoots and branches of the Acacia tree, and other species of the Mimosa. It preferred almost every species of green food, to that which was dry, and eat it with avidity. It had little appetite for water, consuming about two quarts only, every day. The length of the intestines was 156 feet. The skin has been stuffed by Mr. Gould, and the skeleton will be preserved.

Dr. Ure has in the press a New Edition, nearly re-written, of his Dictionary of Chemistry.

The Meetings of Scientific Societies in May, are fixed as follows :—Royal, 6, 13, 20, 27. Antiquaries, 6, 13, 20, 27. Linnean, 4, 24. Zoological 6. Horticultural, 1, 4, 8. Medico Botanical, 11. Of Arts 5, 12, 19, 26. Of Literature, 5, 19. Geological, 7, 21. Astronomical, 14. Royal Institution, 1, 7, 14, 21, 28. Royal Asiatic, 1, 15.

The Geographical Society of Paris has offered its gold medal, value 1000 francs, to the author of the best memoir upon the origin of the race of Asiatic negroes.

The Rev. Mr. Hughes, of Emmanuel College, is about to commence a series of the most esteemed Divines of the Church of England, to be published monthly, and in an elegant, though cheap, form.

Mr. Babbage has nearly completed a work on the causes which have influenced the decline of science in England.

The outlay of the Zoological Society annually, is estimated at 7000*l.*—the receipts last year amounted to 14,000*l.*

The first number of a periodical Journal, confined to the subject of the Fine Arts, has just been published at Rome.

The Memoirs of the famous Diderot are shortly to appear, edited by his daughter, Mad. de Vandeul.

Mrs. Anna Maria Porter has written a new romance, which is shortly to appear. It is entitled The Barony.

An Oriental Institution, on a magnificent scale, has been founded at St. Petersburgh.

A work entitled Robert Emmet, or Ireland in 1803, by the Baron Edward Henry, has been just published in Paris.

The Select Works of the British Poets, by Southey, are in the press.

Sir Everard Home is about to produce a work which cannot fail to attract much interest, on the formation of Tumours with reference to Cancer.

Continental Tourists are informed, that two steam-boats, receiving passengers on board, are now plying between Marseilles and Naples.

The lady who is so well known as the pretender to the title of the Princess of Cumberland, has written another pamphlet in explanation of the grounds of her claims. She relates one fact, which, as it can be proved or disproved by a nobleman now living, is of importance. She says that being engaged in a drawing, one morning in 1803, of Windsor Castle, she was accosted by the king, who seemed agitated when she mentioned her name—Olive. A few days afterwards Lord Harcourt paid her a visit, and gave her, on the part of his Majesty, ten one hundred pound notes, which he drew from a snuff-box that was adorned with a small oil painting of Morland's.

Lady Canning has been again in the field. A pamphlet has just appeared, that is, with good reason we believe, attributed to her Ladyship's pen. The object of this work is to compare the state in which this country now is, with that which it might have been, had Mr. Canning been permitted still to hold the helm of state,—or, in other words, it is an extended answer to the question which we ventured to put to her ladyship in our last number, viz.—if Mr. Canning still held the reins of government, would the Country be even in so good a condition as it is?

In the Press.—Illustrations of the Exodus.—Memoirs of Ferrari, a Musician!—Poems, by Mrs. Kennedy.—Colonel Bory de St. Vincent's Greece.—The Denounced, by the author of the O'Hara Tales.—Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks.—Mr. Webster's Travels in Turkey.—A Second Volume of the British Naturalist.—A New Edition of the Stories of Popular Travels in South America.—A Letter on the Profanation of the Lord's Day, by the Bishop of London.—New Italian and English Dialogues, by J. F. G.—The Fourth Volume of the New Stories of the Register of Arts and Journal of Patent Inventions.—A Second Edition of the Hon. and Rev. Gerard T. Noel's Inquiry into the Prospects of the Church of Christ.—A New Edition of the Translations of Tasso, by Mr. Wiffen.—Vol. I. of the National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century.—The Drama of Nature, a Poem.—A Small Collection of Essays in Verse and Prose, under the title of Sweepings of Parnassus.—A Volume of Sermons, by the Rev. Professor Lee, on Various Subjects connected with Scriptural Interpretation, and Two Dissertations on the Reasonableness and Excellence of the Scriptures.—The Anthology; an Annual Reward-Book for Midsummer and Christmas, 1830.—Privy Council Reports, by Mr. Bannister.—Corrected to the Present Time, Leigh's New Picture of London.

Erratum.—The fifth paragraph of the Miscellaneous Intelligence, in the "Review" for April, is misprinted.—The foreign Sculptors in Rome are thirteen, and of the eight foreign Architects in that city, *none* instead of *nine* are English.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS, SCIENCES, AND PHILOSOPHY.

Lardner's Cyclopædia, vol. v.
Kater and Lardner's Mechanics, 6*s*.
Grammar of the German Language, 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Bailey's Algebra, 8vo. 8*s*.
Mather's Elements of Drawing, 12mo. 3*s*.
Holbein's Bible Cuts, 8vo. 1*l*. 1*s*. 0*d*.
Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, 8vo. 1*l*. 16*s*.
De Morgan's Arithmetic, 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
Bennett's Fishes of Ceylon, royal 4to.
Plantæ Asiaticæ Rariores, Nos. 1 and 2, fol. 25 plates, 2*l*. 10*s*. each.
Morgan's Elements of Arithmetic, 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
J. F. G.'s French and English Dialogues on the Literal System, 12mo.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life of Nelson, (Family Library).
Memoirs of Bishop James of Calcutta, 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Memoirs of Mad. du Barri, 12mo. 3 vols. 18*s*.
Gorton's Biographical Dictionary, new ed. 2 vols. pp. 2359. 1*l*. 16*s*.

DRAMA.

Bucke's Julio Romano, 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*.
Webster's Dramatic Works, 4 vols. 8vo. 2*l*. 2*s*. 0*d*.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, AND ANTIQUITIES.

Turner's Hertford, 8vo. 1*l*. 1*s*. 0*d*.
Britton's Bristol Cathedral, 4to. 1*l*. 4*s*. 0*d*.
Picture of India (a beautiful specimen of typographical art, which we shall speedily notice) 2 vols. 16*s*.
Family Cabinet Atlas, No. 1. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Dr. Hales's New Analysis of Chronology, 2d edit. 4 vols. 3*l*. 3*s*. 0*d*.
Views of Country Seats of the Royal Family, &c. 2 vols. 8vo.
Mrs. Mathias's Conversations on the Natural Geography of Europe and Asia, 2 vols. 18mo.
Leigh's Guide to the Lakes and Mountains of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, 7*s*. cloth.
Hannibal's Passage of the Alps, by a Member of the University of Cambridge, 8vo. 5*s*.
Leigh's New Picture of London, new edition.
Bannister's Humane Policy towards the Aborigines of New Settlements, 8vo. 14*s*.

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Spalding's Scotland, 8vo. 12*s*.
Anderson's Native Irish, 2d edit. 7*s*.
Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 7*s*. 0*d*.
New Zealanders, part ii. (Society of Entertaining Knowledge).

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Coventry's Coke upon Littleton, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* 0*d.*
Sturgeon's Bankrupt Act, 12mo. 6*s.*
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Hogg's Chemical and Medical Tables, large folio.
Graham's Domestic Medicine, 3d edit. 3*s.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sydney Anecdotes part ii. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Letters of a Recluse, 12mo. 3*s* 6*d.*
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CONTENTS

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR JUNE.

No. LIX.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1830.

ART. I.—*Notes on Haiti, made during a Residence in that Republic.* By Charles Mackenzie, Esq. F.R.S. F.L.S., late his Majesty's Consul-General in Haiti, and now his Majesty's Commissioner of Arbitration in the Havannah, &c. &c. In 2 volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

THE last account which we remember to have seen of Haiti, before these volumes were put into our hands, proceeded from the pen of Mr. Harvey of Queen's College, Cambridge, whose sketches we noticed in favourable terms two or three years ago.* The experiment of independence ventured upon by the sable republic, was treated by that gentleman as successful in every respect. That the progress of its prosperity was embarrassed and retarded by the sanguinary contentions which followed the first great revolution, he admitted; but, as far as his personal testimony went, it made out, as we thought at the time, a strong case in behalf of the Negro character in general, and especially on the part of those persons, most of them of African descent, who contributed to establish the independence of that island.

Nobody, we believe, at this side of the Atlantic, ever supposed that what we call civil liberty, was to be found in all its purity and perfection among the inhabitants of Haiti. Any person of common sense, who will take the trouble of reading the constitution of its government, must clearly see, at once, that the executive power is, or might be, nearly despotic, if the individual wielding that power were generally popular, or chose to run the risque of losing his supremacy and his head. Nor could it for a moment be imagined, that the institutions necessary for giving life and security to liberty and property; for ordaining wise laws, for extending commerce, and diffusing through the community the spirit of in-

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* Monthly Review, vol. vi. p. 365.

dustry and the desire of wealth, were likely to be organised and brought into habitual action within a few years, in any new state, but particularly amongst a race of people unaccustomed to govern themselves according to European notions of freedom.

We regret to observe that Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Harvey differ from each other in many points—as to the success of the political experiment which has been made in Haiti, they are as far asunder as the two poles. And our regret is the more poignant, at seeing this contradictory testimony given by two respectable individuals, inasmuch as one of them was invested with an office which is calculated, in the eyes of the world, to identify his sentiments with those of our own government. Mr. Harvey, as a private gentleman, stated his opinions with respect to Haiti, so far as we can judge, without any bias strong enough to interfere with the free exercise of his reason. We shall not accuse Mr. Mackenzie of having, on his departure from England for Haiti, entertained any violent prejudices on subjects which it would be his duty to examine with candour, and to report upon faithfully and impartially. It is, however, unfortunate, in many respects, that he has judged of Haiti by too high a standard. He seems to have expected that he should have found there society formed upon the model of England; that the towns should have been built upon the plan of Regent street; that the House of Commons should possess as great an influence in the legislature of that state, as the popular branch of the Parliament exercises in our own country: that the laws should be the best that could emanate from the mind of man, that the administration of them should be unexceptionable, and that the Haitian police should rival that which has but lately been organised in London. Having gone out with such crude and ill-founded expectations as these, it was a necessary consequence that Mr. Mackenzie should encounter disappointment at almost every step; but it was by no means equally necessary that he,—an officer of the British Government,—should have expressed his sense of that disappointment in the very objectionable language which constitutes the bulk of these volumes. Indeed, we are surprised that he was suffered to publish them. We are not for giving to the Government a censorship over the press; but when one of its own authorised agents is sent to a country specially to collect information, we do say that the question whether the information so obtained is to be depended upon, and is of a character consistent with the relations between it and ourselves, is one that should have been settled by superior authority, before such a work as this was permitted to see the light. Sure we are, that if Mr. Mackenzie had shown it in manuscript to any of his friends in the Foreign-Office, he would have been advised to keep it by him, at least until after his return from the Havannah. He will there, possibly, acquire a little experience, which will affect considerably his notions of comfort in a West Indian island.

We are sorry to see at the very outset, in the preface to the first volume, too many indications of a character,—most unfit, in our opinion, for the arduous duties which were devolved upon this gentleman. Having stated that he was appointed, in 1826, the British Consul-General at Hayti, and given rather a pompous account of the manner in which he had discharged his functions, he descends into the arena, like a pugilist, to fight with an anonymous writer in a very useful periodical, called the "Anti-Slavery Monthly Reporter." Some of the Consul-General's despatches, which were unfavourable to the principles maintained by that journal, having been printed by order of the House of Commons, they were strongly commented upon in that publication; it was more than insinuated that the functionary had no other authority than himself for several allegations which he ventured to advance; and that his premises and conclusions were frequently at a very extraordinary distance from each other. Now, as he did not think it beneath his official dignity (of which, by the way, his ideas are of the magnificent order) to notice the criticisms of the "Reporter," it seems to us that he would have most effectually, and most decorously accomplished his object, if he pointed out the errors into which his critic had fallen, and the wilful misrepresentations of which that person might have been guilty.

Mr. Mackenzie does no such thing. He has thought it no stain, either upon his official or personal character, to content himself with stigmatizing the comments of his adversary as 'coarsely vulgar, and impudently false;' as exhibiting a 'dishonest style of criticism,' as abounding in 'flagrant misrepresentations of facts,' in 'garbled quotations,' and in 'much passion but little reason.' This very elegant language the Consul-General winds up with one of Mr. Canning's thunderbolts—"such imputations disgrace only those who utter them, and show only what it is that they who are capable of imputing base motives to others, would themselves be, if they were in official situations!"

But this is not enough! The "Reporter" is not yet extinguished. The Consul-General further expresseth his mighty wrath in the following terms, which are certainly any thing but *official*, either in their style or temper.

'When I first read the paper in question, pity and contempt were alternately called forth; for the coarseness of the *manner*, and the dishonesty of the *matter*, led me to ascribe it to some ignorant but unprincipled man, reckless of character from being unacquainted with its value, who had been hired to *make out a case* against me, because my reports were considered to militate against the dogmas of his principles; but my feeling has been one of unmitigated contempt, since I find it universally attributed to one individual—an individual so identified with sordid mendacity, as to render either victory or defeat in any contest with him, equally discreditable. But were this consideration not all-powerful, in my humble opinion no advantage can accrue from the most perfect exposure that can be made; since

it is hopeless to expect to convince those who give credence to *such an oracle;* and it is no less hopeless to look for the conversion of a skulking libeller, whose self-gratulations, amid profound contempt, prove his superiority to all sense of shame:

> —— Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
> Ipse domi.

Refutation on refutation would be perfectly unavailing, for,

> You break his web of sophistry in vain:
> The creature's at his *dirty work* again.'—vol. i. pp. 9—11.

Now, with Mr. Mackenzies's leave, we must say, that in this style of phraseology there is 'much passion but little reason.' It is infinitely coarser than the language of which he complains, and it is by no means the token either of a discreet judgment or a good cause. Why is he so angry if he be sure that he is right, and that he discharged his functions in a conscientious manner?

This is not the only bad omen we encounter in the first of these two volumes. We very soon discover that Mr. Mackenzie having left his home with the greatest reluctance, no sooner lands on the shores of Haiti, than he betrays every possible symptom of a dissatisfied and sullen exile. The appearance of the capital displeases him. It was ruinous, filthy, the carriage road intolerable, the climate atrocious. There was no court, except upon very rare occasions, and then there was no ceremony, and the President paid very little attention to the British consul, having, for some reason best known to himself, a preference for a functionary of the same rank from France. Possibly the Frenchman had studied and acquired politeness, and possibly the Scotchman had done neither. Then there was scarcely an individual in the whole town with whom our representative could associate, and so he took a cottage in the country, and became for a while a sort of official hermit. Here he collected as many official papers as he could get by sending for them, and chiefly from these sources he gives us a documentary account of the principal matters relating to the actual state of Haiti, whereas he was appointed by the king, and paid by the public, for the purpose of obtaining a personal, and not a paper acquaintance with the real condition of the island, with its men and manners, the interior of their circles, and their minds, their interests, their education, and their national tendency to prosperity or decay. This was the sort of knowledge which we wanted, and the agent employed for the purpose of obtaining it, has brought us little more than tables and figures, returns, reports, and commentaries upon the constitution, every one of which he might have procured or written in Aberdeen, as well as in his closet in the neighbourhood of Port-au-Prince. It certainly was not a very encouraging prospect for our Consul, that during the first six months of his retirement at that place, the only invitations he received were to—funerals! He contrived, however, to mourn by deputy!—whence it appears

that he had not even the curiosity to mingle with the Haitians upon occasions which, more than any other, perhaps, that he could avail himself of, display their character, particularly the liveliness of their affection for their relatives and friends. The following picture of the social intercourse of Port-au-Prince can hardly be correctly drawn; it is manifestly tinged with the spleen.

'As far as I could discover, there is nothing of an imperceptible gradation in society. The president avowedly stands at the head, and the military and civil officers range according to their respective ranks; but there is no higher order, no middle class, descending to the lower orders in private life. Military and civil employment, and the possession of money, alone entitle to consideration; but in general the possessor will associate on terms of familiarity with the lowest member in the scale of society, without any feeling of degradation. There are, however, exceptions to this awkward practice. Some have attempted to show that the coloured population form an aristocracy, while the whole of the labour is entailed on the negro. This, I suspect, is generalizing too extensively; though it is a fact that the former very often fill the principal offices, owing, I suppose, to their being generally better educated; but there are many instances in which blacks, even without education, are intrusted with important offices. There is one circumstance which appears to me very essentially to contribute to this spirit of equality. Almost every man, whatever his official rank may be, is either directly or indirectly engaged in commerce, the acquisition of money being held in as great repute as it ever was in Dukes-place or the Minories. Out of the class just mentioned there is no intermediate step to that of labourers, artizans, domestic servants, &c. These are of all colours and of various qualities. The natives are the most numerous, and there are among them some ingenious workmen and industrious labourers; but these qualities are not so general as they ought to be.

'Among the labourers in town, there is a considerable number of emigrants from the United States of America, who, though by no means deficient in intelligence, are, with few exceptions, by no means the most respectable part of the community. My personal experience among several American servants that I had, led to this conclusion; and on investigating the causes, I found that during the rage for emigration from America to Haiti, the very refuse of the black and coloured population of the former were foremost, no doubt in the expectation of finding a schoolboy's Utopia in the new land of promise. But when they found that the government exacted labour in return for food and grants of land, discontent and dissatisfaction followed; and those who could not remove themselves, (which numbers failed in doing, owing to the vigilance of the authorities) became as systematic in idleness, drunkenness, and profligacy, as men and women could be.

'Indolence and inactivity are not, however, confined to the emigrants; they are the characteristics of the country: there is a general air of listlessness, which may be aptly described as "a death-like languour which is not repose," pervading all classes. I was much struck by a practical illustration which was one day afforded by a Haitian of the truth of this remark. An Englishman had desired a porter in the house where he was employed, to go on some message for him to a short distance. As I was

interested in it, I awaited his return, which was delayed much longer than it ought to have been. At last the messenger appeared, "creeping like a snail;" my acquaintance called out in the usual phrase on such occasions, "Vite! vite!" which seemed rather to retard the motions of our Mercury. At last he arrived; and on my asking, "Pourquoi, mon ami, est ce que vous ne courez pas?" he replied, with the most imperturbable gravity, "Nous ne courons pas dans ce pays ci." Had there been any drollery, it might have been cited as a specimen of Haitian humour; but it was no such thing; it was the sober enunciation of a principle.

'If a doubt remain on a stranger's mind as to the correctness of this view of the case, let him ride through Port-au-Prince at any hour of the day, and he will see "confirmation strong." The manner in which, at all hours of the day, the women and men are seen lounging under canvas, strained in front of the houses to exclude the sun, is no bad accompaniment for the sentries in chairs; and I suspect there is no part of the world where more time is literally "whiled away" than in Haiti. The impress of listless indolence is decidedly given to all animated nature; even the dogs and pigs wander about with an apathy unseen elsewhere. The latter seem so lean, as almost to convince the spectator, that, contrary to the habits of their race, they have abandoned gluttony. I was once much struck by a dry remark made by a caustic fellow: "D—n these Haitians, they cannot even fatten a pig." Whether this be true or not, or whether the climate exercises the enervating influence ascribed to that of Naples, I will not presume to decide; but it is a certain fact that wretched pigs and scarecrow dogs abound.

'The society of Port-au-Prince, as already stated of the population, is either foreign or native; the former very much divided, according to the countries to which the individuals belong, although they mingle together very generally. Their foreign residents are merchants, chiefly English, French, German, and North American, who visit without restraint, although there are individuals who seem desirous of keeping up national distinctions. Many conceived it quite anomalous that the French consul-general and the officers of the French squadron should be on habits of familiar intercourse with me. In spite of such opinions, I steadily maintained an intercourse on which I shall always reflect with pleasure, as having afforded a pleasing relief to the most laborious and irksome portion of my life. There is very little systematic visiting among foreigners in Port-au-Prince, but a good deal of dropping-in visits. The practice of breakfasting at mid-day, and dining (the natives call it "souper") at seven o'clock, tends to promote this unceremonious kind of intercourse. As there is always enough prepared for the family, an interloper is never heeded, except to be welcomed. The chief objection to these late breakfasts is the introduction of wine and spirits which sometimes leads to excess. They are, however so much in vogue, that many foreigners, as well as natives, who never give a dinner, occasionally give a "dèjeuner à la fourchette" to a small party of sixty or eighty. At one of these, given by a most respectable and worthy Englishman, I witnessed the evil effects of the early introduction of wine; for an official foreigner was soon carried off senseless; while his neighbour had solid reasons for regretting the proximity of his pockets to the eruption which preceded the melancholy state of repose that rendered a bed necessary.

'What the intercourse of the natives with each other may be I cannot describe, as I had no means of making any minute inquiries; but I should rather think that it consists chiefly in calls; when slight refreshments, such as wine, or spirits and water, or "eau sucrée," are produced. Their invitations to foreigners are not common; but when they do occur there is abundance of every thing. I cannot ascribe this rarity to any want of hospitality; for, as I shall hereafter have occasion to show, that is a virtue which abounds, at least in the country districts. I suspect a want of means is the real cause.'—vol. i. pp. 28—34.

Although Mr. Mackenzie absented himself from the balls given at Port-au-Prince, yet he pretends to describe and ridicule them, and this he does with an air of superciliousness, which is perfectly ludicrous. He would not condescend to be present at a private concert; perhaps he was not invited; or, perhaps, as with respect to the funerals, he was musical by deputy. Even of the general appearance of the capital, and of its commercial character, his account is vague and unsatisfactory.

'The commerce of Port-au-Prince is carried on by various classes of persons. The imports from Europe and America are principally consigned to European and North American commission houses, besides a few Haitian establishments. The capital is one of the ports to which foreign merchants are confined by the law of patents; but they are, or at least they were during the time of my residence, restricted by heavy penalties to wholesale business. Of course they cannot deal with the consumers, but with the native retailers, who are chiefly women, styled "marchandes;" these employ hucksters, also women, who traverse the country, attend the markets, and give an account of their transactions to their employers, either every evening, once a week, or once a month, according to their character for integrity.

'As the payments to the importer are generally in money, and there is only one important article of export, coffee; the purchases for returns can only be made after the crops have been gathered, and these are effected by brokers, who often bargain with a class of natives called coffee speculators, from their dealing for the chance of the market with the cultivators, and either sell to the best advantage, or fulfil contracts previously entered into.

'Among the respectable marchandes, there is said to be much good faith; but with the great body of customers, I believe the merchants are obliged to use the utmost circumspection.

'All the ordinary tradesmen, such as tailors, shoe-makers, and even a water-proof hat manufacturer, are to be found in Port-au-Prince. And I confess I was struck with the respectable appearance of several bookseller's shops, having looked in vain for such things both in Barbadoes and Antigua. The books are generally elementary French publications and romances. The works of Voltaire, Rousseau, and others of the same class, abound.

'There are also two printing-presses, one at which the government gazette, Le Télégraphe, is printed, and the other from which the Feuille de Commerce issues. The former rarely contains more than the documents issued by the government; the latter occasionally some spirited papers,

and is conducted by M. Courtois, who was for a short time director of the post-office.

'The apothecaries' shops are numerous, as they ought to be in such a horrible climate, and are well supplied with all the contents of the French pharmacopœia. There are also some tanneries, in which the bark of the mangrove is used as the tanning material. As far as I could ascertain, the great bulk of the border-people were either of that class of Europeans called in the French time "petits blancs," or people of colour. The labourers either in town or country are generally black.'—vol. i. pp. 42—44.

Indeed, at description in general, particularly of scenery, Mr. Mackenzie is but a very feeble hand. He tells us occasionally of 'bold and picturesque scenery overhanging the road, and at different intervals some very neat cottages, surrounded by small patches of cultivated land;' but we should like to know who, that has not been in Haiti, can form the slightest idea of the character of the country from such hints as these? It is not, however, every body who has the talent of description, at least so far as mountains, vallies, and sylvan views are concerned. But surely any person who can write a despatch, can give us in writing, if he please, some notion of a town which he chances to visit. Hear then, and learn from Mr. Mackenzie, what sort of a place is Leogane, a town not undistinguished in the revolutionary annals of Haiti.

'Leogane is a considerable town, chiefly built of wood; and the streets, though unpaved, are better than those of Port-au-Prince. It was market-day, and there was a respectable degree of bustle. There is only an open roadstead, but no sheltered harbour.'—vol. i. p. 57.

Mr. Mackenzie is equally felicitous in picturing a sun-set at sea.

'On descending from the Tapion, the sea burst upon us in all the glory of a setting sun, the—

Doubtless here the reader imagines that he is about to enjoy a gorgeous painting, of clouds lined with burning gold, which they shew at the edges; of a canopy of fire, extending over the king of day, giving glory to him on his departure for another hemisphere; and of the various transient tints which are reflected from the skies upon the boundless waters beneath. But Mr. Mackenzie will not favour him with any such gratification. He deems it quite sufficient to add

—the beauty of which can only be known to those who have witnessed its descent on the ocean in warm countries!'—vol. i. pp. 61—62.

Now we who have never been in Haiti could have told as much, just as well as the late consul general.

We are not surprised at the "Reporter's" antipathy to Mr. Mackenzie, for it is very certain that the whole tendency of his work is to encourage the nefarious trade in slaves, and to depress that spirit of independence which the negro race has displayed in Haiti. It was not at all necessary for the author to exhibit his feelings on

this grave subject, in an open and direct way. This might have compromised him with the government, whose servant he was. No, he collects as many facts as he can, favourable to the notions, or prejudices which he entertained, and as few as possible on the other side of the question; when he cannot testify conveniently from his own knowledge, he has at hand a statement, or a report that was made to him; and when he cannot speak in his own person, he introduces parties on the scene who can accomplish his purpose quite as effectually. A single passage will shew the *animus* of the British consul on this subject.

'Count Leaumont and M. Dupare were the richest proprietors in the country, and from the reports made to me, they must have been kind masters. I especially directed my inquiries to the feelings of the people on the changes that had taken place, and to their actual condition; and when the group was completed by the presence of an old blind black man, who had lost the whole of his toes from both feet, I felt satisfied that I should not be deceived. I found all "laudatores temporis acti," and all equally dissatisfied. The blind beggar particularly deplored the revolution, to which he ascribed every misery that had befallen the country as well as himself. He had been a slave of M. Dupare, and had he remained so, he contended that either he would not have lost his eyes and toes, or that if he had, he would have been certain of kind usage and support, without being driven to recur to the casual bounty of strangers.

'The expression of dissatisfaction by all was not confined to general or vague complaints. The whole party entered into a feeling and detailed contrast of their present condition, though free, with the care bestowed by the planters on their slaves in health, in sickness, in childhood, and in old age. They assured me that now there is not a single sugar estate in being in this vicinity: Pemesle, Leaumont, Dupare, and others, which had been highly cultivated, and had yielded large crops, had fallen into complete decay, and coffee was the only produce for sale. Although it was Sunday, numbers of drunken men were amusing themselves by riding at full gallop along the road.—vol. i. pp. 66, 67.

Even the little incident last mentioned is not thrown in without its use. It forms a contrast with the tranquillity, the humility, the poverty of former days, when negroes, we suppose, never violated the sabbath, never got drunk, and certainly had no horses to ride. The rest of the passage is but the repetition of what we have heard a thousand times, that negroes in a state of irredeemable slavery, sometimes had the good fortune to be under humane masters, and to have been treated by them with invariable kindness. But is it necessary to adopt Mr. Mackenzie's conclusion, that slavery is therefore a good system; that it ought to be perpetuated where it now exists, and to be revived wherever it has been extinguished? Is this a description of reasoning which needs to be refuted at this stage of the world, and in this country? What we are truly surprised at is the fact mentioned in the title page, that with such notions in his head as the author must have been officially known to have entertained, he was appointed, upon his return

from Haiti, to be his majesty's commissioner of arbitration in the Havannah, a post expressly created for the suppression of the slave trade!

Among the excursions which our author took, in order to vary the routine of his eremitical life, was one to the city of Cayes, a place well known to all West Indian smugglers.

'At present Cayes is one of the most flourishing places that I have seen in the republic. There is considerable activity, and there are a few opulent merchants, both natives and foreigners; but the regulations affecting commerce have of late become so oppressive, that many of the latter had resolved not to renew their patents. I was not a little surprised at seeing the British flag flying on board a small sloop in the harbour, which I found to be from Jamaica;—with this island, as well as Cuba, there is said to be a considerable illicit trade: and, what is most surprising, sugar is the principal import from the latter island.

'I had but little intercourse with the great body of the people; but of the authorities I saw a good deal, and I found them civil and accommodating. Many foreigners, however, do not regard them with favourable eyes, and accuse them of doing much that they ought not to do; but of that I know nothing. With all classes, I was told that Great Britain was decidedly the favourite European power; and I am inclined to think the statement true.

'The great body of the town's-people appear to be in easy circumstances, and do not, I think, lounge quite so much as their brethren of Port-au-Prince. A circumstance occurred, which I noted as illustrative of the state of society. The town-adjutant (who holds the rank of captain, if I recollect aright) is moreover a professional cook, and generously contributes to the epicurean delights of all and any who call upon him, for a doubloon. In his former capacity he had called upon me in a gorgeous uniform of green and gold; in the latter he was employed by my host, preparatory to his entertaining the magnates of the city: and, to my utter surprise, after he had completed his labours, I saw him marched off between a file of soldiers. I was afraid that my friend had incurred the displeasure of the general, for degrading his military profession by reverting to his original calling, and made anxious inquiries as to the cause of the phenomenon that had astonished me; but great was my amazement on being informed that the aforesaid adjutant was very prone to get drunk after such hot work as that in which he had been engaged; that the general had fixed a day or two after for entertaining his friends: and to secure the assistance of the Ude of Cayes, he had marched him in safe keeping to his house in the country, before he had any opportunity of making himself "o'er all the ills of life victorious!"

'The young men of Cayes are the dandies of the republic, and better mannered than the majority of their countrymen. Many of the young women are very pretty, and graceful in their forms.

'The young part of the people in the outskirts appeared to me to spend the greatest portion of their time in dawdling about without any apparent object in view; and I heard that the Creoles are decidedly idlers of the first class; and that the only real work is done by the few surviving Africans, who, contrary to the habits of their progeny who crowd to the plains,

retire to the mountains, where they cultivate some sequestered spot, unheeding, and unheeded by the world.

'The wayside of the avenue that leads to the principle entrance of the town, has many very neat suburban cottages, to which the more opulent citizens retire after the labours of the day have ceased. Their distribution renders the approach exceedingly lively, as they generally have some garden around them, and they are painted of as many colours as a Dutch summer-house.'—vol. i. pp. 77—80.

In a different direction we light upon a pleasant village in the bosom of the mountains, which, notwithstanding the author's general prejudices against Haiti, seems to have roused within him whatever he possesses of romantic feeling.

'The "Escalier" is remarkably steep, and in many places overhanging precipices, which, though not so formidable as those of the "Corral" in Madeira, are quite sufficient to render caution necessary, especially in those who, like myself, cannot look from a great elevation without becoming giddy. The entire road is paved, and was constructed by a black colonel named Thomas Durocher: he is a native of one of our colonies, and is there called an Englishman. The work is very creditable to the planner, and it has been well executed. Perhaps a part of the ascent might have been avoided by adding to the distance, as it struck me that though the greatest eminences had been avoided, to run over the summits of the lesser ones, was deemed, as in the Highlands, the shortest cut.

'On reaching the highest point, the view that bursts on the eye is remarkably extensive and imposing, reaching as far as the sea, which seemed in the distance, from the reflected rays of the sun, to be a bright line; the intervening space being an infinite variety of hill and dale, covered with luxuriant vegetation, in which there appeared not the slightest trace of the hand of man. Whatever habitations might exist are lost in the profusion of trees, until the traveller is close upon them. After the descent begins to the north, the road ceases to be good, and part of the way it degenerates into a mere bridle-path. I had been told that carriages had travelled over "l'Escalier," but that I seriously doubt; at all events, I should certainly not chuse to be an inside or even an outside passenger in such an experiment.

'In the midst of the mountains we found Plaisance, a sweetly situated spot, though almost always enveloped in mist, on account of its elevation. It is a straggling village, consisting of a few small woodden houses; in one of which, belonging to another "chère amie" of Dessalines, we sought refuge, and found that, in anticipation of ample remuneration, our hostess (having been apprised of our incursion) had made preparations, which, after a fatiguing ride, were very acceptable. Some of our party returned to Gonaives, and the remainder proceeded on our route to the Cape. The road winds very prettily over the declining hills, where I first saw the wild pine-apple; and long after night-fall, we arrived at a small hut called "Camp Lecoq," the proprietor of which, a negro man who has two wives, induces the youngest and most active to make provision for wayfaring persons "for a consideration." Our fare was very acceptable, though rather later than we wished, and served in vessels that might have been recorded by Haji Baba himself; but these incidents afforded one of

my fellow travellers, who possesses the Creole dialect in great perfection, an opportunity of exercising Madame Babier's patience, by incessant attacks on her want of system and order. At one time she got fairly angry, but finding wrath quite unavailing, she resumed a more pacific tone, and finally became perfectly amiable. On this occasion, as well as in all my intercourse with even the lowest of the Haitian peasantry, I was struck by the air of perfect independence, with which they conduct themselves. Madame Babier gibed, gibbered, scolded, or joked, as freely as if she had been a guest; and when she had put our supper on the table, quietly took a seat by us—not at table it is true, but quite close to it; nor did she, in doing so, seem to think that there was the slightest irregularity.

'The cottage consists of a small sitting room and two bed-rooms. The cooking was, I believe, carried on either in an out-shed or in the open air. The beds were clean, and, upon the whole, the dwelling was the most reputable peasant's cottage I had seen in any part of the republic. The merchants of the Cape have the credit of having held out inducements to the owner, to have a resting-place at a very convenient distance between the Cape and Plaisance; for although the distance from Gonaives to the former of these places may be traversed in one day, yet it is better to divide the journey, which can now be done with tolerable comfort.'—vol. i. pp. 146- 149.

The author has collected a variety of details relating to the history of the revolution of Haiti, and the leading persons who figured in that transaction, as well as in the several contentions by which it was followed. Into these details it is not our purpose to enter, as they are for the most part already well known, and there is nothing in the style in which Mr. Mackenzie has clothed them, particularly deserving our notice. We shall content ourselves with his account of Christophe's death, of which so many different versions have been given.

'When the royal army, which had been sent under the Prince de Limbé to repress the insurrection at St. Mark's, had declared in favour of the revolution, some dissatisfied chiefs, among whom were the Governor of the capital and Generals Nord and Profete, excited the garrison to revolt against Henry, who at that time was labouring under a partial paralysis. On the news reaching Sans Souci, he, with his accustomed energy, by the use of stimulants, enabled himself to mount his horse, for the purpose of placing himself at the head of his household troops, who still appeared to remain faithful. But disease had made too extensive inroads to be resisted, and he was compelled to abandon his intentions. This was a complete death-blow to his power. His presence alone would have been a host. Resistance, however, was necessary, and he confided the command to his friend and relation, Prince Joachim, retaining only the few guards required for duty at the palace.

'The little army consisted of the élite of Haiti, but had been a little mutinous, in consequence of their pay having fallen into arrear, owing to a foolish niggardliness that latterly influenced their chief. In order to restore a proper tone of feeling, the arrears were paid, and a donation given, and they commenced their work with probably the same integrity of purpose that prompted Ney to pledge himself to bring his former master in a cage

of iron. On arriving at a well-known place called "Haut du Cap," they found the insurgents in position. A parley having failed, Joachim ordered his troops to fire; but, instead of doing so, they joined the ranks of their opponents, and commenced a fire on their late general, and some few individuals who retained their fidelity. Flight was their only resource, and I have the details from one of Christophe's secretaries, who shared in the disgraces of the day, and could sing of his "parmula non bene relicta." He was the first to reach Sans Souci, and to communicate them. He found Christophe, who had been calmly discussing with his medical adviser, (the late Dr. Stewart, a Scotch physician, who had been long his confidential attendant,) the most vulnerable parts of the human frame. The disastrous intelligence was privately given to him, and he then communicated it to his family, whom he desired to leave him alone, that he might meditate on the best course to be adopted in the emergency. So perfectly calm did he appear, that no apprehension was excited of his purpose. One of his attendants, on hearing him lock his bed-chamber door, looked through the key-hole to ascertain what was going on, and he saw the king apparently adjusting himself in an arm-chair, and immediately discharging one pistol through his head and another through his heart, he fell back dead before any alarm could be given. This happened about ten o'clock on the night of the 20th of October, 1820, and terminated the life of a remarkable man, whose career exhibits extraordinary changes, singularly opposed traits of character, and proves how much may be effected by uncultivated talent, while it marks the insecurity of trusting a barbarian mind with excessive power.

'The rapid approach of the insurgent troops rendered it necessary to remove his body, lest it should be exposed to the brutal insults of a ruffian soldiery; and the performance of this act was the last proof that could be afforded of the devotion of Dupuy and Prevost, who personally assisted in conveying his remains to the Citadelle Henri, where it was hastily interred.'—vol. i. pp. 171—174.

Christophe's citadel is a curious building, which we must stop for a moment to look at.

'We ascended nearly a league and a half over a narrow paved road, at times overhanging considerable precipices, and at last arrived at this monument of barbaric power. It is situated at the extremity of a mountain range of considerable elevation, which runs nearly north and south, and is a huge ungainly pile, rivalling, in my imagination, the tower of Babel, both in point of utility and extent. As far as I could see, it has three tiers of guns on every side, and there is infinite accommodation for a large garrison, and it is said for three years' provisions, with a profusion of water. The walls are prodigiously thick; but on one side the use of the plummet must have been sadly neglected, as they literally bulge out. Within the walls there is a palace, and complete plans of security for the royal household, as well as for the reception of treasure. We also saw the marble tomb of Prince Noel, the queen's brother, who was killed by the lightning that destroyed a portion of the fortress, and scattered about some of the hoarded dollars. But I cannot pretend to give any thing like a description of the buildings; for there was evidently a vast suspicion on the part of Belair, and the other black officers, trained in the school of

Christophe, who never admitted any foreigners within the sacred precincts. He laid hold of my hand under the pretext of guiding, but it was evident that his object was to prevent any accurate examination; and from being hurried from point to point, my observations became confused. Several circumstances occurred which confirmed my belief. In order to ascertain the height, I had with me one of Carey's very excellent portable barometers, which I requested permission to use, having fully explained the object, which could be in no way injurious to any one; but it was refused, and the aide-de-camp with us, although he felt the folly, was obliged to acquiesce. I had a similar refusal when I wished to take the bearings of the Cape with an azimuth compass; and I have little doubt that some magical influence was ascribed by the old barbarians to the instruments.

'Notwithstanding all this folly, I was strongly affected by the deep feeling displayed by these old men, whenever their former chief or his institutions were the subject of conversation. They never mentioned his name, but emphatically called him "l'homme," or "le roi." I shall not soon forget the manner in which my conductor grasped my hand, when we had reached the chamber in which the remains of Christophe repose, nor the manner in which he pointed out the spot where his uncoffined remains have their last resting-place. Among other anecdotes that are treasured respecting him, one of them mentioned, that after the interment, it was discovered that his right hand was extended above the surface, as if in defiance of his enemies.'—vol. i. pp. 176—178.

From this spot we shall make a stride across the island to its oldest and most interesting city, St. Domingo. It still retains much of its Spanish character, though little of the splendour attributed to it by Oviedo. The streets are wide and spacious, and the climate particularly agreeable, owing to a sea-breeze which uniformly breathes its refreshing balm upon the inhabitants. Mr. Mackenzie seems to have been better received and more agreeably entertained here than in any other part of the island which he had visited.

'Having letters for the general commanding, Borgella, the commandant de la Place, General Carrié, and the Vicar-General, Don Jose Aybar, I devoted the day after my arrival to visits, and was kindly received by all. At ten o'clock on the morning of the 8th, I waited, under the escort of the vicar-general, on the archbishop of San Domingo, (also the primate of the Indies,) whom I was very desirous of seeing, as his reputation for personal integrity stood very high. His name is Dr. Don Pedro Valera y Ximenes. The archiepiscopal palace is a large unadorned stone square building, after the Spanish fashion, with a quadrangle in the centre, from which spacious steps lead to the first floor, which is occupied by the archbishop and his officers. The simplicity and want of ornament were strongly contrasted with the residences of many Catholic prelates in Europe, and even with the republican style of the palace at Puebla of the late courtly Perez. In the anti-rooms we met two clergymen, who ushered us into another chamber, into which his Grace, or "su illustrissimo," as the Spaniards address their prelates, very soon entered. At this interview he was reserved, though polite, and seemed much gratified by my having paid him so early

a visit. He was (in 1827) in his sixty-ninth year, quite grey, of a clear dark complexion, with intelligent, yet mild, black eyes. His dress was as simple as might be, being the plainest black robes. Our visit was short, and on the motion of the vicar-general we retired, the archbishop overruling our opposition to his accompanying us to the gateway, at which he bestowed his benediction. I learned that his influence with his flock is unbounded, and that such is the unsullied character of his life, as to ensure the respect of those to whom he is politically opposed, and the valuable appellation among his friends of "un prelado santo."

'He is a native of the city, and was appointed to the see in 1813 by the regency in Spain, though the Papal Bull was not issued for four years afterwards. Under the Spanish government, his salary, exclusive of episcopal dues, was ten thousand dollars a-year. On the revolution in 1822, the republicans offered him three thousand dollars, which he has declined to receive, as well as to take the oaths of allegiance to the new government. He has never since celebrated divine service, but confines himself to watching over his flock, on whose voluntary contributions he supports himself and his dependents, the extent of which is very far beyond what might be expected in a country apparently so poor.

'The good old vicar-general, who is also the dean of the cathedral, in our way home, amused me not a little by expressing his firm belief that in a very short time England would be re-united to the church of Rome. I shortly endeavoured to point out the progress of public opinion in favour of Catholic relief, little expecting that that great act of justice was so near being accomplished. All my details only served to confirm the old gentleman's opinion. I did not discuss the question with him, or attempt to state the distinction between toleration in its most extensive sense, and the adoption of the opinions of the tolerated party, for to have refuted his millenian sehemes would have inflicted real pain on him.

'On the day following, the archbishop, accompanied by the canon Don Francisco Gonzales, the last rector of the university, and Don Andres Roson, the archbishop's secretary, returned my visit. They sat a long time with me, and were very frank in their communications on all the matters in which I felt interested. From them I learned that the schools, formerly established and supported by the King of Spain, had been abolished, as well as the university, in which there had been taught rhetoric, belles lettres, canon and civil law, medicine, and various other branches of science. But the most oppressive consideration appeared to be the progressive decay of religion. The number of ministers had been so deplorably reduced, that the remnant could not discharge their most urgent duties. The chapter of San Domingo formerly consisted of fourteen canons, two curas, and one sacristân mayor. Of these, four only were now left; and although very zealous, they had not the power of performing their duty adequately. Although the archbishop had refused the stipend offered to him, the dean accepted one hundred dollars, and each of the canons fifty dollars, per month.

'It seemed to be the impression of these gentlemen, that the object of the existing government is to keep the people in a state of ignorance and barbarism, in order to facilitate the management of them. How far I may be right in this view of their opinion I cannot pretend to say positively, as they were very guarded in their expressions; but if it should not be

their opinion, it is not an unlikely one to be entertained by men living among merely the wrecks of institutions which, from their childhood, they had been in the habit of regarding as sacred.—vol. i. pp. 250—254.

After making a tour round the island, the consul returned to his cottage near Port-au-Prince. We have already alluded to his opinion as to the state of the Haitian police. He mentions with great naiveté a little circumstance connected with this subject, that proves the singular discretion with which he conducted himself as the representative of England. Some bullocks belonging to the Government happened to be grazing near the grounds attached to his residence. They sometimes, it seems, trespassed upon his domain, and treated his fences and his grass with no very courtly ceremony. Having made in vain complaints to the authorities, he decided on taking the law into his hands, and shot the offending animals! And this behaviour he has the courage to say gave no offence! Assuredly it were much better that we should cease to be represented in Haiti, if we fail to find candidates for such an office, who can devise no more dignified mode of redressing a slight inconvenience, than openly violating the municipal regulations of the country, as well as the general maxims of humanity.

Mr. Mackenzie confirms all that Mr. Harvey had told us, of the strenuous exertions which are made by the Government of Haiti, in order to promote education in every part of the island. To the results of those exertions however, our author does not look forward with any very sanguine hopes, for what reason we are quite at a loss to discover. For the present he thinks that tranquillity is in no great danger of being disturbed, as every party is satiated with blood. The only occasion on which the peace of the island was lately menaced, occurred shortly after his return from his tour.

'Very soon after my arrival, rumours prevailed of a dissatisfied spirit being at work, on account of the arrangements with France, but no overt act, occurred or was said to occur, before my return from my journey. At this time the boldness of the discussions excited the attention of the government, and on the 26th June, three black officers were arrested on a charge of having tampered with a soldier, to join them in assassinating the president. The ostensible prime mover of the plan, Captain Bellegrade, also a negro, escaped. In the course of a few days afterwards several arrests took place, and disclosures of importance were reported to have been made as to the extent of the dissatisfaction. The trial of the three accused was first fixed for the 2nd July; but the subsequent arrest of a fourth black officer produced a delay until the 3d of the same month, when, the four accused, Captain Jean François, Lieutenant Michel, Lieutenant Lion, and Serjeant Lion Courchois, were brought before a court-martial, consisting of nine members, seven of whom were blacks. The prisoners were charged with conspiring to murder the president, to expel or murder all Europeans, and to alter the government. They denied the intention to murder the president, or any of the foreigners; but avowed their wish to put an end to the existing system of government, which they treated as oppressive, and to break off all connexion with France—a con-

nexion which they considered to be maintained merely to extort the last of their miserable pittance.

'I was not in court, but I was told that this style of defence was soon stopped; nor were the counsel permitted to discuss the inapplicability of the law under which the trial was going on, to the particular cases; or to adduce evidence of their innocence. It was even asserted that, on one of the advocates urging his right to be heard, he was stopped by the president's holding out his watch, and remarking, as he pointed to it, "le tems presse."

'The accused were convicted and sentenced to death. They called for a court of revision, which was refused; and in two or three hours the unfortunate men were at the place of execution.

'The place of execution is a large open space close to the principal burying-ground, called "La Cimetiere." On my riding there I found a considerable body of people assembled, and some women, clothed in white, close to the ditch that surrounds the place of interment, uttering wild cries, and exhibiting frantic gesticulations. They were the wives and female relatives of the unhappy convicts.

'The ground was guarded by the civic militia, whose apprehensions had been strongly excited by rumours of pillage meditated by the sufferers. A considerable body of troops, said to have been disaffected, remained in quarters; and the artillery, under the command of one of the most devoted of the president's adherents, were drawn up, during the time of the execution, at no very remote distance.

'I had not been long on the ground before the bustle announced the approach of the four convicts. Each was tied, by the arms behind his back, to a rope in the hands of a police-soldier, who walked after him, each too was dressed in a white jacket and trousers, and smoked a cigar. A strong guard surrounded the whole of the prisoners, and the melancholy procession was closed by the shooting-party, which consisted, as well as I can recollect, of about five-and-twenty men.

'I shall never forget the firm intrepidity with which these poor fellows advanced to meet their fate. They moved on without the slightest hesitation, until they arrived at the fatal spot, close to a dead wall, at the extremity of the open space already referred to. On reaching it they still remained pinioned; but the policemen retired, and the shooting-party advanced with evident reluctance. At the word being given the firing commenced, and instead of the wretched scene being closed by one, or at most two well-directed fires, there was absolutely a succession of discharges resembling a feu-de-joie. I am sure that not less than one hundred discharges must have taken place before the execution was ended. On reaching the ground, the whole four refused to be bandaged, threw off their hats, and exclaimed to their executioners, "Ne craignez pas!" The first volley only slightly wounded Captain François, who stood at the extreme left: a second brought him down, though still alive. Michel was shot through the body in several places, and had both his arms broken before he fell. Lieutenant Lion fell next, after having been severely wounded. During the whole of this revolting exhibition, Serjeant Lion Courchois was standing on the extreme right of the party, calmly smoking a cigar, without moving a limb or a muscle of his face. A ball through his body brought him to the ground, and as he touched it, he spat the

cigar from his mouth, and calmly discharged the volume of smoke from his lungs. The firing party then advanced, and putting the muzzles of their pieces to the bodies of these unhappy men, ended their sufferings by blowing them literally to pieces. At this part of the exhibition I gladly rode off, for it was the most revolting I had ever witnessed; and strongly as I felt the disgusting cruelty of the proceeding, I was more strongly impressed with admiration of the cool, resolute, and unpretending intrepidity of these poor fellows, who had no strong stimulus to maintain their energy. They dreamt not of future immortality, nor that a record should ever be made of a firmness and courage which would have done honour to any Roman. Whether admiration for the conduct of the dead, or disbelief of the charges against them, operated most, I cannot pretend to say, but there was certainly a general gloom after the execution, such as I never before witnessed in Haiti.'—vol. i. pp. 327—331.

The story is a tragical one, but it proves the strength of Boyer's government, and it exhibits, in a striking point of view, the firmness of character which the much abused negro can display—under circumstances naturally calculated to call it forth.

Mr. Mackenzie remained altogether no more than about fifteen months, either in his cottage, or journeying round the island of Haiti; yet he writes upon every subject connected with its resources, with as much confidence as if he had spent a whole life there, and had had personal experience sufficient to enable him to take the soundest and most comprehensive views of its agricultural and commercial condition. He represents it to be in a rapidly declining state, as to produce, and wholly unable to discharge the balance of the large indemnity which has been required by France.

With respect to the question of this indemnity, it is not improbable that the French minister who fixed its amount, clearly foresaw that the island of Haiti never could pay so large a sum, and that the whole transaction was merely a device, enabling France to assert, and, perhaps, upon a favourable occasion, to resume, her sovereignty over the territory which formerly acknowledged her sway. The inability of Haiti to meet so enormous a demand is placed by Mr. Mackenzie in a very conspicuous point of view; and with his returns and calculations and reasonings upon this point, we should not be disposed to quarrel, if, with an inconsistency for which we cannot account, he did not go much farther in his comments upon the universal degeneracy, which he represents as affecting almost every article of produce, since the period when the French were masters of a portion of the island. This decay he imputes to the idleness of the inhabitants, and that idleness he traces to the maxims of equality which are professed to be established by the constitution of the republic.

In the appendix to his second volume the author has inserted several tables, which, if they be correct, undoubtedly shew that in clayed and muscovado sugar, in coffee, cotton, and cocoa, and

molasses, there has been a very extensive falling off indeed since the French regime was subverted. On the other hand, he acknowledges that in dye woods, tobacco, and mahogany, there has been a marvellous increase, but this admission he accompanies with a *caveat* against any conclusions to be drawn therefrom in favour of negro industry, for he maintains that in all those branches of occupation which require systematic care and perseverance, ruin has become general, while those which demand mere desultory labour are alone in a state of prosperity.

We think that even if we were to concede the accuracy of the author's facts, we might, if time and space permitted, and that the subject were worth pursuing, point out may inconsistencies, many false conclusions, in his reasonings upon his own data. Referring to the period of French authority in Haiti as its golden age, he makes no allowance for the effects of the savage wars which so long raged in that territory during and after the revolution, which necessarily drove away many of the capitalists, desolated their establishments, and, for a long time, placed property of every description in a state of insecurity. Thus we might easily account for the total discontinuance of the export of sugar,—an article the cultivation of which in the cane, and the preparation of which for the markets of Europe, especially in a country where slavery no longer exists, cannot possibly be carried on by persons of ordinary means. We are not at all surprised that most of the great sugar factories have been abandoned, and that the cane has nearly ceased to be cultivated in Haiti under the circumstances,—the more so as we believe that her sugars are, or rather were generally of a coarser description than the European markets are now accustomed to receive from other quarters. The production of coffee may have varied for the same reasons, though the falling off in this article has not been so extensive as in sugar. But tobacco, which was not cultivated at all under the French, if Mr. Mackenzie's tables be correct, has been introduced and forms an article of valuable export; and mahogany and dye woods, which require little expenditure, finding a genial soil in the island, may have been found, in many instances, more productive of benefit to the land owners than speculations in sugar.

Art. II.—*Literary Recollections.* By the Rev. Richard Warner, F.A.S., &c., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman, Rees and Co. 1830.

No one could be more welcome to our hearts at this moment than Parr's "dear Richard Warner,"—some time curate in Bath, a courtier of the Muses, author of some sound practical sermons, and an exceedingly amusing topographer,—welcome, even in his old age, with all his varied and comical reminiscences.

It is now just forty years ago, since the name of Richard Warner, junr. was first introduced, by the 'Monthly Review,' to the notice

of the literary world, and having supported the timid candidate in his maiden essay, how is it that we should be insensible to his merits, in the maturity of that fame which, we flatter ourselves, we had some hand in rearing for him?

But since the man has been neither a strolling player, nor yet a black-leg, we suppose that his autobiography stands but an indifferent chance of success. Now-a-days, a self-historian, to become interesting, must long have ceased to be moral; and under the influence of some such law as that which prevails in the vegetable kingdom, his character must rot before it can rise. Having no recollections of youthful profligacy to revive for the edification of the world, totally unconscious as he was, during his long career, of the haunts, and the ways, and the conversation of thieves and demi-reps, we wonder that Mr. Warner had the fortitude to face the public of this country with such homely provender for their morbid appetites, as the tranquil revolution of an innocent life can supply. He should have waited for another and a better generation; he should have trusted his volumes to his executors, who, perchance, may live to witness the close of this iron age of literature. Then, indeed, might we count on seeing the innocuous gaiety, the jest without a sting of our reverend friend, adequately relished; then, should we expect to hear that there were excellent men who envied, with that better sort of envy, which arises from a preference of what is good and virtuous—envied him for his perennial cheerfulness, but, more than all, for the source of that cheerfulness—a conscience unstained. Even in these degenerate times, we are not without our hopes that wit, humour, whim, odd contrasts of character, and acute developments of eccentricity, will meet with some attention from the public, although they should be unaccompanied by any thing that is offensive to innocence, or injurious to virtue.

The great prerogative, if we may call it so, with which Richard Warner seems to have come into the world, was that of penetrating into, and enjoying, the ridiculous traits of men's minds. No matter where he was, the oddest creatures on earth were sure to be in his company. Now, it will be found very true that these curiously constituted persons do not appear the same in different circumstances. They require suitable objects for the rays, as it were, of their minds to fall on, in order that the peculiar colours of which they are composed should become sensible. There never was a man that detected, more quickly than Mr. Warner, the oddities of those with whom he came in contact: no man could laugh at them with more zeal, except when he had to turn them to the account of his moral purposes.

Not in the hope, we presume, of leaving a bone of contention for subsequent antiquaries, Mr. Warner is silent as to the place of his birth. The boarding school, in the suburbs of London, where he passed many miserable hours, is alike hidden from fame; and, indeed, the first time we find our author disposed to be particular, is

after the migration of his family to Lymington, in Hampshire, about the year 1776. Here he knew Mr. Dunkerley, a relation of George II., and author of the famous song, "Come ye lads who wish to shine;" and a Miss Nancy Bere, whose short, but romantic story we shall quote from these volumes. This young lady was, at an early age, adopted by Mr. Hackman and his lady, under the following circumstances:—

'Her (Mrs. H.'s) garden, in which alone she found particular pleasure, stood in need, as is usual in the spring season, of an active weeder; and John the footman was despatched to the poor-house, to select a little pauper girl, qualified for the performance of this necessary labour. He executed his commission in a trice; brought back a diminutive female of eight or nine years of age; pointed out the humble task in which she was to employ herself, and left her to her work. The child, alone amid the flowers, began to "warble her native wood-notes wild," in tones of more than common sweetness. Mrs. Hackman's chamber-window had been thrown up: she heard the little weeder's solitary song; was struck with the rich melody of her voice, and enquired from whom it proceeded? "Nancy Bere, from the poor-house," was the answer. By Mrs. Hackman's order, the songstress was immediately brought to the lady's apartment; who became so pleased, at this first interview, with her *naiveté*, intelligence, and apparently amiable disposition, that she determined to remove the warbling Nancy from the workhouse, and attach her to her own kitchen establishment. The little maiden, however, was too good and attractive, to be permitted to remain long in the subordinate condition of scullion's deputy. Mrs. Hackman soon preferred her to the office of lady's maid; and, to qualify her the better for this attendance on her person, had her carefully instructed in all the elementary branches of education. The intimate intercourse that now subsisted between the patroness and her *protégé*, quickly ripened into the warmest affection on the one part, and the most grateful attachment on the other. Nancy Bere was attractively lovely; and still more irrestible, from an uncommon sweetness of temper, gentleness of disposition, and feminine softness of character; and Mrs. Hackman, whose regard for her daily increased, proposed, at length, to her complying husband, that they should adopt the pauper orphan as their own daughter. From the moment of the execution of this plan, every possible attention was paid to the education of Miss Bere; and, I presume, with the best success; as I have always understood, that she became a highly-accomplished young lady. Her humility and modesty, however, never forsook her; and her exaltation in Mr. Hackman's family, seemed only to strengthen her gratitude to her partial and generous benefactress.

'It could not be thought, that such "a flower" as the adopted beauty,

"Was born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

or that, however retired her life might be, Miss Bere would remain long the beloved *protégé* of Mr. and Mrs. Hackman, without being remarked, admired, and solicited to change her name. Very shortly, indeed, after her assuming this character, such an event occurred; though without, at that time, producing any propitious result. A clergyman of respectable appearance, had taken lodgings in Lymington, for the purposes of autumnal

bathing, and amusing himself with a little partridge-shooting. The hospitable Mr. Hackman, ever attracted towards a brother-sportsman, by a sort of magnetic influence, called upon the stranger; shot with him; and invited him to his house. The invitations were repeated, and accepted, as often as the shooting-days recurred; nor had many taken place, ere their natural effect on a young, unmarried clerk, was produced. He became deeply enamoured of Miss Bere, and offered her his hand. She, for aught I know, might have been "nothing loth" to change the condition of a recluse, for the more active character of a clergyman's wife; but, as the gentleman had no possession save his living, and as Mr. Hackman could not, out of a life-estate, supply Miss Bere with a fortune, it was judged prudent, under these pecuniary disabilities, that she should decline the honour of the alliance. A year elapsed without the parties having met, and it was generally imagined, that Lethe had kindly administered an oblivious potion to both; and with the aid of absence, had obliterated from their minds, the remembrance of each other. But such was not the case. At the ensuing partridge-season, the gentleman returned to Lymington; and, with the title of "very reverend" prefixed to his name (for he had obtained a deanery in the interval) once more repeated his solicitations and his offers. These (as there was now no obstacle to the marriage) were accepted. The amiable pair were united; and lived, for many years, sincerely attached to each other; respected, esteemed, and beloved, by all around them. The death of the husband dissolved, at length, the happy connection. His lady survived her loss for some time; and, a few years ago, the little warbling pauper, Nancy Bere, of Lymington workhouse, quitted this temporal being, the universally lamented widow of the Rt. Rev. Thomas Thurloe, PALATINE BISHOP of DURHAM.'—vol. i. pp. 48—51.

Though Romance seemed to have marked Lymington for her own, our author found no difficulty in departing from that place for a seminary at Christchurch, where the people spoke more like Danes than subjects of George the Third, and where the corporate folks used to toast, year after year, in utter contempt of all dictionaries, domestic and foreign, "*Prosperation* to this Corporation"!! All this barbarism Mr. Warner attributes to the smugglers whom Christchurch had, time out of mind, served as an inviolable den, and who divided the jurisdiction of the borough and the country round with the worshipful civic body. Our hero had some terrible adventures with the smugglers—but having contracted a taste for antiquarian lore, there was not the slightest fear that his young imagination would have been captivated by the adventurous life which an association with the outlaws would have afforded. He began to scale old walls, by the help of the ivy stems that encompassed them—and he dug huge burrows with great industry, and was conversant with the bowels of the land all about him. One day he had engaged some company to witness the disinterment of a Roman Thorax. He struck his spade against a metallic substance, and unbounded was his joy.

'Almost breathless with joy and expectation, I hastily uncovered the treasure, and perceived an iron plate, about ten inches long, gently curved,

covered with precious rust, and perforated with small holes from top to bottom. A moment's inspection *fully convinced me what it was.* "Ευρηκα —Ευρηκα," I exclaimed, with the rapture of the old mathematician; "I have found the prize—By Heaven! here's a *Roman Thorax*," and triumphantly presented the iron plate to my clerical friends. They surveyed it with grave attention; and perfectly coincided in the opinion I had delivered, as to the nature and use of the article which I had turned up; suggesting at the same time, that by pursuing my researches, I should discover more remains of the chieftain's military garb. "Unquestionably," I replied;—"dig to the right there, and you'll get the helmet; and it's by no means improbable that we may meet with fragments of the *Paludementum;* if, indeed, time have not entirely consumed it." This extravagrance, however, was too great a tax upon the gravity of my hitherto demure companions. They simultaneously burst into a convulsive roar of laughter; and as soon as they could recover breath sufficient for speech, informed the astonished *antiquary*, that the *Roman Thorax* was neither more nor less than one side of an old *stable lantern*, which they had picked up on the heath; cast into the barrow; and covered over with earth; whilst I had been engaged with the labourer at the adjoining tumulus.'—vol. i. pp. 87—89.

Mr. Warner had the happiness to be acquainted with Mr. Gustavus Brander, at Christchurch, one of the generous benefactors to the British Museum. He met at this gentleman's table Captain Grose, the antiquary, whom he represents as an amiable man, but very somnolescent after meals, and a singular species of the Munchausen genius of voyagers, denominated General Perkins. One of the stories which the latter used to tell is given by Mr. Warner.

'Perkins, it seems, when a lieutenant of marines, happened to be cruising in a line-of-battle ship, off the island of Cuba. Himself, and several of the midshipmen, applied one morning to the captain for permission to spend the day on shore. Leave being obtained, the yawl was manned in a trice, and the party conveyed to land. Quitting the beach, they ascended the dark-sided, precipitous cliff that frowned over the waves; and in a short time had selected an agreeable spot for the deliberate despatch of their biscuits and grog. The ocean, and their gallant ship riding on its surges, lay before them. A long extent of gently-rising ground, naked of bush, brake, or tree, spread itself on the opposite quarter. The day passed in all that careless mirth, with which sailors generally contrive to load the wings of time, when fairly out of their ship; and the jolly group were now preparing for their departure. At this moment, a horrible bellowing was heard at their *back-front*, and, turning round, they beheld an immense herd of *wild buffaloes*, rushing towards them with the most furious rapidity down the slope. "Dreadful situation!" would some auditor exclaim, who had the happy faculty of *keeping his countenance.* "Dreadful indeed, Sir," the Colonel would respond, "for there was no apparent possibility of escape. But, Sir, my presence of mind is not apt to fail me. In an instant I saw the only hole at which we could creep out. "Up and away, my lads," I exclaimed, "for your lives! Run like lapwings to the edge of the precipice, and throw yourselves smack upon your faces. We'll show these bellowing rascals a trick worth two of their own." In a crack, Sir, we were all as flat as flounders, with our heads over the cliff. A moment's

delay, and we should have been spitted on the horns of the wild buffaloes; for they were already hard at our sterns: but, quite blind with fury, they did not perceive the trap that I had laid for them; and being at full speed, they could not stop themselves when they reached the edge of the cliff, so every mother's son of them went pell-mell, helter-skelter into the breakers below. "What, Sir," might the quizzer say, "did not one of them remain to tell the *tale?*"—"No, Sir," would the colonel reply (crowning his story with a *pun*,) "by Jupiter! not a *tail* was left behind.'"—vol. i. pp. 105—107.

We doubt, however, if Perkins' extravagance was half so productive of good humour as the *nature* of Mr. Talman, the Vicar, who joined to an immoderate appetite, a portliness of person that fully justified his extensive powers of consumption. The mirth of the company always approached its climax when the Vicar was fortunately placed within the sphere of a haunch of venison, than which no earthly good was more precious in his eyes, 'as he would, at such times,' observes Mr. Warner,

'As he would, at such times, gently intimate to his neighbours, right and left, that if their respective portions of *fat* were larger than agreeable, he should be most happy to receive them on his own plate; a favour, for the joke's sake, frequently conferred upon him. Among the many peculiarities of this thoroughly good-natured and universally esteemed incumbent, *one* may be specified, which, though exceedingly annoying to himself, was somewhat calculated to excite a smile in others; and that, too, on occasions when perfect gravity would have been more decorous and appropriate:—this was the inexpressible horror which he entertained at every species of contagious disease; and the alarm that he manifested at any object connected with infection. I have frequently, in company with other boys, attended the interment of those who had fallen victims to fever, small-pox, measles, or similar disorders; attracted, I am sorry to confess, not so much by the sublime and beautiful service used on such occasions, as by a curiosity to observe the wary arrangements made by the cautious vicar, for averting every possible danger of the disorder being communicated to himself. Whenever burials of this nature occurred, it was Mr. Talman's wont, to fortify himself for the dreaded service, both internally and externally, by swallowing a camphor julep, before he went into the churchyard; and proceeding thither with a lump of the same odoriferous drug in his bosom. He would then enjoin the sexton to place the sentry box, from which the service was read, at the distance of at least one hundred yards to the *windward* of the grave; and, with these precautions, would go through the formulary, in such a tone of thunder, as might not only be heard distinctly by the attendants at the funeral, but would surprise even those who were walking in the street beyond the churchyard. The power of Mr. Talman's lungs, was, indeed, in my experience, without a parallel. Not that the tone thereof was deep and full, like the serpent, sackbut, or double-bass: but sharp, dissonant, and clanging, as the blast of the trumpet when it rouses to battle.'—vol. i. pp. 111, 112.

Another oddity was the Rev. Mr. Richman, who owed some of his singularities to accidents in early life. Of him the author says—

'Though by no means deficient in manly spirit, he laboured under those *lighter fears* and apprehensions, which would have thrown a cast of the ludicrous over a character less respectable than his own. He never, for instance, put his watch, on a morning, into his fob, without first *airing* it; nor *read* a *new book* unless it had been previously exposed for two or three days to the drying influence of the fire. So great also was his terror at mounting an elevation, and his alarm when accidentally placed on one, that I have known him refuse to ascend a bank of six feet high, at the side of the road, to view a prospect; or, if he had been prevailed upon to overcome his alarm for the gratification of his curiosity, to tremble like an aspen leaf, while he stood on its summit, and to require the assistance of a friendly arm, to place him again on the level ground.' —vol. i. pp. 138, 139.

During his scholastic ordeal at Christchurch, poor Mr. Warner was seized with the ambition to be a poet—and a very seasonable tempest offering at the juncture, the young aspirant accepted it as a subject. He wrought, at the sacrifice of a whole night's repose, some twenty lines, which he engrossed on a large sheet of paper, and published as well as he could, by holding up the interesting manuscript to the whole school. It caught the master's eye—it was read aloud by one of them, when, as he had delivered the second line, a shout of laughter from all quarters broke forth, dissipating in a moment the spell which had bound our hero's heart. As a magnificent example of the bathos, the two lines cannot be exceeded.

'ON A MIDNIGHT STORM.

'Now the slow thunder, awful, rolls along,
And sings *divine the bass of heavenly song*.'

This is the music of the spheres with a vengeance—and we do not think that a more happy accompaniment could be selected for the "bass of heavenly song," than a loud treble movement in the most laughable possible key.

Amongst the other hospitable neighbours at whose boards the author had often joined in the feast of reason and the flow of soul, was Sir John D'Oyley, the fast and tried friend of the famous Warren Hastings. Sir John occupied a place in the same box with the ex-governor of India, during the whole of the memorable trial in Westminster Hall. Our author went one day to witness this celebrated scene, and the following is his account of the impression which it left on his mind.

'With the exception of the "commemorations of Handel," in Westminster Abbey (at two of which I was present), Mr. Hastings' trial, on the day I obtained admission to it, exhibited a spectacle, gorgeous and striking, beyond any I have ever contemplated—the most august apartment in Europe; crowded with the larger proportion of the members of both houses of parliament; and an immense number of the first nobility, and most leading gentry in the kingdom; all, either in court dresses, or fashionable attire: the band of accusers, men of the brightest talents, and

rarest attainments, ranged in formidable array against their expected victim: and Burke, pouring out his "breathing thoughts, and burning words," to a charmed or electrified audience. But, stricken for a moment as the *imagination* might be with delight or wonder, at the picture presented to it—there was *one* feature in the scene, which quickly arrested and fixed the attention; and soon entirely absorbed, affected, and impressed the mind: the impeached personage himself (supported by his *fidus Achates*, Sir John D'Oyley), exposed to the gaze of the mighty multitude, and listening to his own crimination; but, sitting in dignified composure, and with unmoved countenance, (save when a rash assertion, or a hardy falsehood, curled his lip with a contemptuous smile; or a base allusion to *her*, who was dear to him as his own honour, tinged his cheek with a momentary blush of indignation.)'—vol. i. pp. 209, 210.

This last trait which our author mentions has never, we believe, been alluded to in any history of this singular drama; but we think it is calculated very much to increase the melancholy interest of the occasion, and to add to our satisfaction at the ultimate acquittal of the accused. Mr. Warner describes the character and manners of Warren Hastings, as being conciliating and attractive in the extreme; his conversation was as interesting and agreeable as we should suppose that of a man of acute observation and extensive opportunity to be; and it abounded in curious anecdotes. One of these, of a very singular nature, is given by Mr. Warner.

'Our conversation happening to turn on one occasion, on the *jugglers* of India, their extraordinary performances, sleights of hand, and general deceptive skill; I asked Mr. Hastings whether he had ever witnessed any of their feats, for which he had been unable to account, on those principles which are usually applied to their explanation. He acknowledged that he had frequently seen such singular deceptions by these men, as he would not venture to relate in general society, lest he should be suspected of credulity, or charged with exercising "the privilege of a traveller;" and that once a trick had been performed in his presence, the *modus operandi* of which he had never been able to conjecture. He had accepted the invitation of an Indian potentate, to a magnificent entertainment, given under a spacious pavilion or marquee. A party of jugglers formed one feature of the amusements; and a wide space within the tent was cleared, and appointed for their performances. One of the conjurors bore on his shoulders a large wicker basket, which was exhibited to the spectators, perfectly empty. After shaking it in their presence, to convince them that nothing was within it, he inverted the basket, and placed it with its opening towards the ground. Certain incantations or jabberings now succeeded, and on their completion, the juggler lifted up the basket, when, to the astonishment of the spectators, *a little black woman was discovered in a sitting posture*, who, to convince the company that she was real flesh and blood, *started up, performed an Hindoo dance, and then rushing out of the tent, was seen no more.*'—vol. i. pp. 212, 213.

There are, we believe, many persons at present in London, who knew personally, or have heard a good deal about a very amiable but eccentric man, the Rev. Philip Le Brock. During the

latter days of his life he picked up a very precarious existence by little jobs for newspapers. Misfortunes crowded on him, until insanity at last drew its dark veil between him and his fate. He died in St. Luke's. They who remember him in his day of disaster, will be surprised to learn, that in the midst of opportunities for gaining independence, the poor devoted victim sacrificed his best hopes to the indulgence of the most visionary enterprises. An astonishing combination of reason and insanity was always to be found in his writings. The wildest schemes he endeavoured to support by arguments and observations which at once convinced the reader of his acuteness and great information. He proposed to pay off the national debt by public charity; and solemnly set about proving that a greater blessing could not be conferred on a man in this world than an estate with an *exhausted gravel pit!* where vines, to yield a juice never yet known in the countries of Burgundy and Champagne, could be planted. Mr. Le Brock was curate of Milton, which is not far from Christchurch, at the period when Mr. Warner sojourned there. The former set up a school near Lymington, which he proposed to conduct on the pure peripatetic principle of the antients; but a fatal blow was given to his system, for one of the first scholars he received gave a proof of the utility of the sort of instruction which he received, by eloping with the buxom housekeeper of the establishment. This was not Le Brock's only misfortune, as we shall see from the following passage:—

'Conceiving that considerable sums of money were uselessly wasted on the *roofs* of houses, in heavy timbers, and costly slating; he determined to avoid such an unnecessary expense, by substituting light spars, and *paper*, in the room of these ponderous materials. The fine-drawn rafters, were accordingly disposed in a range a little deviating from the horizontal line, so as to form a roof nearly flat; but at the same time with an inclination to the north, sufficient to give direction and vent to the rain that might fall upon it. On this slight frame-work, a flooring of half-inch deal was fixed; and alternate coatings of coarse brown paper and tar, to the thickness of half an inch, completed the first and last example of a *paper-roof*, ever seen in Britain. A hot summer dried and consolidated the mass into a state sufficiently hard to allow of its being trodden on without injury; and the ingenious inventor of the process, fully satisfied with this trial of its efficacy, determined on guarding the discovery, and its inevitable enormous profits, by a *patent*. Fortunately a delay occurred to prevent an immediate application for the exemplification, and an event took place, in the course of a few weeks, which rendered all further thought on that head, quite unnecessary. The gloomy month of November came; his wings loaded with more than an usual weight of rain; and accompanied by blasts,

"Of force sufficient to uproot the oak."

The fillagree wood-work of the roof was shaken out of its bearings; the paper became saturated with wet; the gutter was choked, and at length,

dislocated, shattered, melted, and overwhelmed, down came, "with hideous ruin," the unhappy roof, deluged the house, half-drowned the family, and destroyed every anticipation of success from the projected patent.'—vol. i. pp. 259—261.

One of the most agreeable features of these volumes, is the alternation of scenes and characters which it contains; the one depressing us to the lowest note of the melancholy gamut, the other exciting us to the highest degree of pleasant emotion. In the following ludicrous story will be found a rather agreeable preservative against the blue demons which the calamities of poor Le Brock might be apt to conjure up. Mr. Warner having been placed in circumstances to receive orders, proceeded by appointment to York, to obtain ordination from the archbishop of that diocese. During the period of his stay at York, he was invited to dine at the sumptuous table of his lordship, over which Mrs. Markham, his lady, presided with a good temper and good humour that induced Mr. Warner to give her the title of the genius of innocent fun. A fellow-candidate from the North-riding of Yorkshire was also present. On him, our hero, on account of the homeliness of the poor fellow's manners, and his ignorance of the ways of genteel life, had fixed his sympathies, and took a chair next him, in order to save him from any embarrassments in which the course of the entertainment might involve him. All seems to have gone on pretty well, until impelled by a foolish desire of once at least acting for himself, the North-Riding candidate committed a terrific blunder. We must give the scene in Mr. Warner's own language.

'Utterly unused to the forms of a fashionable table, my worthy friend had nothing left for it but to resign all free-agency, and do as those around him did; to comply with every invitation to a fresh slice, or a full glass; and patiently to suffer the unexpected abduction of his plate, though he might not have despatched more than a moiety of its savoury contents. It must be confessed, that he managed the business of *imitation* with sufficient adroitness, until the removal of the *sweets*, and the introduction of the *water-glasses*; but here fortune failed him, and determined, in her spite, to *play off* both Mrs. Markham and her guest. The latter, whose wonder had been excited by these crystal vessels, carefully observed, as he supposed, the *uses* to which they were applied, the washings and the wipings, &c.; but, alas! there was one material point, in which he had altogether mistaken the complicated process; for, having duly performed the necessary ablutions and purifications of face and mouth, he carried the goblet to his lips, and, without drawing breath, drained it to the very dregs!

'It was not in Mrs. Markham's nature to resist the impulse to risibility at so marvellous a sight. Her little round frame shook with convulsive laughter; nor could she thoroughly compose her features into any thing like gravity during the remainder of the day.'—vol. i. pp. 297, 298.

When Mr. Warner obtained a curacy at Bath, a place where he had ample scope for the exercise of his talents, and the indulgence

of his social temper, all sorts of odd and eccentric people came across him. It is said that there are persons whom rats will pursue round the world. We swear that Mr. Warner has a wonderful attraction for the curiosities of the human race. We will give his account of a lady, a Mrs. Jefferys, sister to the famous Wilkes, who was once highly esteemed amongst the gay circles of Bath.

'She retired early to bed, in a room whose window was thrown up, night and day, winter and summer, without regard to the blast or the tempest, the rain or the snow; and whose furniture principally consisted of ten or a dozen wooden clocks, chiming or cuckooing, in delightful discordance, whenever they struck the passing hour. No fire was ever kindled in this temple of the winds. At day-break Mrs. Jefferys rose from her all but comfortable bed: ate a sparing breakfast of a dish of chocolate, and a few slices of toast, thin and narrow as a penny ribbon; and occupied herself with her books and papers, till the hour of *morning calls*. These visits were very gratifying to her: but she only received, and never returned them. At the hour of three her chairman attended with her own sedan, to convey her to the boarding-house, where she was accustomed to dine. Thither she never *walked*: for having been alarmed (as it was said) at one period of her life, by encountering a *mad dog* in her ambulations, she had formed a resolution never again to put her foot upon the pavement. A bottle of her own old Madeira accompanied her in the chair. At the boarding table a particular seat was invariably occupied by Mrs. Jefferys; a gentleman flanked her on each side; for she always avowed her partiality for the male sex, "who," she observed, "have more *sinew* of *mind*, as well as body, than we women:" and with these favoured neighbours she liberally shared her bottle of "London particular." Her diet at the boarding-table, for a considerable portion of time, (I think I may say, for years,) was such, as few could credit without a voucher; (and I pledge myself for the fact,) fewer still could imagine; and fewer, I trow, among his Majesty's liege subjects would imitate: a surloin of beef; a mighty round of the same truly British aliment: a loin of veal; or any other joint, well coated with that *pinguid matter*, vulgarly called fat, was ever provided for Mrs. Jefferys' especial accommodation. On slices of this said *fat*, (detached from every particle of lean,) and on small masses of *chalk*, placed beside her plate, would Mrs. J. make a hearty, and I presume, wholesome meal, (for it agreed with her right well,) alternating a mouthful of the one with a piece of the other; thus neutralizing the *sebacic acid* of the former, with the *alkaline principle* of the latter; and diluting, amalgamating, and assimilating the delicious compound, with half a dozen glasses of her own generous wine. The day would be finished by two or three hours of conversation; and the sedan would again convey her, at an early time of night, to her own house in Gay Street.'—vol. ii. pp. 72—74.

Our last extract shall consist of statements very far apart indeed in their nature, from the anecdotes we have generally quoted from these volumes. The character of the person who records the facts we are about to give—his learning and experience of the world, and, above all, his sacred calling, give to these facts a credibility

and an interest which do not always attach to narratives of the same marvellous description.

'Lord William Petty was the third son of the old Marquiss of Lansdowne, and brother of the present highly-gifted Lord of Bowood. He had attained to the age of seven or eight years; as remarkable for the precosity of his understanding, as he was unfortunate in the delicate state of his constitutional health. The Marquiss, called to London, by his parliamentary duties, had left the child at Bowood, for the winter, with Mr. Jarvis, his tutor, and suitable domestics. The late Dr. Priestley, also, the Marquiss's librarian, made one of the party. On an ill-omen'd day, beautiful and brilliant, but intensely cold, the game-keeper, in compliance with Lord William's request, took the lad before him on horseback. His Lordship rode with his waistcoat open, and chest exposed; and an inflammation on the lungs, was the immediate consequence of this incaution. On the first appearance of indisposition, Mr. Alsop of Calne, the family apothecary, (himself much attached to the child,) was summoned to attend his Lordship. His treatment promised a favourable result, and after a few days, he left him, in the forenoon, apparently out of danger. Towards evening, however, the symptoms becoming decidedly worse, the family were alarmed; and Mr. Jarvis thought it right to call for Mr. Alsop's immediate assistance. It was night before this gentleman reached Bowood: but an unclouded moon showed every object in unequivocal distinctness. Mr. Alsop had passed through the Lodge Gate, and was proceeding to the house, when, to his utter astonishment, he saw Lord William coming towards him, in all the buoyancy of childhood, restored, apparently, to health and vigour.—" I am delighted, my dear Lord," he exclaimed, " to see you: but, for Heaven's sake, go immediately within doors; it is death to you to be here at this time of night." The child made no reply: but, turning round, was quickly out of sight. Mr. Alsop, unspeakably surprised, hurried to the house. Here, all was distress and confusion; for, *Lord William had expired a few minutes before he reached the portico.*'—vol. ii. pp. 114, 115.

But let the sequel be attended to.—The body was directed to be buried in the vault at *High-Wickham*, where the remains of the child's mother had been already deposited, and the funeral on its way was to halt at two specified places.

'Mr. Jarvis and Dr. Priestley attended the body. On the first day of the melancholy journey, the latter gentleman, who had hitherto said little on the subject of the appearance to Mr. Alsop, suddenly addressed his companion, with considerable emotion, in nearly these words. " There are some very singular circumstances connected with this event, Mr. Jarvis; and a most remarkable coincidence, between a dream of the late Lord William, and our present mournful engagement. A few weeks ago, as I was passing by his room-door one morning, he called me to his bed-side. 'Doctor,' said he, 'what is your christian name?' —' Surely,' said I, 'you know it is Joseph.'—' Well then,' replied he, in a lively manner, 'if you are a *Joseph*, you can interpret a *dream* for me, which I had last night. I dreamed, Doctor, that I set out upon a long journey; that I stopped the first night at *Hungerford;* whither I went without touching the ground:

that I flew from thence to *Salt Hill*, where I remained the next night; and arrived at High-Wickham, on the third day; where my dear Mamma, beautiful as an angel, stretched out her arms, and caught me within them.' —Now," continued the Doctor, "these *are precisely the places where the dear child's corpse will remain, on this and the succeeding night, before we reach his mother's vault, which is finally to receive it.*"'—vol. ii. pp. 115—117.

To this singular story Mr. Warner subjoins the following as singular:

'Another instance of these mysterious delusions of the imagination, (if such they must be called,) came within my own personal knowledge. Whilst I filled the curacy of Fawley, I was accustomed, occasionally, to spend a day or two at Lymington, and usually slept at the house of a friend of mine, a solicitor of that town. He had a client, by the name of Wyat, keeper of a turnpike-gate in the vicinity of Lymington, who, then, lay exceedingly ill; and for whom my friend had recently made a will. The gentleman, of whom I speak, was accustomed to attend on every market-day at the town of Beaulieu, a place about seven miles from Lymington; the approach to which was over a wild common, called Beaulieu Heath, between three and four miles in breadth; cut up by innumerable tracks, and destitute of all trees or plants, save furze-bushes, and heather. One evening, on returning from a party to my friend's house, I learned, with some surprise, that he had not yet come back from Beaulieu, whither he had gone early in the morning. The midnight hour approached—but a glorious full moon prevented any alarm for his safety. Just before twelve he arrived, greatly heated and somewhat agitated. I enquired the cause. He closed the door, and then narrated as follows:—"On leaving Lymington," said he, "this morning, as I passed the turnpike, I enquired after poor Wyat; and learned from his wife that he was desperately ill, and not likely to recover. My business at Beaulieu detained me till late in the evening. I did not mount my horse before the clock struck ten; but, as the night was exceedingly fine, I rode slowly, my mind much occupied with the business which I had gone out to transact, but failed in accomplishing. I had scarcely entered upon the heath, when I saw, about a hundred yards before me, a man sitting on the ground close to the tract which my horse had taken. On approaching him, I discovered, to my extreme astonishment, the form and countenance of Wyat: the one extremely emaciated, the other deadly pale. When within half-a-dozen yards of him, he started up and proceeded at a brisk walk along the road on which I was riding. I called him by name, but he did not answer. I put my horse into a swinging trot, in order to overtake him—repeating my request that he would stop; but, by changing his walk into a run, he still kept a few yards before me; occasionally turning his head, and showing, as at first, the exact features of Wyat. I was alarmed: and spurred my horse to its utmost speed—but all in vain; the figure still headed me; and, though the pursuit continued nearly three miles, I could never overtake it: and, at length, lost sight of it altogether among the holly-trees, at the hither end of Beaulieu Heath. I continued to ride as hard as I could to the turnpike, and there enquired, again, how the sick man was, and

whether he had been out of the house that evening. A neighbour who attended the gate for the afflicted family, answered, that he had 'been in Heaven for more than two hours.' He was dead, and I had seen his *spirit:* for how else can you account for the circumstance?" I leave it to the reader's sagacity to discover a satisfactory answer to this question; for I confess my own inability to solve the mystery. No common supposition will do it; for my friend was a grave, steady, and by no means a fanciful man, and of unimpeachable veracity.

"There are more things in heaven and earth—
Than are dreamt of in our philosphy!"'—

vol. ii. pp. 117—119.

We must confess that we have never given our sanction to the circulation of such narratives as these, without asking ourselves this question—are we not administering to a weak propensity of our nature, and endeavouring to fan the expiring flame of superstition? Still when we find that such stories are sent into the world by enlightened men, who must be supposed to be as solicitous for the welfare of mankind as ourselves, we willingly shelter ourselves under their authority, and adopt their example. For our own parts, without at all denying the possibility of such visitations, we must say that we read or listen to them with great incredulity, and for this reason. It is only by the immediate appointment of God that these preternatural appearances take place. This being the case, there must be some object or end in view, which they are to serve. Now in no one instance of these singular visitations, have we been ever able to detect the slightest utility. No sort of communication, no warning, no announcement has taken place; and it always happens that the visit of the supposed friend is cotemporaneous with the moment of his death. We could never conceive that Providence would so far suspend the laws which usually prevail, with respect to the relation between the material and the spiritual world, merely for the sake of putting a poor mortal into a state of vague terror; and yet as far as we know, nothing more rational is ever the effect of these preternatural demonstrations.

Some very interesting biographical particulars relating to Dr. Parry, the celebrated physician of Bath, and the still more celebrated Dr. Parr, are furnished by Mr. Warner; and they are the more valuable, as they are the results of his own personal experience of those two eminent men. We have not spoken of Mr. Warner's literary productions, because, from time to time as they issued from the press, we have endeavoured to devote that consideration to his works, which his talents and reputation called for. We need not say how highly pleased we have been with these volumes. We have seldom seen so much good sense, and still more rarely, so much good humour united with a greater abundance of charitable feeling and innocence of purpose. The style is remarkably forcible, chaste, and elegant.

ART. III.—*Picture of India: Geographical, Historical, and Descriptive.* 2 vols. 12mo. London: Whittaker and Co. 1830.

WE must say, that there is an elegance, (if not a splendour) of decoration about these volumes, that very properly corresponds with the ideas of magnificence which we usually associate with the name of India. The contents are not unworthy of the beautiful frame work in which they are embraced; and, if we mistake not the public taste, this Picture of India will, for a long time, supersede every competitor that has arisen, or that is likely to come into the field.

We have an abundance of books illustrative of India, under its manifold aspects. Our literature and our natural history are enriched by a hundred contributors, who draw their materials from the exhaustless stores of Hindostan. These works are very numerous, and very expensive, and consequently not easily accessible almost to any class. To compare the information which they contain—to digest the mass of facts which that comparison yielded, and to arrange them in a natural and convenient series—was the task which the author of these volumes has proposed to himself, and accomplished. There were many difficulties opposed to the execution of such a work, but we do not think that they could have been met with more ingenuity and knowledge than the compiler has displayed. He seems to be thoroughly conversant, either from personal observation of India, or long contemplation of that country through the medium of books, with all her physical peculiarities, all her resources, tried and untried, together with the present state and capabilities of her infinite population. It is impossible for any one to turn his attention to the existing condition of Hindostan, without wishing that the elements of moral improvement to be found in it, were as speedily as possible put into a state of activity—and, accordingly, our author is not lukewarm, although he is far from being chimerical, or even intemperate, in urging his plans and suggestions for the immediate commencement of the era of Indian reform. Generally, however, he appears to us to be very impartial in his views and commentaries; his language is forcible; his descriptions of nature are clear and striking, and are occasionally tinged with the fervid sensibility of a poet's heart. As a Guide-book alone, to those who look to the Eastern continent of the British dominions as the place of their future destiny, the present work is calculated to gratify curiosity, and to furnish both useful and interesting information.

The geographical position of India naturally claims the earliest attention of the author, and he considers it chiefly in relation to the facilities it enjoys for commercial intercourse with other countries. Towards the south, the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea afford a ready means of communication with the whole south of Europe, and,

indeed, were the channels of commerce between India and Europe before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope. The Oriental Islands, and the eastern part of Asia, on the one hand, with China, Japan, the cluster of Islands that stud the Pacific, and—though last not least—the whole range of the coast of western America, north and south, are commanded by India, through the passage round the Malay peninsula. In short, it is calculated to be the centre of commerce, whether of the north, south, east, or west. The great geographical features of India are its mountains, but none of them almost deserve to be mentioned with the grand range of the Himalaya, of which our author gives a detailed account.

'It will be most convenient to begin in the north-west, where the great dividing ridge, between the northern and the southern waters, enters that part of the Afghan territory, which is naturally included within the Indian barrier, although that territory is not yet under the influence of the East India Company. Upon the map of Asia, this ridge of mountains may be traced, with some interruptions, of pass, desert, and table land, from the Dardanelles, south of Constantinople, to Behring's Strait, opposite the north-west of America. Indeed, the pass of the Dardanelles is only an interruption, and there is some reason to think, an interruption produced, during the present state of the globe, by the eruption of an immense body of water, that once covered a considerable part of the valley of the Danube, of Russia, and of Siberia, and united the Caspian, the sea of Azoph, and the Black Sea, into one mass of water. Therefore, the mountains under consideration are part of one great mountain formation, that girdles the old continent, from the south-west of Europe to the north-east of Asia, and is therefore the longest upon the globe.

'As to India, however, it may be reckoned as beginning at Hindû Cosh, a great snowy summit, about seventy miles to the north-west of the city of Cabul in Afghanistan, the altitude of which has not, so far as we have been able to ascertain, been measured. This peak is in latitude about 35°, and longitude about 68½° east. Thence, the chain stretches eastward, bending sometimes to the north, and sometimes to the south, but on the average nearly upon a parallel, to about longitude 76°, or for nearly 400 British miles; and during the whole of that extent, it gets the name of Hindû Cosh, or the Indian Caucasus. Its summit forms the "water-shed," between the rivers that run north-west, and those that descend to the Indus, during the greater part of the distance,—there being only two passages for rivers, one for the Kaushkar, about longitude 71°, and another for the Indus, about longitude 75°, both of which rivers flow towards the south. Those mountains are of great elevation, some of them being estimated at more than 20,000 feet, and the snow remains upon them throughout the whole season; but the barrier that they present, and the strong reflection of the mid-day sun from their sides, give to the valleys a very high temperature, and crops ripen and flocks are fed, and there are forests at an elevation which, even on the Andes, under the equator, would be too cold for being productive or even habitable. In the valleys, the thermometer shows an elevation of 113°; but in the light dry air of that Alpine region, that great heat does not appear to be be injurious, or even disagreeable. The principal river

that drains those mountains, to the west of the Indus, is the Cabul, which joins the Indus, at the celebrated passage of Attock.

'About the 76° of longitude, the chain bends to the south-east, and receives the name of Himalaya, or "the dwelling of snow," to which it is unusually entitled. Among high peaks of the Himalaya, in about latitude 31°, and longitude 81°, the Indus and its principal tributary, the Sutledj, and the Ganges, and its principal branch, the Jumnah, rise, at no great distance from each other, nor yet far from the source of the Sampoo, which rolls its stream through the mountain country of Thibet. Some of the mountains near the source of those rivers, have been ascertained to have an elevation exceeding 22,000 feet; but they are by no means the highest in the chain, though the point is, of course, the summit level of all the valleys of the rivers. At this part, the breadth of the chain is not great,- the extent, from what may be considered as the termination of the plains of India, to the commencement of those of Thibet, in passing northward, does not exceed 80 or 100 miles.

'It is after they have passed the sources of the great rivers, that those mighty mountains rise up, in all their grandeur, between the sources of the rivers Gogra and Gunduck, from longitude 81° to 83°. There, there is a succession of summits, ten or more, the altitudes of which have been measured, and each of them is considerably higher than Chimboraço, in the Andes: while Dhawalaghiri, or the white mountain, raises its head to the enormous elevation of more than 27,000 feet. These mighty masses are formed into an array across the direction of the chain, and divided, for a considerable way, by deep ravines. So far as has been observed, there is a peculiarity of formation common to them all; and it is a formation which, from the motion of the only winds that can act upon the mountains, those that come loaded with rain, we would be led to expect. The southern sides, those that are turned toward the Bay of Bengal, and of course pelted by the heavy rains, which the south winds bring from that quarter, are smooth, and worked into something like débris and decomposition: while the opposite sides, which are sheltered from the fury of the elements, present all the perpendicular cliffs and rugged forms of the original rock.

'Along the whole valley of the Ganges, those mountains retain a sublime elevation; though, as they advance toward the south-east, they become rather less lofty, and also less continuous. In absolute elevation, the secondary mountains that divide Nepâl from the great valley, are but trifling as compared with these; while the little lateral elevations, which stretch into the valley between the numerous rivers, and which are found so convenient for pasturage, when the low lands are flooded, hardly deserve the name of hills. Beyond the swampy lands on the banks of the Brahmapootra, and the forests in which that river is supposed to have its source, the great chain of the Himalaya has not been traced, though it is by no means unlikely that its ramifications may extend across China to the eastern sea, and down the Malay peninsula to the Strait of Malacca.'—vol. i. pp. 52—57.

India, on its eastern side, is very remarkable for the want of natural harbours on its coasts, and also for a deficiency of islands in its proximity; though the internal part abounds with copious and

navigable streams, still they are but little calculated to facilitate communications between the shores and the inland places. This is accounted for by the accumulations of earth to which the mouths of rivers on this side of India are peculiarly liable, all of them being obstructed by a bar, a delta, or a portion of land thrown across them. Through the whole line of shore, from the most easterly mouth of the Ganges, to Cape Comorin, there is not a harbour to accommodate any kind of large vessel, nor is there a roadstead near it where a ship of large burden might ride with any chance of safety during the south monsoon. Those who have undergone the perilous ordeal of a landing at Madras, per the Catamaran, can alone have an idea of the impracticable nature of the Indian shore in those parts. The western coast is of a very different character, and the harbour of Bombay, which is so well supplied with water as to be a very convenient place for building and repairing vessels, may be taken as a specimen of the accommodating character of the western shore.

We have an excellent account in these volumes of the Rivers of India, which, in their number and influence on the vegetation of the country, form one of the most striking peculiarities of that interesting region. They all rise from great elevations, they are copiously increased by floods, and, on these accounts, produce the very maximum of atmospheric influence on the productive power of the soil. This effect has been at all times so palpable, that it is no wonder the untutored hearts of the Hindoos should have rendered that tribute of grateful adoration to these senseless agents of a protecting providence, which was due only to Providence itself. The Mineralogy and Soil receive a due share of our author's attention, and what he says of the former is well worth consideration, if it were only because it seems at once to dissipate the vulgar notion that India abounds in the precious metals. Its great peculiarity is, that it is free from volcanoes. The chapter on Climate and Seasons is remarkable for a very extensive acquaintance with the changes and peculiarities of the atmosphere of India; and, under the head of Scenery and Vegetation, we have a very excellent selection of some of the most characteristic growths by which the Indian soil is distinguished. The whole produce, abundant and rich as it is, may be said to be the spontaneous offering of the earth itself; for there, industry does but little, and art still less, to afford to nature that assistance in her productions, which in every part of the world she never fails to repay. The author, indeed, acknowledges that he sinks under the effort to convey even an idea of the wonderful capabilities of India,—as a forest, a field, an orchard, and a garden. To the geologist—the naturalist—the philosopher—who is curious about the history of the earth, physical India offers an inexhaustible fund of materials for his wonder and admiration, calculated sometimes to confirm theories which the observation of the European world has given rise to, but oftener tend-

ing to involve him in perplexity and doubt. From the consideration of its physical aspect, we turn to the living peculiarities of India. Too great a share of space is allotted to the elephant, not because that animal is not of sufficient importance and interest to justify a very lengthened description, but his history and habits are now so well known, that our author might have very properly devoted to a description of other zoological specimens, a good number of the pages which he has sacrificed to the elephant. The selection, however, of objects of notice, in general, is extremely judicious. In no quarter of the world are birds more ingenious than in India. It is necessity that makes them so, for no where have they so many and such vigilant enemies. The unceasing persecution of the snakes in particular, has been the means of producing, amongst the winged community, a perfection in the architecture of their abodes which is truly surprising.

'To guard against that enemy, a little feathered inhabitant of the neighbourhood of Bombay,—a thing not much bigger than a cockchafer, —fixes its tiny nest to the pointed leaves of the palmyra palm, which the snake cannot reach, and there rears its brood in safety. But of all the winged architects of India, or, perhaps, of any other country, the Indian grossbeak (*loxia philippina*) is one of the most ingenious. The bird is rather bigger than the one last mentioned. In bulk, it exceeds the common sparrow of our gardens, and, therefore, its nest would weigh down the tip of a leaf till it came in contact with others, and, therefore, brings the treasure which that contained within reach of the enemy. To prevent this, it has recourse to a very ingenious contrivance. It builds in a variety of trees, but it prefers the Indian fig; and making choice of a very slender twig, it plaits a rope of grass and vegetable fibres, at least a foot and a half long, and to the end of that it fastens its snug and very ingeniously constructed nest. Externally that nest is formed of the same materials as the cord by which it is suspended, and plaited in the manner of a basket. Internally it differs from most nests, in containing a suite of three apartments, which are partially separated from each other, and yet have one common entrance, and a communication with each other. The first apartment is for the male, who keeps watch there, while the female is performing her incubation, and as his beak is powerful in proportion to his size, he offers a bold defence against ordinary winged foes, while the rope by which the nest is suspended is a sufficient protection against the snake. The second apartment is for the female; and the third, and most secure, for the young. This nest is, in itself, most abundantly ingenious, but those who are fond of heightening nature with their own fancies, render it a good deal more so. The male has, generally, a light in his apartment; and thus it is easy for fancy to endow him with the lantern as well as the vigilance of a watchman. In one corner of his apartment, there is generally a little bit of moist clay, upon which there are fastened one or more glow-worms, which partially illuminate the little apartment. These insects use them in preference to any others, simply because their light betrays them, and they can be caught in the twilight, and they are a supply of food for the young grossbeaks in the nursery behind; but there are, in all departments of natural history, more violent

and improbable strainings of the fact than the supposition that they are placed there for the purpose of giving light; and certainly there would be something very wonderful in a bird lighting up its apartment, as it would be an instance without a parallel in animal history.'—vol. i. pp. 370—372.

We could have wished that the writer had been a little more copious on the Fishes of India. The Land of Waters, as India deserves well to be called, must surely have furnished some curious specimens of fish, which claim a place in the enumeration of its peculiarities. We are likewise surprised at his silence as to the insects of that country.

The out-settlements of India are next described, in succession; they consist of Ceylon, Prince of Wales's Island, Singapore, the Andamans, and Canton. The latter can hardly be called a settlement, but it is the only port of China where permission to trade is granted to Europeans.

The second volume introduces us to the population of India, opening upon us a long train of most interesting reflections, touching the moral condition and the future destiny of this people. A summary of the history of India before and since our connexion with it, is given, and we believe a more satisfactory sketch of those singular annals could not be confined in so small a compass, as that to which it is limited in these volumes. This historical retrospect, we think, fully bears out the assertion that the Indian population have all along shown a remarkable degree of indifference to the particular government, under which it was their lot to live from time to time; that they evinced no preference even for their own leaders in war, and that with no other motive to govern them but self interest, they obeyed or deserted a native Peshwa with just the same readiness, as they did a Christian or Mahometan chief. The author calculates the total amount of the Indian population, which is immediately under British controul, at one hundred and twenty-six millions. The population which is indirectly influenced by the terror of British arms, amounts to ten millions more. Of this immense community, forming as it does such a grand division of the human inhabitants of the globe, by far the most singular characteristic is the steady unchangeableness of moral condition, which it has always maintained. In every part of the world, under every diversity of government, it seems to have been a law that the people should undergo some change, except in India, and there the mass of the population has remained to this hour just the same as it was when Darius crossed its frontier. Several causes have contributed to this state of things, and perhaps none of them more effectually than the despotic principle which has always formed the groundwork of their government. How far the legal and religious policy observed in Hindostan has had to do in keeping the people in this stationary position, we do not now intend to inquire; but it is sufficient to say, that at all

times, up to the present day, those who have had the destinies of the Indian people in their hands, have uniformly alleged the inutility of attempting to reform them, whilst Brahma was adored, and a system of castes prevailed amongst them. Our author enters pretty much at large into this subject, but as far as the improvement of the Indian population depends on the extirpation of their national religion, and on the abolition of the distinction of castes, we confess that there is very little ground for the hopes of the philanthropist to rest on. Some excellent men in our own days have indulged the belief that the Hindoos are not so irrecoverably wedded to their habits, as to allow of no expectation of improvement. The strong and hearty zeal for their good, with which Bishop Heber contemplated the inhabitants of Hindostan, no doubt had great influence on his judgment, when he placed such little reliance on the immutability of Hindoo customs. Such is the obstinacy of these people, that notwithstanding the encouragement they have so long received to avail themselves of British commodities, yet the consumption of these articles amongst them seems to be quite in a hopeless state. To be sure their poverty goes a great way in depriving them of the use of what may be called luxuries; but with that reason there is also another operating, which we shall describe in the language of the author.

'The customs of the people are such, that they do not desire the commodities of England, or, rather, they are ignorant of those commodities; and it is well for them that they have not the desire, for assuredly, they have no means whatever of gratifying it. As for a mart for English merchandize among the natives of India, in their present state, in any state in which we are informed of any thing about them, or in any state into which there is at present any rational hope of seeing them brought,—why, it might as well be sought at Monte Video again, in the north-west passage, or in the moon. The revenue in England, is, including the expense of collection, and futile prosecutions for deficiencies, after the rate of about three pounds per annum upon every man, woman, and child in the country; which is, in itself, fifty per cent. more than the total maintenance of the native population of India: and to say that consumers could purchase goods that were produced under the pressure of more taxation than the whole living of the consumers, and after having been carried for nearly twenty thousand miles, would be saying a very foolish thing. The purchase they could not possibly make, and to tantalize them would be cruel. In the present state of things, therefore, the idea of an extensive export trade to India, even at a considerable loss, is a palpable absurdity, and never can enter into the head of any person, that understands any thing about India. A rich man may want a bit of broad-cloth, or, it may be, when he associates with, or rather lives near Europeans, he may want a crystal lamp, and, once in ten years or so, there may be a covering wanted for the car of Juggernauth; but were it not that they have to carry out military stores and equipments, and necessaries for Europeans, the outward-bound ships of the Company would be more frequently empty than full. Out of this there naturally arises more argument, but all tend-

ing to the same purpose. The Company have, from their political influence, certainly had more facilities for carrying on an extensive trade, than those who did not possess such an influence could have; and yet the whole amount of British produce and manufactures exported by them, in the year ending 22d April, 1829, was, according to the official return, one million ninety-eight thousand eight hundred and ten pounds, of which four hundred and sixty-two thousand three hundred and sixty-nine pounds consisted of military stores, which leaves only six hundred and thirty-six thousand four hundred and forty-one pounds in saleable commodities. There are about seven thousand British in the country, who are not in the army; and of those in the army, we may safely set down two thousand as purchasers of British articles, to the amount of eighty pounds each a year; so that, upon a very moderate computation, the demand for British articles, by the British alone in India, would amount to five hundred and sixty thousand pounds, leaving only seventy-six thousand four hundred and forty-one pounds, for the whole quantity sold to the natives. The profit upon that, allowing ten per cent., and it does not perhaps amount to five, or as a trade with the natives to one, and the whole of the Company's profits upon their exports, cannot by possibility amount to more than seven thousand six hundred and forty-four pounds a year. But the estimate of consumption by the British is taken too low, taking nine thousand as the number that purchase British commodities; and it must be borne in mind, that, as a great part of the army consists of officers, the British demand must take up the greater part of all the European and American imports; and the value of India, as an outlet for the manufactures of England, dwindles into absolutely nothing, and is really not worth petitioning or even speaking about. Of the manufactures of Europe, there never can be much more consumed in India, than there are Europeans there to purchase them; because the people of the country really have no funds to give in return for them; and the Europeans have no funds but what they must either get from Europe, or levy upon the country, in the only way that disposable funds have ever been obtained in India—having the power of making the natives give up without a price, and as revenue or rent, a certain portion of the produce of their land and labour.'—vol. ii. pp. 291—295.

And lest it should be asserted, that this limited consumption of British articles in India was owing to any fault in the management of the Company itself, our author takes care to recall to mind the fact, that the Americans, who must be as anxious as most nations, to extend their trade, and who have some advantages too, in the port of Canton, are gradually losing their commerce in the Eastern seas. But these reflections belong to a question, with which at present it is not our purpose to meddle, as a much more fitting opportunity for considering it, will hereafter occur; and we proceed to the remaining part of this volume, which comprehends a great deal that is amusing and instructive, respecting the domestic manners and character of the Hindoos. Of the personal appearance of the Hindoo, we have the following description:—

'The face of the Hindû is oval, with reasonable but not very large forehead; the eyes have a tinge of yellow in the white, and the black of the

iris is soft and dull; their eye-brows are in general well formed, the mouth and nose of rather a European cast, though the former has a little the character of that of the Jews. The hair is black and long, but rather soft, and has no natural tendency to curl. The females of the inferior castes, from the harsh treatment they meet with, and the severe labour they must undergo, are of diminutive stature, never handsome, and very early in life have a haggard appearance; but even then they are capable of enduring a great deal of fatigue, and in some of the mountain districts, the whole labour of the field devolves upon them, the men being trained to arms. The women of the high castes are very different; their forms are delicate and graceful, their limbs finely tapered and rounded, their features mild, their eyes dark and languishing, their hair fine and long, their complexions glowing, as if they were radiant, and their skins remarkably polished and soft. The only feature about them that does not quite harmonize with European notions of female symmetry, is the size and projection of their ears; but, with this exception, nothing can be more lithe and sylph-like than a genuine Hindû beauty.'—vol. ii. pp. 307, 308.

The dress and decorations of the females, are curious.

'The dress of the females is very elegant, and upon a fine form it is far more classical than the fashionable bundles of knots, tatters, and ends of ribbon, with two-bushel sleeves, and head-dresses as broad as the umbrella over a palanquin, which, in the present year, 1830, give the belles of England an outline, which, if it should please nature to fill up with flesh and blood, would certainly render them of all created beings the most shapeless, or, at any rate, the most unmeaning in shape, either for use or for ornament. The close part of the Hindu female dress is a jacket with half sleeves, which fits tight to the shape, and covers, but does not conceal the bust, and this, in females of rank, is made of rich silk. The remainder of the dress is the shalice, a large piece of silk or cotton, which is wrapped round the middle, and contrived to fall in graceful folds, till it be below the ancle on one leg, while it shows a part of the other. It is gathered into a bunch in front, and the upper end crosses the breast, and is thrown forward again over the shoulder, or over the head like a veil. The belles prolong their dark eye-lashes by lines of black drawn from the corners of the eyes; and the palms of their hands, their nails, the soles of their feet, and sometimes also the roots of their hair, are tinted red. The women of the lower castes seldom wear any thing but the shalice of pure white cotton, but even then, upon a graceful figure, the method of arranging it looks very handsome. The hands and feet are always adorned with rings and other ornaments, and sometimes a jewel is worn from the nose. Even the working-girls have their anklets and armlets of glass, tin, brass, or tutenag, and sometimes of silver. The higher classes wear a kind of slippers, or sandals, which are long, turned up, and sometimes ornamented at the points; but the poorer classes go barefooted. The ornaments that are worn upon the person are the only costly articles in the establishment of a Hindû, but they are of a nature not soon to wear out, and they never become unfashionable. Whether it be that the cotton-wool suffers from the long sea carriage, or that the manipulation by the delicate fingers of the women, or the art of spinning, works the thread into a finer consistency, the cotton cloth of India is certainly much more durable than that which is made in Europe, so that the clothing costs very little. It seems,

indeed, that the cotton goods of England are not at all adapted for the natives of India. Their habits are permanent, and both that and their capacity for buying require that their clothing should be permanent too. The cottons of England are better suited to a people among whom fashion is continually shifting. A considerable quantity of cotton twist and yarn has, however, of late years, been sent from Britain to India, because the spinning by machinery is cheaper than even by the fingers of the Hindus; but it is doubtful whether much of the cloth that is wove from that yarn, be worn by the natives of India, as, being a mercantile speculation, the greater part of it is probably dispersed in the country trade among the isles.'—vol. ii. pp. 310—312.

The Hindoos are remarkable for the great simplicity of their habitations, and the frugality of their internal arrangements. The same character applies to their food. The high and pure castes eat no animal flesh; they live chiefly on vegetable oils, on ghee, or clarified butter, notwithstanding that it is the produce of the sacred cow. They also eat fish.

'The kind of grain that forms the staple article of Hindû food varies with the climate, just as is the case in Europe. In the mountainous part of the south, the principal grain is *raggy*—the thick spiked dog's-tail-grass (*cynosurus corocanus*); in the Deccan and the southern part of Hindûstan Proper, it is rice or barley, or some of the vetches or pulses, according to the nature of the country; and in the north there is some wheat. The rice is, however, seldom the chief article of food in the inland districts. It does not grow very abundantly there, and it is the principal grain sold for the maintenance of the Hindû population of the towns, as the wheat is for the Europeans. In the populous parts of the country, there are sometimes mills, where the grain is prepared for being made into cakes; and where this is not the case, it is ground between stones by the hand, or beaten in a mortar. Where Indian corn is used, it is generally roasted. The cakes are sometimes made with water alone, and then they soon become as hard as a brick, and so heavy that they sink in water; but in the better preparation, milk and salt are added. The quantity of salt, and also of spices, which the Hindûs use in the preparation of their food, is considerable; and becomes necessary on account of the insipidity of the grain which they are obliged to use, while at the same time it prevents the tendency which the vegetable oils have to become rancid, and to injure the stomach. The food of the wealthier Hindûs is, if possible, more simple than that of the lower castes; and their drink is invariably water, which is cooled in porous jars, in the same manner as in Egypt. Those of low and impure caste are fond of intoxicating liquors—the toddy of the palm, and the bang made from the hemp. The Hindûs are very particular about the cleanness of their vessels, whether of metal or of earth, and as the latter are broken after they have been applied to certain uses, the potter of a village has constant employment. It must not be supposed, however, that his occupation is always similar to that of an European potter. The earthen vessels are chiefly for cooking or cooling the victuals, the plate of the Hindû, being, in many instances, a leaf, or two or three leaves sewed together, the doing of which is part of the occupation of the potter.'—vol. ii. pp. 315, 316.

Every act of a Hindoo's life almost, is preceded, or terminated, by some ceremony or another. But as that life draws to a close, the ceremonies thicken around him.

'If a dying man cannot be removed to the Ganges, or any other sacred stream or place, he is taken into the open air, and laid upon the sacred cusa grass (a species of *poa;*) if near the Ganges, he is taken to that stream, has the mud and water thrown upon him, and the salgram stone laid close by; and there he remains, amid the performance of mummaries, till he expires. Then the women howl; the relations lament; the body is washed; the sign of the caste made on the face; and the mouth filled with betel. Towards night, the pariahs carry the body to the place of funeral. That is a pile, if the deceased has been a worshipper of Vishnu, but a grave, if a follower of Siva. When that place is arrived at, the relations proceed to examine whether the body be wholly dead, a fact which they were not previously very anxious to ascertain. For this purpose the body is pinched, water is dashed upon it, and noises are made with drums and trumpets. If a death take place in a house, that and the neighbouring ones are polluted, and all the people fast till the pariahs have carried away the body, which they do not by the door, but through a breach in the wall made on purpose. After the funeral, the nearest relation goes to the house of the deceased with a staff to drive off the evil spirits; and they must fast, or nearly so, till the Brahmins are fed and fee'd, and all the rites performed. The funeral obsequies are performed ninety-six times in the course of a year; but the formal mourning, which includes the abstinence from betel, is very brief.'—vol. ii. pp. 328, 329.

One would imagine that the whole time of a Hindoo is given up to the performance of religious duties, and that whatever time he may be able to devote to worldly business, he certainly could have none for amusement. This, however, is by no means the case, and the number of those who are trained up in India, to make pastime for the public, is astonishingly large. The poet who recites his metrical tale, and calls up the energetic passions by the tenderness and force of his appeals, is a great favourite amongst the Hindoos. Our author speaks very highly too, of the professional wrestlers of India. Their jugglers seem to be altogether unparalleled in their dexterity, an excellence for which they are indebted to the exquisite delicacy of their hands, and the extreme sensibility of their sense of touch. But to a stranger the apparently daring and perilous, but, still, in their hands, perfectly safe, and innocent pastime, of the *Swing,* appears the most remarkable of all their recreations.

'The swing consists of two pieces of strong bambû,—one fastened securely in the ground, and steadied either by struts or gy-ropes, the other lies across the top, and is placed upon the first as a pivot. A rope is fastened to each end of the cross-piece; the shorter having a strong hook at the end, and the larger reaching down to the ground. The person to be swung has a strong bandage passed round his body, below which on the back the hook is passed, with the point outwards. By this arrangement the hook is in no danger of slipping, neither does it hurt the swinger. When the swinger is attached by his rope and hook to the one end of the

cross-piece, the people below take hold of the rope at the other end, and run rapidly round till the centrifugal force of the swinger stretches the rope, and projects him right out in the air, in which he seems floating; while the machine continues in motion, drums and other instruments of noise are beaten by the applauding crowd, while the attitude of the floating figure and the trappings with which it is ornamented, have a most imposing effect. The same centrifugal force which stretches the rope, not only keeps the body of the swinger in a horizontal position, but prevents him from receiving any injury, if the apparatus be strong enough to retain him. His head being nearest the centre of motion, the tendency of the blood is all the other way, and thus though the motion is very rapid, he does not feel the least inconvenience.'—vol. ii., pp. 332, 333.

The reader must be content with these extracts. The state of arts and industry amongst the Hindoos is described in the remainder of the volume, with the same liveliness, and, we believe, the same accuracy, as the traits of character and manners, which we have cited. Much as the author has laboured to be impartial in his account,—and we have no doubt that he has fully, and very creditably accomplished his purpose,—yet we have risen from the perusal of these volumes, with a far less sanguine hope than we before entertained, of seeing India the theatre of any great moral improvement, and with quite as little expectation of speedily beholding her numbered amongst the sources of our commercial advancement.

It impossible for us to leave the consideration of India with reference to its natural productions, without particularly calling the public attention to the munificent manner in which the Company has, for a long period, endeavoured to benefit the horticulture of Europe, and especially of England, by judicious contributions from the vegetable wealth of India. Under the direct patronage of this body, the Flora of our Eastern Empire has been explored with a degree of expedition and success, such as, under ordinary circumstances, we could only expect to see attained after the course of centuries. Had the Company received the whole of Hindostan in trust, for the use of the Horticulturists of Europe, they could not have done greater service to science, or conferred more honour on themselves, than they have, out of a mere principle of noble generosity.

We believe that, at this moment, a countless multitude of dried specimens of India plants are in preparation under judicious care, to be distributed gratuitously amongst the various botanical museums, private as well as public, throughout Europe. At a moment when prejudices against the Company are so rife, it is only justice that their good deeds should be known before men.

ART. IV.—*The Correspondence and Diary of Philip Doddridge, D.D. illustrative of various particulars in his life, hitherto unknown; with notices of many of his contemporaries; and a Sketch of the Ecclesiastical History of the times in which he lived.* Edited from the original MSS. by his great grandson, John Doddridge Humphreys, Esq. Vol. III. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

AT the conclusion of our review * of the two first volumes of this work, we took the liberty to observe that much of the correspondence which they contained, might have been permitted to remain under the seal of privacy, without detriment either to the character of Dr. Doddridge, or to the interests of the world at large. The same remark would apply, with perhaps even greater force, to the third volume which now lies before us. It is scarcely comprehensible to our minds, how men of education and experience can be so destitute of judgment, as to think that letters ought to be printed and will be read, simply because they have been written by or to an individual, who happened to acquire a certain degree of eminence amongst a limited number of his cotemporaries. It would seem that on such occasions the surviving relations of persons who have left literary remains behind them, never know where to stop. Witness Ralph Thoresby's Diary, the publication of which is a disgrace to the literary taste of the day. Witness this present volume of correspondence, containing upwards of two hundred letters, connected chiefly with the interests of the Dissenters, yet throwing not a ray of light that we did not possess before, upon either their personal or ecclesiastical history. How many more tomes of diary and epistles are yet to follow, Mr. Humphreys has not condescended to say. Considering the literary activity of Doddridge, as well as that of his numerous correspondents, and the manifest contempt for discrimination which characterizes his editor, we should not be at all surprised if they are ultimately to be swelled to the number of the Muses,—if not to the round dozen.

Whatever the reason may be, it is certain that the sects which have sprung up in this country since the Reformation, as it is called, have supplied more heroes for biography, and more matter of a personal nature for the press, than all the other churches of Christendom put together. John Bull is by nature a fanatic. Phlegmatic, cautious, diffident, impartial in forming an opinion upon all other subjects,—upon that of religion he easily becomes an enthusiast. Suddenly, without the slightest reflection, he believes doctrines which are propounded from the pulpit in powerful language. He is at this moment literally tossed about in an ocean, in which the doctrines of salvation are as numerous as the waves that compose it. We should be ashamed to enumerate half the sects which contend with the church of England for dominion over

* M. R. vol. xiii. p. 73.

the minds of the people, for although we have an established hierarchy, and numberless ministers enjoying larger revenues than some of the kingdoms of Europe, we are farther than ever from possessing an established religion in this country. Such is the state of men's minds on that momentous affair, that there is hardly an individual who can buy a black coat, however mean his previous pursuits, however infamous his character, who may not by hypocrisy and mere volubility of tongue, gather a congregation round him. We know of no people under Heaven, more disposed to cherish the great truths which have been disclosed from that divine source, than the people of England. It is doubtless to this disposition, virtuous in itself but shockingly abused, that we owe not only the variety of sects, but the number of teachers or "celebrated pastors and leaders," as they are called, whose memoirs and sermons and letters,—whose portraits and missionary labours, are collected and reproduced under one form or another, with marvellous industry. It is no wonder that these men become vain of their real or fancied acquirements; there is scarcely one of them who, from his first appearance in the pulpit, does not contrive to attract around him a coterie of foolish old men and women, and fanatic young ones, whom he has no difficulty in persuading that every word which falls from his tongue or his pen, is worthy of immortality.

It is very far from our intention to deny the abilities, or disparage the learning and zeal which Doddridge displayed during his career, either as a divine, the head of an academy, or the teacher of a congregation. But it is impossible to read his letters without perceiving that the leaven of worldly interests and enjoyments was mingled very copiously indeed with his spiritual aspirations. We have already seen him in the character of a lover; we are now to behold him in that of a husband and a father,—a double character of the greatest importance in society, and upon which no persons can set a more precious value than we do;—but we confess that that is not the character which we wish to see most prominent in the personal history of a clergyman. If he have the happiness to be married and to have children, let him by all means enjoy his felicity; but if he have also the dignity and sacredness of a pastor to sustain, all other feelings and hopes should be in subservience to his high avocations. No weakness of the passions,—above all, no sensuality of mind or thought, should tarnish the mirror of a soul that is devoted to the ministry. There is something, to our minds, extremely incongruous in the union of an ardent lover and a pious preacher; of a man eager in his worldly calculations, and one bold in denouncing the avarice of others; writing divinity for the sake of subscriptions, and publishing sermons under the hope of their adding to his fortune. The bright side of Doddridge's character is, that he remained firmly attached to what he believed to be the true religion; and that with all his constancy, he was still capable

of treating with liberality and candour, the principles of those from whom he most widely differed. In this feature of his conduct he has many worthy imitators among the dissenting clergymen of the present day, who, if they have many rivals in talents and learning, are surpassed by no body of men, lay or ecclesiastical, in their zeal for religious liberty.

We left our divine at the close of the second volume, arguing with a second, if not a third mistress, (Miss Jennings), upon the reasonableness of the passion which he entertained for her, and upon the propriety of her allowing her heart to be animated by a reciprocal flame. That affair is slightly renewed in the present volume, but soon gives way to a new negociation, which terminates with more success. Before we abandon Miss Jennings, however, who afterwards became the mother of Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld, we must indulge the reader with another specimen of the Doctor's art in love-making.

'I owe dear Miss Jennings and her good mamma my earliest thanks for the pleasure I had in their company during my late visit to Harborough, and must confess that when I left them I hardly expected so much amusement as I found at Maidwell in the conversation of Miss Cotton. When I am leaving you, it always seems to me, that I am wandering into solitude; but it proved otherwise; for on Friday and Saturday, besides the satisfaction which I ever find in the conversation of so valuable a friend as Lady Russell, the society of the young lady I mentioned before gave me a great deal.

'I know you will hear this with a *charitable* pleasure, and flatter yourself with the secret hope that she is making a conquest of a fond heart, from which you might otherwise apprehend some further trouble? Of this, madam, you will judge, when I tell you, that the most delightful part of her conversation was that which related to her father and mother, of whom she gave me the following account, which I humbly recommend to your most serious perusal.

'Mr. Cotton was turned of *thirty* when he fell in love with the lady who is now his wife. She was, then, like yourself, a gay and beautiful creature, just in the bloom of fifteen,—when this truly wise and good man discerned those early marks of piety, genius, politeness, good humour, and discretion, which I am more and more admiring in you, and which engaged him to prefer her to others whose age appeared more suitable to his own.

'He pursued his addresses with all possible application, and exerted in her services all the tenderness which such a charming creature might so well inspire, and all the politeness which he had gained from a liberal education, and several years of travel through Italy and France, in company with a person of distinction,—circumstances which now render him, though advanced in life, incomparably more agreeable than the generality of mankind in its morning or meridian.

'For two years his mistress treated him with all the indifference in the world, and often acknowledged that though she addressed him very civilly, as a gentleman and a friend, and that the rather out of *regard* to her *mamma*, who had a great respect and affection for him, yet she never entertained any thoughts of love, until within three weeks of their marriage.

'At last she gave him her heart with her hand, in the seventeenth year of her age and the thirty-third of his:—and it is now almost half a century that she has been rejoicing in that event, as the kindest providence of her life. They have been ever the joy of their friends and of each other; and are now concluding an honourable and delightful life as gracefully and as amiably as any couple I ever knew; and I really believe she is as dear to him now, though she appears rather older than he does, as she was in the first months of their marriage.

'I might make a variety of useful and pertinent reflections on this most interesting and edifying story, but I shall content myself with two, and refer the rest to your private meditation.

'It is possible, you see, for a man of agreeable and valuable character, and for a *minister*, deliberately to choose and passionately to love a lady considerably younger than himself, and that even "an infant of fifteen;" and how much more if she were a maiden of sixteen, as you will be in October; and he may, you will observe, continue, for life, the fond approver of his choice. And that, secondly, and lastly, which is much more surprising than the former,—that a lady of that tender and impressible age may hear a courtship, and that not the dullest and most disagreeable in the world, for two years together, without any sentiment of love, or thought of marriage, and yet afterwards receive it with entire consent, and that peculiar pleasure which I suppose nothing in the world capable of giving, but the surrender of the heart to a worthy man who deserves it, by a long course of faithful service.

'You must pardon me, madam, if, after this, I conclude with a hearty wish, that if we live to the year 1770, a daughter, every way as agreeable and valuable as Miss Cotton, may be telling the same story, as far as the comparison may be admitted by the infirmity of my character, and the future kindness of the lovely trifler, who is now smiling at the extravagant thought of

'Her most affectionate Friend and humble Servant,

'PHILIP DODDRIDGE.'—pp. 20—23.

This letter was written in May, 1730, a few months after Doddridge was ordained as a minister. In mentioning this topic, the editor refers us to certain observations which he made in one of the preceding volumes, on the rite of ordination. We have no intention either of adopting or controverting his views upon this much debated matter; at the same time, we cannot but subscribe to the justice of his remarks, that 'the non-conformists have one advantage yet unnamed, which must be confessed to be of importance. This advantage is, that no declaration is in any way required from the candidate, to the effect that he desires to enter upon that high vocation at the instigation of the Holy Spirit. The sincerity of the novitiate, and the sanctity of the rite, are thus relieved from a mutual source of suspicion.' It is undoubtedly a great advantage indeed upon the side of the non-conformists; it must be a sensible relief to many of their candidates, not to be called upon for any such declaration. But the source of suspicion, we apprehend, remains as fertile here as elsewhere.

We are not now, however, contemplating the Doctor as a minister, but as a lover. Who would imagine that after writing so many letters to Miss Jennings, he was about to pay his devotions at another shrine? Finding that he could do nothing in that quarter, and having experienced a second decided repulse, he made a summer excursion to Worcestershire, where he saw and became deeply enamoured of another lady, in whose person and conversation he discovered such a world of charms, that he was tempted, but for the indecorum of the thing, to fall at once at her feet. This new idol, who afterwards became his wife, was named Miss Maris; instead of declaring his passion for her to herself, he resolved to be more prudent on this occasion, and to begin with her friends. It is amusing to read his first epistle on this subject, in which, after a great deal of circumlocution, it comes out after all that his income was little calculated indeed for the support of a family. What between his congregation, his pupils, and his friends in London, he makes it amount altogether to about £120 a year. He calculates that upon the whole he is worth one hundred pounds more than he owes, and he slily throws in something about a little estate, of which he nevertheless confesses that his chance was a very remote one. The letter, however, is altogether a specimen of great frankness and integrity. He then gives references for his character, and concludes in the following style.

'I know there is an apparent indecency in saying so much of one's self; yet, madam, I will venture to add, what others perhaps may not think it material to mention, and that is, that there is a natural tenderness and indulgence in my temper, which, as it may make a woman of sense and gratitude as happy as other circumstances will allow, so on the other hand, it is capable of being abused by a woman of caprice and ill nature to an extent which would make us both ridiculous and miserable. I am thoroughly satisfied of the sweetness and generosity of Miss Maris's temper, and heartily wish I were but half as sure of gaining her, as I might be of being happy with her.

'Money appears to me so inconsiderable a thing when compared with what I admire in her, that I can hardly bring myself to ask what she has, when I am thinking of what she is. Had I an estate of my own that would secure her, in case of widowhood, I should, if I know myself, be proud of an opportunity of expressing a disinterested passion, by taking her without any fortune at all; but as that is not the case, I would beg the favour of such information as may be necessary, to enable me to judge how far it may be consistent with my tender care for her happiness in future life to offer myself to her attention, under the character of a lover, if I may have permission from Worcester to do it at all.'—pp. 32, 33.

The best of the story is, that all this time he had been carrying on, or at least was supposed to be carrying on, an affair of the heart with a widow lady, named Mrs. Hannah Clark, whom he poetically designates as his Cordelia. The widow, it seems, mentioned her suspicions to him, no doubt with a view to sound his real intentions: but being now engrossed with a new flame, he

adroitly turns round upon her, and even endeavours to engage her assistance for the accomplishment of his object.

'I cannot imagine how it should ever come into your head to dream, that I mistook you, in any thing that passed in the conversation to which you refer. I think, madam, I know you thoroughly, and had never the vanity to imagine any thing so much to my advantage as what you seem to suspect. Give yourself no uneasy thoughts upon that head, nor abate any of those tender expressions of friendship which extend a mutual pleasure to the confidence with which we have entrusted each other with the secrets of our amours; indeed the story I am now going to tell, will further confirm your confidence.

'My former passion is now discarded; and the blooming Florella must be resigned, if I have any regard to my character abroad, and, perhaps, I may add, to my peace and usefulness at home: and as the truly valuable and exceellent Sabrina might scorn a heart which could once revolt from her authority, and subject itself to one whom she would call a child!—I fairly took my leave of both in one day; and to show my invariable respect for them, betook myself to that lovely Charmer, in whom I find the greater part of what I admired in each of the former.

'In her, Cordelia, the domestic virtues of modesty, prudence, industry, and tenderness, guarded and consecrated by serious piety, are joined; with a degree of wit, beauty, and politeness, which, I fear, would have ensnared me, if it had appeared alone, and on so impressible a heart, have made a speedy, if not a lasting conquest. The only thing about which I am anxious, is a fortune; and you well know, how little I should regard that, if I were only to consult my own relish. But as it would be cruelty to her, to attempt to persuade her into an alliance, which, if she has nothing of her own, might in a few years reduce her to a depth of calamity which so tender a nature would be ill prepared to bear,—I am examining into that article now, while I have reason left to form a judgment upon it; and have governed myself so far, (which indeed I think is a great attainment,) as not to give the least hint of my design to her, though I had the fairest opportunity of doing it. Should her friends allow me the liberty of addressing her, and propose any thing which may be a security in case of her widowhood, I shall probably be engaged in a very difficult character! I am persuaded, when our acquaintance grows intimate, it will be impossible for me to command my own heart, and I sometimes chide myself for the vanity of hoping I should ever be capable of making an impression on hers. However, to satisfy my conscience, I intend to try, and persuade myself that Cordelia's good wishes will attend me in all my attempts upon Sabrina.'—pp. 34—36.

We venture to say that at the moment of writing this letter, the divine had in his pocket the consent of Miss Maris's friends to pay her his addresses. He certainly had it the next day, as appears from the dates of his letters to Mrs. Clark. Hence he discards, with so much dexterity, the amorous widow, whom otherwise he would have taken good care to have kept on his books.

From the Doctor's letters to Miss Maris, we can hardly venture to give any extracts. They are a great deal too plain, and too earnest,—very often too foolish,—to bear the eye of criticism, which

they never could have been intended to meet. At one time he says,

'I languish because I am not with you. And yet, madam, I have not been insensible to the charms of your sex, (this is the truth at all events) but there is now a *magic force* which amazes me; for you have made a greater advance upon my heart, in a few hours, than I intended to have allowed you in as many weeks; indeed, you have possessed yourself of so much room in it, that unless you will consent to be a tenant for life,—our parting will not be a little injurious, and it will be a good while before I shall get into good repair again!

* * * * * * *

'It is natural enough that your dear idea should pursue me to the study, and the chamber; but why must I think of you in public, (i.e. in the pulpit) and imagine there is something, that resembles you, in every agreeable woman I see, while I am proud to think that the resemblance is but faint!

'My predictions are accomplished sooner than I expected, and I already find so much of my happiness centred in your arms, that I believe you will find it a very hard matter to keep me out of them.'—pp. 38, 39.

On another occasion, having been detained in bed two hours beyond his usual time, by dreaming of his charmer, he breaks out in the following pompous strain.

'Think not, madam, to charge the fault upon my weakness! why did you look with so engaging an air, when I saw you last? why did your conversation teem with sentiments, which might have charmed from any lips, and disclose a treasure of greatness, and goodness of mind, which no more needed to be recommended by wit, than wit to be inflamed by beauty? Indeed, madam, I ought to chide you; and yet such is the frailty of human nature, that I cannot forbear thanking you. Common prudence might teach me to argue, that if every idea of you thus enchants me, and robs me of some of the brightest hours of life, the possession of your very self must be dangerously transporting; and yet, if you will believe me, I long to prove the utmost effort of your charms; though it may seem as absurd, as that a traveller, whose wearied eyes can hardly endure the rising sun, should wish for the dazzling blaze of noon.'—p. 41.

From a schoolmaster and a divine, this is sufficiently warm language. After this we are not at all surprised to find him adding, that 'I am almost tempted to leave my pupils and my flock, and even my sick friends, to come to tell you a foolish story, which perhaps, you have often despised, when told to much greater advantage.' The sensible reader will here naturally ask, what good purpose does it serve to resuscitate from the sleep of nearly a century, letters of this description. Do they tend to the advantage of Dr. Doddridge's memory as a minister, or even as a man? It may be said that these bursts of passion were little blemishes, which may easily be overlooked. Overlooked they might, and ought to be certainly, but they ought never to have been brought forward. Language such as we have quoted, might have been in itself, and under the circumstances, perfectly innocent; but it does not exalt,

in our opinion at least, the memory of a minister of the Gospel. In other letters his love for God and his mistress is mentioned in a way that must offend every person of genuine piety and pure taste. We shall give but a single specimen of this amorous theology.

'I need not hasten into your presence, rapturous as it is, to revive a flame that languishes in absence. I am in love with your mind, nor is it rivalled by even your charming elegance of form. When I think of the wisdom, piety, and sweetness that breathe in your conversation, and sometimes seem to speak in your very silence, I cannot forbear exclaiming, "Is it possible she should be mine?" Methinks, madam, for your sake, I could wish myself rich and great; and yet so capricious is love, that in a moment I rejoice that I am neither, as it gives me the greater evidence of your disinterested and generous passion, when you accept my love in such humble and precarious circumstances.

'Lovely Cleora!—but I am forced away; and while I have a thousand fond and tender ideas pressing in upon my heart at once, I have only time to add,—may the happiness you deserve ever attend you, and may you, if possible, return half the fondness of

'Your most obliged, impatient, and affectionate Lover,

'PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

'P.S. It is Sabbath night, and yet I could not omit writing, nor contract my letter into less room. Surely devotion itself will grant a few moments to a love by which it hopes to be improved.

'God cannot require I should forget you on such a day: he knows it is impossible, and equally impossible to remember you without transports of love and joy.'—pp. 56, 57.

The widow Clark, in the mean time, waxed jealous. She who at first, as it would seem, was almost angry at the apprehension being entertained that he thought of paying her his addresses, upon receiving the intelligence concerning Miss Maris, changes her strain altogether, and abuses him for his inconstancy. She gets sick on his account, takes to her bed, and writes him a thundering letter. His letter in reply is characteristic. We give only the concluding paragraphs. Cleora, be it observed, is only another name for Miss Maris.

'My love for her is as sincere as my affection for you, and it cannot be more so. When I urged your coming to Northampton, I earnestly desired it; some hints, however, dropped after my return hither, which convinced me, that others would not judge of it as I had done, and it was in the faithfulness of friendship, and with the sincerest respect for your character, that I withdrew my request. Your brother's judgment was of some weight, but it was not the only consideration. Your resentment, therefore, confirms a remark I have often made, and will, I hope, teach me not to be too communicative where women are concerned, if I desire to please them.

'It is, perhaps, the infirmity of my nature; but Cleora pardons, nay, even esteems it. I thought Cordelia would have been of her mind, and

if she will not, I must assume some new name, and call myself any thing rather than her

'FIDELIO.'—pp. 58, 59.

We were not a little amused with an attempt which is made by the editor to vindicate the conduct of Dr. Doddridge in his various amours. We observe that he says nothing of the affair with the widow, which perhaps he did not suspect, although he has given us some of the letters on the subject. The essay is written in very affected language, and winds up with the fact, which we reach at last, that the Dr. and Miss Maris, were made one on the 22nd of December, 1730. This event, however, does not put an end to the correspondence between the lovers, for they are separated, and we have letters passing with every post as fiery in their spirit as ever, though rather more modest in their language, than those of which the reader has seen a few specimens.

It is pleasant in these days of religious freedom, to cast a Parthian glance at some of the obstacles with which that great cause had to struggle a century ago, For simply preaching in the neighbourhood of a reverend clergyman of the establishment, the Doctor was very severely handled, and charged with attempting to inflame the people against each other. There was hardly any crime that was not imputed to the Dissenters; in short they were all abominable schismatics, who deserved to be damned. Such at least was the opinion of the Rev. Mr. Hills, who wrote, and preached, in his parish church, these un-christian sentiments. It is but justice to Doddridge, to say that his reply to these charges evinces a steadiness and good temper, which must have placed the churchmen, even at that time, in a situation not much to be envied. The Doctor had subsequently a more serious battle to fight, having been proceeded against in the Ecclesiastical court, for not taking out a licence to keep school. He met this attack with great firmness, and aided by Lord Halifax, and his brethren in general, he finally triumphed over a persecution which reflects little honour upon its promoters.

Next to the Christian mildness and liberality which distinguished Dr. Doddridge, there are few traits in his character more worthy of imitation than his incessant industry. He had to study hard in order to perform his duties as a Pastor; he had a numerous congregation to instruct in their religious obligations, and he had several pupils whom he appears to have taught in every necessary branch of education. The rules which he framed for the disposition of his hours, deserve to be transcribed, as there is hardly any evil more to be deprecated than that abuse of time, of which we all are, in a greater or less degree, guilty.

'I will usually rise at about five o'clock, and study till the time of morning prayer, which will be half-past eight. The forenoon will generally be employed in Lectures. If I dine very moderately, I may secure a little time before I go out in the afternoon; but the business from two till six,

will be to attend upon my people. I shall generally read a lecture in the evening, and will retire as early as I can; but will take care to give the family prayer so soon, as to have a little retirement between that and bed-time.

'On this scheme I proceed as follows:

'As a Tutor,—1. I propose generally to read about ten lectures in a week; allowing one morning and one afternoon vacant. And accordingly, for Geometry, I propose to proceed with the first geometrical class, to the end of the second book of Wetstein's Euclid; and perhaps to enter a little on Archimedes. With the other class, to carry them through the four first books of Euclid and Algebra.

'2. For Hebrew, I hope to go through some little part of Genesis, select prophecies, and a sentence at the end of Robertson; besides the paradigms of the verses, and the index of those roots which occur more than twenty times in the grammar.

'3. I hope to end upon Oratory, and to have some exercises of Reading, and Speaking; and to go over a short scheme of Logic, as preparatory to Mr. Jennings's, which will be the work of the next half year.

'4. I propose to end Geography, and to proceed about six lectures in Civil History, reserving the rest to the next half year. Perhaps we may attend to Ancient Geography, consulting Wills upon that subject.

'5. I propose to spend some time every day in reading the classics; the Latin one day, and the Greek the next. We shall probably be employed in reviewing some Satires of Horace, and Juvenal, with select passages from Virgil, Pliny, and perhaps Plautus, Sallust of the Jugurthian War, and, if possible, the rest of Persius. For the Greek, select passages in Delectus Tabularum, a little of Homer, and at least one Oration of Isocrates.

'6. For Academical Exercises, translations of some scenes in Terence, from Tully's book of Friendship; some select Orations in Sallust, and Epistles from Pliny, with some passages in the Spectator, and Guardian, to be turned into Latin.

'7. Devotional Lectures every Month.

'II. As a Pastor,—I will visit my People both in town and country, throughout the *whole* Congregation, allowing, as I before said, the Afternoon for that purpose, and generally going into the country on Thursdays. I will have a peculiar regard to the *young people*, for whom I propose to draw up a catechism. I will expound on Friday nights, at the vestry. Perhaps I may also expound before the morning service, and catechize before that of the afternoon.

'III. As a private Student,—I must be making some preparations for the Lectures of the next half year; particularly by reading over Watts's Logic, and Locke, besides attending to Mr. Jennings's Logic. I must also complete the Hebrew vocabulary, and read some of the classics by myself, particularly, if it be possible, Lucan's and Plato's Dialogues.

'For Divinity, I hope to end Cradock on the Old Testament, and to make some pretty good progress in Beza on the New; and to be *every day* reading some little portion of a Practical Writer; and that, though I am sensible that it can be but *little*. Besides others, I hope to despatch Mr. Philip Henry's life, Dr. Owen on the Mortification of Sin in Believers, Tillotson to p. 620, Howe's Carnality of Religious Contention, and Dis-

courses on Union among Protestants, and the other tracts in his works, to the end of his Reformation Sermon, Baxter on Making Light of Christ, of Faith and Judgment, of Repentance and Right Rejoicing, besides the review of his Gildas Salvianus, Burnet's Pastoral Care, Barks's Pastor Evangelicus, Clark's Sermons, and Dr. Bates's Miscellaneous Sermons.'—pp. 7—9.

We are told that although after his settlement at Northampton his duties in these three capacities very much increased, he never proposed to himself the question how any of those duties could be avoided, but how they could be most efficiently discharged. He read almost every work of importance, on the general topics of literature, and as he usually marked in the margin particular passages which struck him, and had a strong memory, he found little difficulty in applying them to his purposes. With him, the end of reading was,—as it ought to be with every student,—to furnish the mind not with quotations, but with materials for the exercise of its own powers. His great favourites were Homer and Pindar, and the Fathers of the primitive ages of the church. He was critically versed in Hebrew. For the catalogue of his own numerous productions we must refer to his Biographers. Of these, the "Family Expositor," has continued to be popular, even to the present day. How very few works, particularly of our divines, whether Dissenters or Churchmen, have a chance of living for a hundred years!

Among the many correspondents of Doddridge, whose epistles are inserted in this volume, we find the venerated names of Warburton and Watts. Their letters, however, and indeed the greater number of those which are not written to or by Mrs. Doddridge, are filled with controversial matter, which it is not our province to discuss. The communications of the Rev. Thomas Scott particularly, enter into some of the most delicate points of theology.

Art. V.—*Notes on the Bedouins and Wahabys, collected during his Travels in the East.* By the late John Lewis Burckhardt. 4to. pp. 439. Published by the Authority of the Association for Promoting the Discovery of the Interior of Africa. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

This is the fourth, and we believe the last of the volumes which were destined to furnish an account of the interesting researches prosecuted by the late Mr. Burckhardt, into the condition and history of the Arabs of the Desert. The whole of the materials which supplied what may be properly called the personal narrative of the distinguished author, seem to have been exhausted in the former volumes, as the present one appears wholly constituted of miscellaneous and isolated facts, general reflections, and illustrations or amplifications of former statements. Sir W. Ouseley, to whom the editorship of this quarto is very properly entrusted, (provided

that there be good reason for removing it from Colonel Leake,) has felt it incumbent on him to follow up the arrangement which the author seems originally to have adopted. He has divided his matter into two parts, each of which, he tells us, forms a distinct and independent work; one part being merely descriptive, the other historical. 'On many occasions too,' the editor adds, 'these parts serve for mutual illustration.'—Now, the plain matter of fact is, that the arrangement which Sir W. Ouseley is so solicitous to adhere to, is a particularly convenient one for the famous process of amplification, of which this book is a decided specimen. The same subjects are treated of in both the parts—and whatever novelty the second part contains, might very properly have been incorporated in the first, to the great saving of type and paper. But that was a course which would prove totally inconsistent with the plan of printing the same statements twice, and consequently would have prevented that augmentation of *bulk*, which is essential, for the sake of proportion, to the *height* of a quarto. Sir W. Ouseley undertakes to characterize these parts as we have said, the one being descriptive, the other historical. But this distinction has about as much existence as the second moon, which—under certain disturbances of the optic nerve—becomes sometimes manifest in the heavens, to the amazement of the beholder.

There is, however, a good deal of interesting information scattered through this book. The classification of the Bedouin Tribes is not without its value, to the traveller especially; and to the general reader, the description of the manners and habits of those Arabs, under the various circumstances of war and peace, and in their domestic state, must be very attractive. The great peculiarity which we discover in their way of life, is their almost exclusive adherence to a vegetable diet. The influence of this description of food, joined, no doubt, to the efficacy of great activity in strengthening the body, has made the Bedouin tribes long remarkable for the unvarying health which they enjoy. As, however, all people in a state of ignorance, and occasionally coerced in the adoption of their residences, must experience the inroads of disease, so the Arabs are, in some few instances, the subjects of sickness. The following mode of cure, which seems to be founded on the principle of counter-irritation, indicates the existence amongst them of a very bold system of surgery.

'The Arabs frequently complain of obstructions and indurations in the stomach: the constant drinking of camels' milk is supposed to be the chief cause of this disease; and they would suffer still more, did not the purging qualities of the brackish water relieve them. In these cases, and in rheumatic affections, *(reihh)*, the only mode of cure practised by the Arabs, is the *kei*, or burning of the skin, all round the seat of pain, with a red-hot iron. I have seen persons whose bodies were quite covered with the marks of similar operations; and it is certain that the *kei* has occasionally produced beneficial results. Instead of simply burning the skin

up between two fingers, they perforate it with slender red-hot iron, and pass a thread through the hole, so as to facilitate suppuration: this process is called *khelál.* They sometimes use, instead of the iron, the wood of the sindián, a species of oak that grows in great abundance upon the mountains of Heish of Belkaa. A branch of this tree (a very dry wood), is rubbed over a mill-stone, till it becomes quite hot; then they apply it to the invalid's body, in the same manner as the hot iron above mentioned.'* —pp. 52—53.

In fact, this is no less than the *Moxa* in principle, which is now in use, and which has long been thought one of the valuable triumphs of civilization and science, in favour of humanity.

What shall be said of the following facts, which, however, are by no means unparalleled in the East?

'Their women suffer but little during parturition; and they often are delivered in the open air: when this occurs, the mother rubs and cleans the child, as soon as it is born, with earth or sand, places it in her handkerchief, and carries it home. If she feel symptoms of labour while mounted upon a camel, she alights, and is delivered behind the camel, so that no person may see her, and then immediately remounts. She suckles the child until it is able to partake of solid food; but the Arab women have very little milk: during the last eight or ten days of pregnancy, they drink profusely of camels' milk, in order to increase the quantity of their own; thus the infant is early accustomed to the taste of camels' milk, and even at the age of four months, swallows it in copious draughts.'—p. 55.

If all the advantages which our present refinement has conferred upon us were put together, would they equal the impunity which the Arab women enjoy from the sad primeval penalty inflicted on all the other daughters of Eve? We certainly think not—and we venture to suggest, that an inquiry into the causes which make such a vast difference between the lot of the women of one part of the world, and those of another, might be attended with no little advantages. What would an Arabian think of an European wife, who, on becoming a mother, has no less than *forty-one* furies, in the shape of as many species of difficult labours, set upon her at that interesting moment? The women, however, are compelled to pay tribute for this exemption, by the endurance of a state of inferiority,—female degradation being the unfailing characteristic of a barbarous people. The facility with which divorces are effected, is one of those cruel marks of the little attention which the Arabs pay to the feelings of a woman.

Most Arabs are contented with a single wife; but for this monogamy they make amends, by indulging in variety. They frequently change their wives, according to a custom founded on the Turkish law of divorce, which,

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* 'I inquired whether two kinds of wood were known, which, rubbed together, would produce fire; but no one could give me any positive information on the subject.'

however, has been much abused among the Arabs; for when one of them becomes, on any slight occasion, dissatisfied with his wife, he separates himself from her by simply saying, *ent tálek*—"thou art divorced." He then gives her a she-camel, and sends her back to the tents of her family. He is not obliged to state any reasons, nor does this circumstance reflect any dishonour on the divorced woman, or her family: every one excuses him by saying "he did not like her." Perhaps, on the very same day, he betroths himself to another female; but his repudiated wife, on the contrary, is obliged to wait forty days before she can become the wife of another man.'—p. 63.

The Criminal Code of the Bedouins is a very convenient one, the penalties which it denounces being exclusively of a pecuniary nature. These penalties are varied on a most curious principle of distinction, and it depends very much on *where* an assailant strikes a blow, whether he shall be mulcted in a few pence worth only, or lose half his property.

'Among the fines paid for certain crimes and aggressions, that paid for killing a watch-dog is remarkable. The dead dog is held up by the tail, so that its mouth just touches the ground; its length is then measured, and a stick (as long from the surface of the ground as the dog) is fixed into the earth: the person who killed the dog is then obliged to pour out over the stick as much wheat as will wholly cover it; and this heap of wheat is the fine due to the owner of the dog. I have heard that the kady of Constantinople exacts the same fine for the same offence, if the dog has not been killed by a man in self-defence.'—p. 71.

It is well known that the Arabs are very impartial in their system of plunder,—the property of a friend being as welcome as that of an enemy, obtained in this way. Enterprizes, with the object of robbery, are generally planned with so much deliberation and with such chances of success, that they are very seldom undertaken in vain. But should any of the assailants be apprehended, they are treated in a manner so singular, according to the Bedouin laws, that we are sure the description of it must be acceptable to the reader. The robber, when taken into custody, receives the name of *Harámy*, whilst the catchpole is called the *Rabát*.

'The *Rabát* asks his captive on what business he had come, and this question is generally accompanied by a blow on the head. "I came to rob, God has overthrown me," is the answer most commonly given. The prisoner is then led into the tent, where the capture of a *harámy* occasions great rejoicings. The next act of the *Rabát* is to clear the tent of all witnesses; then, still holding his knife, he ties the prisoner's hands and feet, and afterwards calls in the people of his tribe. Some one of them, or the *Rabát* himself, then addresses the *harámy*, saying, "*Neffa*, or *renounce;*" and the *harámy*, dreading a continuation of the beating, is induced to answer, "*Beneffa*, or (*yeneffa*), I renounce." This ceremony is founded on a custom of the dakheil, which I shall here explain. It is established as a law among the Arabs, that as soon as a person is in actual danger from another, and can touch a third Arab, (be the last who-

ever he may, even the aggressor's brother), or if he touch an inanimate thing, which the other has in his hands, or with which any part of his body is in contact, or if he can hit him in spitting or throwing a stone at him, and at the same time exclaims *Ana dakheilak,* "I am thy protected," or "*Jerany ballah wa bak ana dakheilak,*" he is no longer exposed to any danger, and the third is obliged to defend him: this, however, is seldom necessary, as the aggressor from that moment desists.'

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'That the *harámy* may not easily escape, or become the *dakheil* of any one, a hole is formed in the ground of the tent, about two feet deep, and as long as the man: in this hole he is laid, his feet chained to the earth, his hands tied, and his twisted hair fastened to two stakes on both sides of his head. Some tent-poles are laid across this grave, and corn-sacks and other heavy articles heaped upon them, so as to leave only a small opening over the prisoner's face, through which he may breathe.'

* * * * *

Here he may keep himself as long as six months, should he persevere so long in holding out against the demands of the Rabát for a ransom. At the end of that term he is generally allowed to purchase his liberty on moderate terms, or good luck may soon bring about his emancipation. There are various fortunate accidents to which the Harámy may be indebted for his liberty, amongst which we have a description of one.

'If from the hole, which may be called his grave, he can contrive to spit into the face of a man or child, without the form of renunciation above mentioned, he is supposed to have touched a protector and liberator; or if a child* give him a morsel of bread, the *harámy* claims the privilege of having eaten with his liberator; and although this person may be the *Rabát's* near relation, his right to freedom is allowed, the thongs which tied his hair are cut with a knife, his fetters are taken off, and he is set at liberty. Sometimes he finds means to disengage himself from his chains, during the Rabát's absence; in this case he escapes at night, and takes refuge in the nearest tent, declaring himself *dakheil* to the first person he meets, and thus regains his freedom; but this seldom happens, for the prisoner always receives so very scanty an allowance of food, that his weakness generally prevents him from making any extraordinary effort; but his friends usually liberate him either by open force, or by contrivance in the following manner:

'A relation of the prisoner, most frequently his own mother or sister, disguised as a beggar, is received in the character of a poor guest, by some Arab of the camp, in which the *harámy* is confined. Having ascertained the tent of his *Rabát*, the disguised relation introduces herself into it at night, with a ball of thread in her hands, approaches the hole in which he lies, and throwing one end of the thread over the prisoner's face, contrives to guide it into his mouth, or fasten it to his foot; thus he perceives that help is at hand. The woman retires, winding off the thread until she reaches some neighbouring tent; then awakens the owner of it, and applying the thread to his bosom, addresses him in these words:

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* From this rule, however, is excepted the Rabát's own child.

"Look on me, by the love thou bearest to God, and thy own self, this is under thy protection." As soon as the Arab comprehends the object of this nocturnal visit, he rises, and winding up the thread in his hands, is guided by it to the tent which contains the *harámy*. He then awakens the *Rabát*, shows him the thread still held by the captive, and declares that the latter is his *dakheil*. The *harámy* is then released from the fetters, the *Rabát* entertains him as a guest newly arrived, and he is suffered to depart in safety. What I relate here is not a romantic or fictitious tale; the facts are literally true, as most of the enterprising robbers among the Arabs could authenticate from their own experience.'—pp. 93—95.

Some of the amusements of the Bedouins are very peculiar. The songs called *Asmer*, in which dancing is united to vocal music, and which are heard all over the Desert, are *performed* in the dead of the night; they were often listened to by Mr. Burckhardt. We quote his account of them.

'About two or three hours after sun-set, either the girls and young women, or the young men, assemble upon an open space before or behind the tents, and begin to sing there in choruses until the other party joins them. The girls then place themselves either in a group between the men, who range themselves in a line on both sides, or if the number of the females be but small, they occupy a line opposite to that of the men, at a distance of about thirty paces. One of the men then begins a song (*Kászyde*) of which only one verse is sung, repeating it many times always with the same melody. The whole party of men then join in the chorus of the verse, accompanying it with clapping of hands, and various motions of the body. Standing close together, the whole line inclines sometimes towards one side, sometimes towards the other, backwards and forwards, occasionally dropping on one knee, always taking care to keep time by that movement, in measure with the song. While the men do this, two or three of the girls come forth from the group, or line of their companions, and slowly advance towards the men. They are completely veiled, and hold a mellaye, or blue cloak, loosely hung over both their outspread arms. They approach with light steps and slight bows, in time to the songs. Soon the motions of the girls become a little more lively, while they approach within two paces of the men; but still dancing (as it is called), continuing to be extremely reserved, strictly decent, and very coy. The men endeavour to animate the girls by loud exclamations, with which they interrupt their song from time to time. They make use for this purpose of exclamations and noises, with which they are accustomed to order their camels to halt, to walk and trot, to drink, and eat, to stop, and to lie down. They do not address the girl by her name, which would be a breach of politeness, according to Bedouin manners, but style her "camel," affecting to suppose that she advances towards them in search of food or water. This fiction is continued during the whole dance. "Get up, O camel;" "walk fast;" "the poor camel is thirsty;" "come and take your evening food:" these, and similar expressions, are used on the occasion, added to the many guttural sounds in which camel-drivers talk to their beasts. To excite the dancer still more, some of the gay young men spread before them upon the ground their own turbans, or head-kerchiefs, to represent food for the camel. If the dancing girl approach near enough to snatch

away any article of dress, she throws it behind her back to her companions, and when the dance is finished, the owner must redeem it by a small fee paid to the girl. I once released a handkerchief by giving to the girl a string of pretty beads made of mother-of-pearl, observing that it was meant as a *halter* for the camel; with this she was much pleased, and hung it round her neck. After the dance has continued five or ten minutes, the girl sits down, and another takes her place, beginning like the former and accelerating her movements according as she herself feels interested in the dance. If she seems animated and advances close to the men's line, the latter evince their approbation by stretching out their arms as if to receive her; this dance, which continues frequently for five or six hours, and till long after midnight, and the pathetic songs which often accompany it, most powerfully work upon the imagination and feelings of the Arabs, and they never speak of the mesamer but with raptures. The feelings of a lover must, on this occasion, be carried to the highest pitch. The veiled form of his mistress advances in the dark, or by moonlight, like a phantom, to his embraces; her graceful, decent steps, her increasing animation, the general applause she receives, and the words of the song, or kaszyde, which are always in praise of beauty, must create the liveliest emotions in the bosom of her lover, who has, at least, the satisfaction of being able to give full scope to his feelings by voice and gestures, without exposing himself to any blame.'—pp. 143—145.

We have in this volume some scanty notices of the Camel: they are interesting however, and being authentic, are certainly valuable. In the last paragraph of the following quotation, the reader will not fail to be struck by the correction of an error which is only not a vulgar one, because it is credited by almost all our book naturalists.

'The capability of bearing thirst varies considerably among the different races of camels. The Anadolian, accustomed to cold climates, and countries copiously watered on all sides, must, every second day, have its supply of water; and if this be withheld in summer-time, until the third day, on a journey, the camel often sinks under the privation. During the winter, in Syrian latitudes and in Northern Arabian Desert, camels very seldom drink unless when on a journey; the first succulent herbs sufficiently moisten their stomachs at that season of the year. In summer-time the Nedjd camel must be watered on the evening of every fourth day; a longer exposure to thirst on a journey would probably be fatal to him.

'I believe that all over Arabia four whole days constitute the utmost extent to which camels can stretch their capability of enduring thirst in summer; nor is it necessary that they should be compelled to thirst longer, for there is no territory in the route of any traveller crossing Arabia where wells are farther distant than a journey of three entire days, or three and a half. In case of absolute necessity, an Arabian camel might perhaps go five days without drinking, but the traveller must never reckon upon such an extraordinary circumstance: and after the camel has gone three whole days without water, it shows manifest signs of great distress.

'The indigenous Egyptian camels are less qualified to endure fatigue than any others that I know; being from their birth well watered and fed on the fertile banks of the river Nile, they are but little accustomed to

journies in the Desert of any considerable length; and during the pilgrims' march to Mekka, several of them daily perish. There are not, of any race, camels that bear thirst more patiently than those of Darfur. The caravans coming from that country to Egypt, must travel nine or ten days' journies on a route which does not furnish any water; and over this extent of ground they often pass during the heats of summer. It is true that many of the camels die on the road, and no merchant undertakes such an expedition without a couple of spare camels in reserve; but the greater number reach Egypt. There is not the slightest probability that an Arabian camel could ever perform such a journey, and still less a Syrian or Egyptian. The camels in most parts of Africa are more hardy than the Arabian.

'Although I have often heard anecdotes related of Arabs, who on their long journies were frequently reduced to the utmost distress by want of water, yet I never understood that a camel had been slaughtered for the sake of finding a supply in the stomach. Without absolutely denying the possibility of such a circumstance, I do not hesitate to affirm that it can have occurred but very seldom; indeed the last stage of thirst renders a traveller so unwilling and unable to support the exertion of walking, that he continues his journey on the back of his camel, in hopes of finding water, rather than expose himself to certain destruction by killing the serviceable creature. I have frequently seen camels slaughtered, but never discovered in the stomachs of any, except those which had been watered on the same day, a copious supply of water. The Darfur caravans are often reduced to incredible suffering by want of water; yet they never have resort to the expedient above mentioned.'—pp. 258—260.

Mr. Burckhardt, after his long and excellent opportunities of viewing the character of the Bedouin people, seems to entertain a very great degree of admiration for their general conduct, in spite of the faults, which he very freely ascribes to them. The wandering life which it is their custom to follow, leads to notions of independence, and settles in the mind a consciousness of security and power, all which naturally create and encourage a principle of generosity. That devotion, which we call patriotism, having no locality to fix itself, becomes amongst the Bedouins a mutual affection for one another between the members of the same tribe. This attachment induces each man to take the deepest interest in the fame and prosperity of his tribe, and the sacrifices which individuals make to raise the one and promote the other, could only proceed from the noblest and most disinterested heroism. A Bedouin possesses a remarkable equanimity, which renders him in society a very pleasing companion. To this he unites the virtues of benevolence and hospitality, to an extent highly creditable to him. The vices by which he is disgraced are those of avarice—the fault which characterizes every man, almost, of the Levantine countries,—and bad faith in pecuniary transactions. He is rapacious, and in the office of a tax levier, he breaks promises, and perpetrates acts of oppression, like any enlightened Christian. When the Bedouins abuse one another, their expressions, in their

most angry moods, are comparatively moderate; and they carefully abstain from such epithets as, when applied, can scarcely be forgiven. Their modes of life are such as might be expected in a community which refrains from social intercourse with the rest of the world, and the same reason which induces them to withdraw from mankind, also makes them impenetrable to all improvement in the arts of life. Their natural sagacity is still very great, and it is shewn in various useful results. One of these we shall mention. Historians are loud in the praise of the instinct of those Indians in America who possess, in such a wonderful degree, the faculty of identifying and distinguishing the traces of footsteps. The Arabs are quite as remarkable for this power; but as it appears to us to be more difficult to mark the impression which is made on grass than that on sand, the merit of the American is infinitely greater.

'The Arab, who has applied himself diligently to the study of footsteps, can generally ascertain, from inspecting the impression, to what individual of his own, or of some neighbouring tribe, the footstep belongs; and therefore is able to judge whether it was a stranger who passed, or a friend. He likewise knows, from the slightness or depth of the impression, whether the man who made it carried a load or not. From the strength or faintness of the trace he can also tell whether the man passed on the same day, or one day or two days before. From a certain regularity of intervals between the steps, a Bedouin can judge whether the man whose feet left the impression was fatigued or not; as, after fatigue, the pace becomes more irregular, and the intervals unequal. Hence he can calculate the chance of overtaking the man.

'Besides all this, every Arab knows the printed footsteps of his own camels, and of those belonging to his immediate neighbours. He knows by the depth or slightness of the impression whether a camel was pasturing, and therefore not carrying any load, or mounted by one person only, or heavily loaded. If the marks of the two fore feet appear to be deeper in the sand than those of the hind feet, he concludes that the camel had a weak breast, and this serves him as a clue to ascertain the owner. In fact, a Bedouin, from the impressions of a camel's or of his driver's footsteps, draws so many conclusions, that he always learns something concerning the beast or its owner; and in some cases this mode of acquiring knowledge appears almost supernatural. The Bedouin sagacity in this respect is wonderful, and becomes particularly useful in the pursuit of fugitives, or in searching after cattle.

'I have seen a man discover and trace the footsteps of his camel in a sandy valley, where thousands of other footsteps crossed the road in every direction; and this person could tell the name of every one who had passed there in the course of that morning. I myself found it often useful to know the impression made by the feet of my own companions and camels; as from circumstances which inevitably occur in the Desert, travellers sometimes are separated from their friends. In passing through dangerous districts, the Bedouin guides will seldom permit a townsman or stranger to walk by the side of his camel. If he wears shoes, every Bedouin who passes will know by the impression that some townsman has travelled that

way; and if he walks barefooted, the mark of his step, less full than that of a Bedouin, immediately betrays the foot of a townsman, little accustomed to walk. It is therefore to be apprehended, that the Bedouins, who regard every townsman as a rich man, might suppose him loaded with valuable property, and accordingly set out in pursuit of him. A keen Bedouin guide is constantly and exclusively occupied during his march in examining footsteps, and frequently alights from his camel to acquire certainty respecting their nature. I have known instances of camels being traced by their masters, during a distance of six days' journey, to the dwelling of the man who had stolen them.

'Many secret transactions are brought to light by this knowledge of the *Athr* or "footsteps;" and a Bedouin can scarcely hope to escape detection in any clandestine proceeding, as his passage is recorded upon the road in characters that every one of his Arabian neighbours can read.'—pp. 212—214.

This work concludes with a history of those sanguinary fanatics, the Wahabys, from the time when they first drew the sword, in the name of the Lord, to the year 1816. It is an interesting memoir, and will amply repay the trouble of a perusal.

ART. VI—*The First Book of the Iliad; the Parting of Hector and Andromache; and the Shield of Achilles.* Specimens of a New Version of Homer. By William Sotheby. 8vo. London: Murray. 1830.

THE obvious duty of a translator seems to our plain understanding to be this:—to place his unlearned reader as nearly as possible in the same situation as if he were reading, and thoroughly understood, the original. This simple standard being acknowledged, we have at once a determinate criterion to go by, and we get rid of a cloud of perplexities and subtleties, with Madame Dacier in their train. That any version of Homer, in the English tongue, can ever attain the excellence implied by reaching this standard, we are not so absurd as to expect; for the constitution of each of the two languages is such as to put all hope of the kind out of the question. But we do say that he who makes such an object the mark of his ambition, will be most likely to steer the right course, although he should never be able exactly to touch the goal. The whole of what Pope and Cowper have written on translation, resolves itself into the simple element of comparison, which we have just mentioned.

The early versions of Homer in English, possessed a great deal of merit; but the revolution which our language has undergone, places those versions under very unfavourable circumstances for a fair judgment to be passed on them. Hall was the first translator, and he executed his copy, published in 1581, at second-hand, from the French. Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby followed. They had not the slightest notion of aiming at any other merit

than that of rendering the sense of their author—not caring, sometimes, how they accomplished their object. A most amusing characteristic of theirs, is their extreme officiousness in carrying forward into broad and downright assertions, the reserved hints and delicate implications of the immortal poet. They are never satisfied until they fairly set down in matter-of-fact terms, all that they suppose Homer would have said on any given point which he touches, if the limits of the verse had permitted him to do so. An instance of this we cannot forbear quoting from the quaint anapæsts of Chapman. Chryses, the priest, in the beginning of the first Iliad, having been repulsed so indecently by Agamemnon, is represented most naturally by the poet, as retiring in strict silence along the sea shore, until, having reached a good distance, he puts up a prayer to Apollo. Nothing can be more just, than that the timid priest should have delayed his purpose until he was out of the hearing of the insolent king. Homer is content to mark this circumstance by the simple word ἀπαμείβετο (far away). Not so Chapman, who not only tells us that the priest advanced a good way off, but also gives us the reason of his being in such haste.

'The priest trod off with haste and fear,
And walking silent, *till he left,** *farre off his enemies eare.*'

What an economist of words and ideas is the true poetical faculty! New translators of Homer arose in time; they concluded, from the little degree of popularity which their predecessors had shared, that a slavish adherence to the sense of the original was not likely to ensure them a better reception with the public—and they were all for retaining the fire and dignity and poetical splendour of Homer, at any hazard to his meaning. No fitter man could have been found in the realms of literature than Dryden, to exemplify the possibility of representing the grandeur of Homer in English verse;—but he left the task to be accomplished by one whom he fascinated too much, not to make him an imitator of his faults as well as of his excellencies; and Homer, notwithstanding Pope's immortal Iliad and Odyssey, still wanted a translator. Tickell has left us a version of the first Iliad in so excellent a style, that we have to lament the modesty, or whatever else was the

* In Mr. Wakefield's admirable edition of Pope's Homer, this verse is quoted; and the word "left" is printed "*felt.*" The reason we mention this is, that the verse with this obvious blunder receives the marked eulogy of Mr. Wakefield. We have consulted the original edition of Chapman, and we use the genuine word.——Having alluded to Mr. Wakefield's edition of Pope's Homer, we cannot part with the first fair opportunity which presents itself, without protesting against the injustice which has been done him in a late edition of the "Ilias Homeri," by the Rev. Mr. Trollope. Mr. Trollope has given the Greek text with English notes. The most valuable of these notes are almost verbatim Mr. Wakefield's, whose name is not once mentioned by the Reverend editor.

cause, which induced him to abandon the rest. A portion of Homer was likewise translated by Travers, some time later—and by Maynwaring—two names, alas, unknown to fame,—but which deserve to be handed down with honour, for the spirited representation they have given in English, of the real genius of the Iliad. But then, in all these works, uniformly consisting of rhymed verse, there was a great want of fidelity, insomuch, that at the close of the last century, a very general notion began to spread itself, that a faithful translation of Homer, or at least, that a tolerably faithful one, in rhymed measures, was not to be hoped for in the then state of our language. Cowper embodied this notion into a dogma which he broached and maintained with all the zeal of an apostle. In the preface to the first edition of his Translation of Homer, he used the following words:

'I will venture to assert that a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme, is impossible. No human ingenuity can be equal to the task of closing every couplet with sounds homotonous, expressing, at the same time, the full sense, and only the full sense of the original. The translator's ingenuity, indeed, in this case, becomes itself a snare: and the readier he is at invention and expedient, the more likely he is to be betrayed into the widest departures from the guide whom he professes to follow.'

We very much suspect that these conclusions were founded much more on the rhymed translations of Homer, which were in existence in Cowper's time, particularly on the version of Pope, than that they arose from any fair and candid consideration of the question. We likewise are apprehensive that the inclination was father to the opinion; and that that which Mr. Cowper would not undertake, he pronounced to be impossible to be performed. We have, however, lived to see the day when this plausible theory is absolutely blown into thin air; for we do not hesitate to affirm, that so far as the mere question of fidelity is concerned, Mr. Sotheby's rhymes carry an infinitely better representation of Homer's poem to the English reader, than Mr. Cowper's blank measures. In the lifetime of the latter distinguished poet, we took the liberty, with that independence which even names of greater authority than his have never made us forego, of combating the judgment which he had thus given to the world; because we felt what an injury it would have been to our literature, that the chances of a worthy version of Homer, in rhymed verse, being produced hereafter, should be in a material degree diminished by the dictum of this poet. We asserted then, and after the lapse of upwards of twenty years, we reassert, with still greater confidence, that the English language was and is sufficiently copious in synonymes, to enable a competent translator to be faithful to his original, even within the circumscription of rhymes. We maintained that rhyme, if not exactly essential to the genius of English poetry, was at least very conducive to its popularity—and the example of all our recent and

living bards, we think we could be able to shew, fully sanctions our opinion. We finally ventured to predict that Cowper's Blank Verse Translation of Homer's works, however cherished it might be in the closet, would never supersede the miscalled translations of Pope—and now we ask, has not this anticipation been completely verified? If, then, our opposition to the doctrine of Cowper, has in the least contributed to make the question as to the practicability of a rhymed version of Homer at least an open one—and if it has at all tended to prevent our cotemporary poets from being restrained in their efforts by the authority of Cowper, our ambition is gratified.*

We have had so high an opinion of Mr. Sotheby's qualifications as a Translator of foreign poets, from his excellent version of the Georgicks, but particularly from the spirited one of Oberon, that it was with no little degree of expectation that we looked into these specimens. The only real rival whom this gentleman has in the field now, is Pope. The Iliad and Odyssey of that great poet, we feel perfectly confident, will be held in admiration as long as the language in which he wrote, continues to be understood. But then the world—the unlearned world, should be told, that these are Mr. Pope's own poems. Mr. Sotheby, we have a very confident hope, will affiliate them to the distinguished poet, and will bring before the English public, the true progeny of Homer's mind, for which, hitherto, counterfeits alone have been palmed on them. The Iliad and Odyssey then, of Pope, will be regarded by all the world as they ought to be—as magnificent impositions, with which the poor children of ignorance, to whom the original was a sealed treasure, were to put up for a time; for in truth, he who supposes that he is communing with the divine Homer, when he employs Mr. Pope as his interpreter, is likely to have about the same idea of the great master, as the blind man had of the colour of scarlet, when he declared that he thought it resembled the sound of a trumpet. Dismissing, then, the labours of Pope, as supplying by no means a suitable version of Homer, such as English literature deserves to possess, let us see if we have not really fallen upon the auspicious time that will produce a translation worthy at once of the illustrious original, and the language which receives it.

We have said that Mr. Sotheby's rhymed verse gives us a more faithful notion of Homer, than the blank measure of Cowper. We mean to say that such is the general effect, for though Cowper laboriously plods in the track of his master, rendering the text honestly into English, yet a great deal more is necessary to be done, in order that the English version shall make an impression at all like that which a Greek scholar would receive from the original.

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* There are other blank verse translations, by Drs. Scott, Williams, and Morrice, which we dispose of in disposing of Cowper.

There are peculiarities of language—and manner—graces of expression—and choice of words, to be observed by the translator, which if he neglects or misses, no fidelity will be of use. The small difference between what Cowper possesses, and what Mr. Sotheby wants in this matter of verbal exactness, is more than supplied by the latter in the energy and propriety of his diction, and the harmony of his measures, and in this way we repeat he is, though less complete in details, a far more vivid representative of Homer than Cowper. As compared then with Cowper, Mr. Sotheby is to be preferred, in consequence of giving us something like the fire and felicity of Homer, in the rhymed verse in which our poetry delights —and, as compared with Pope, he is to be still more readily preferred on account of that fidelity to their common principal, which Pope had irretrievably violated. Other merits Mr. Sotheby possesses too, and of course we shall find out some faults. It would be a bad example to the Excise Department, if we were ever to perform an inspection and find nothing to condemn. We must however premise, that with respect to such faults as we shall point out, we trust that the frankness which we assume, will be taken as an earnest of our desire to contribute what little we can to Mr. Sotheby's success; for after what we have said, and shall hereafter declare, we do not see how he can get over completing a version of Homer; and in that case, while yet he stands uncommitted to the world, and has full time to deliberate, to alter and amend, the honest severity of criticism may be quite as useful as its panegyric.

The fair way of proceeding in this case, is, we apprehend, to place consecutive passages from the translation before the reader—in order that he may judge of their merit himself in the first place, and after that he will have an opportunity of comparing his impressions with the remarks which we shall append. It is very probable that the few first pages of these specimens will make a tolerably faithful representative of the various merits of the rest, and with this persuasion, we proceed at once to Mr. Sotheby's version—

> 'Sing, Goddess! stern Pelides' wrath, disclose
> The wrath that heap'd on Grecia woes on woes,
> Her chiefs' brave souls untimely hurl'd from day,
> And left their limbs to dogs and birds a prey;
> Since first in dire debate (thus will'd by Jove)
> Against the king of men Achilles strove.'—p. 1.

We might almost venture to say that these are about the least meritorious lines in the whole book. The invocation addressed to the Goddess to "disclose" the wrath which she had been already requested to *sing*, is not only not justified by Homer's text, but is contrary to sense, and indeed, all that can be said of it is, that it is a clumsy expedient to make out a new rhyme. Pope, by the way, was particularly unfortunate in the two lines which occupied

the same place as those in his first edition of the Iliad. They were to this effect,

> 'The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring,
> Of *all* the Grecian woes, O Goddess sing.'

The blunder of '*all*' gave the bilious Dennis a most acceptable opportunity of venting his coarse ridicule against the bard, who certainly profited by the chastisement, for the next edition appeared with the lines in their present unobjectionable form. "Her chiefs *brave* souls" is strictly according to the text, and Mr. Sotheby is to be commended for marking a quality of the chiefs, which neither Pope nor even Cowper had noticed. It is very desirable we think that πασι in the original should not be lost in the translation, as applying to the dogs and birds—for it is a circumstance of aggravation that no dog or bird, however mean and contemptible, but had the power of feeding on the limbs of the Grecian heroes. Both Tickell and Travers preserve the word—

> 'A feast for dogs and every bird of prey.'

But our great objection is to the placing of "thus will'd by Jove"—which conveys to the English reader the notion that the "dire debate" only was will'd by Jove, which is contrary to any interpretation that this passage of Homer has received. But we proceed—

> 'Why rag'd the chiefs? what god their fury swell'd?
> Jove and Latona's son their wrath impell'd.
> Incens'd against the king, Apollo spread
> The tainting plague that strew'd the camp with dead;
> For Atreus' son, in insolence of pride,
> His priest had outrag'd and his power defy'd,
> When first to Grecia's fleet ag'd Chryses came
> To free his daughter from the yoke of shame;—
> Came, richly ransoming, and suppliant bore
> Round his gold rod the wreath the priesthood wore,
> And all implor'd, but Atreus' sons the most,
> The lords and leaders of the assembled host.'—pp. 1, 2.

"Tainting," in the fourth of these lines, is an exceedingly inadequate epithet to connect with an agent of such dreadful power as the plague. And "his power defy'd," we must take to be the power of Apollo. "His priest" and "his power" immediately follow. Now it cannot be justly said that Agamemnon defied the power either of the God or the priest; for in point of fact, he afterwards yielded to the God by giving up Chryseis, and Homer says he did no more than "dishonour" the priest. 'Richly ransoming,' is a very bold expression by which the translator seeks to render λυσομενος. But the language in fact sinks under him. The Greek word expresses the determination and desire of the father to free his daughter. The English participle can go no further than describe the simple act of ransoming, which certainly did not

take place, and therefore "ransoming" in this line is totally unjustified. The appeal of Chryses to the assembled host follows. We think it a very beautiful version, but to do justice to it we shall give first the translations of Pope and Cowper in succession.

'"Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd
And Troy's proud walls be level with the ground—
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore,
But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseis to these arms again:
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove."'—Pope.

'"Ye gallant chiefs, and ye, their gallant host,
(So may the Gods who in Olympus dwell
Give Priam's treasures to you for a spoil
And ye return in safety) take my gifts
And loose my child in honour of the son
Of Jove, Apollo, archer of the skies."'—Cowper.

The plain prose English of the passage in Homer is this:—"Ye kings and ye the rest of the armed host, may the Gods in their heavenly mansions grant to you to destroy the city of Priam and to return safely home; but free my dear daughter; take this ransom in reverence to the far-darting-Apollo, the son of Jove." How extremely modest and decorous all this is, how unlike the language of defiance and threatening which Pope puts into the priest's mouth! Cowper makes Chryses a mere uninterested messenger, who does not seem to care a pin whether the lady is let go or not. Mr. Sotheby thus echoes with great truth the humility of the suitor, mixed with the tender anxiety of a parent.

'"Kings, and arm'd warriors! may consenting Jove,
And all the dwellers of the realm above,
Lay Troy in dust, and, charg'd with Ilion's spoil,
Guard you in triumph to your native soil!
But my lov'd child restore: her ransom take,
And reverence Chryses for Apollo's sake."'—p. 2.

We must say, however, that 'consenting Jove' is not so well, because Jove is not specified at all in the application, and if he were, he certainly must have consented, or not complied with the prayer. But in order to render this passage perfect in the English, it is necessary that the epithet εκηβολον should be preserved. What can be more admirable than the art of the poet, in winding up the prayer of the old man with an allusion—almost unperceived, but not the less to be felt on that account,—to the divine power which he had in reserve, in case his entreaty was not listened to? Pope sufficiently understood this point, but he has elicited it in a manner that destroys all its effect. Travers has marked it in a much better way thus—

'"To Phœbus, son of Jove, your reverence shew,
The God who bends *the far-destroying bow.*"'

The following passage, which is four lines off from that last quoted from Mr. Sotheby, we think infinitely superior to any other version. It is the repulse of Chryses by Agamemnon.

> '"Ne'er may I more, aged priest, amid our fleet,
> Thee, lingering now, or here returning, meet;
> Lest thou in vain extend thy golden rod
> And sacred fillet of thy guardian god.
> I will not free thy daughter from my arms,
> Till age o'ershadow her diminish'd charms.
> Ere then, far off, thy child beneath my roof
> At Argos shares my couch and weaves my woof.
> Depart: nor longer here my rage excite—
> Away: so best thy safety find in flight."'—pp. 2, 3.

Pope has altogether departed from the text in his translation of the original of these lines. He makes Agamemnon command the priest to fly from the "plains," and not from the ships, as Homer wrote it. "Lingering now," and "here returning," in the above are quite literal, and could not be amended, in our opinion. The celebrated passage, describing the retirement of the priest, is thus rendered by Mr. Sotheby:—

> 'He spake—the father shudder'd and obey'd:
> Then lone along the sounding sea-shore stray'd;
> In silence went, till, wrung from deep despair,
> Burst on Apollo's ear his votary's prayer.'—p. 3.

The contrast, which in Homer has such a prodigious effect, between the silence of Chryses and the roar of the billows, is lost in Mr. Sotheby's version. Maynwaring renders it thus:—

> 'By the loud shore in silent passion strayed;'

But Tickell, more elaborately,

> 'Silent he pass'd amid the deafening roar
> Of tumbling billows on the lonely shore.'

We looked with fear and trembling to the descent of Apollo in Mr. Sotheby's specimens, because it was next to impossible for him to avoid attempting the very difficult grace of making the sound an echo to the sense. The passage is as follows:—

> 'Thus Chryses pray'd: his prayer Apollo heard,
> And heavenly vengeance kindled at the word,
> He, from Olympus' brow, in fury bore
> His bow and quiver's death-denouncing store.
> The arrows, rattling round his viewless flight,
> Clang'd, as the god descended dark as night.
> Then Phœbus stay'd, and from the fleet apart
> Launch'd on the host the inevitable dart,
> And ever as he wing'd the shaft below,
> Dire was the twanging of the silver bow.'—pp. 3, 4.

This passage, in our apprehension, is quite as good as the original. The picture it gives us is fully as bold and impressive

as that which we receive from Homer. Pope has entirely sunk under it, and Cowper is most elaborately erroneous, failing both to furnish the idea or the manner of Homer in the lines which describe the twanging of the bow. Mr. Sotheby uses the words "dark as night." In the original, it is "like unto the night," and we doubt if it be not the attribute of a gradual imperceptible progress, and not that of darkness, which the night possesses, that Homer really meant. The description of the effects of the plague is exceedingly faithful in the translation, and no less spirited, but there is one line in the following couplet to which we would draw the writer's attention.

> 'So Juno will'd, who mourn'd, untimely *slain*,
> The Grecians *dying* on the tainted plain.'

It is distinctly declared in those lines that Juno mourned the Grecians, first untimely *slain*, and next as they were *dying*. This is a figure for which Mr. Sotheby must confess that he was indebted to the sister country. Perhaps, in the spirit of that kingdom, he would have us interpret "slain," as the people of Ireland do "kilt," which certainly describes a state totally unconnected with moribund symptoms. Clear, however, we are that Juno lamented the dying Grecians ὅτι ῥὰ θνήσκοντας, and not *after* they were slain. The translator goes on:—

> 'The council met, and 'mid the public woes,
> First from his seat Achilles stern uprose.'

There is no fault which Mr. Sotheby ought to be more vigilant in avoiding, than one of which we have an instance in the first of these two lines, where Achilles is made to rise amidst "the public woes"—there being a physical action combined here with a mere imaginary personification. Achilles actually rose—that is a fact cognizable by our senses; but when we say he rose "amid the public woes," we dismiss the senses, and we appeal to the fancy. All rhetoricians, we believe, are loud against such incongruous alliances. Another example, of the same kind, occurs in one of Achilles' replies to Agamemnon:

> 'Thou, wrought of *lucre*, insolence and pride.'

Perhaps Mr. Sotheby means that 'lucre' should be taken for the passion of which it is the object, but we doubt very much if poetic license will go so far—at all events, the line is clumsy, and can scarcely be injured by any change.

Is there not an error in the auxiliary verb in the second of these lines?

> 'And learn from him what hetacombs unpaid,
> On Greece such vengeance of the God *has* laid:'

Describing Calchas, the translator has this couplet:

> 'He, all the past, the present, future knew,
> All *came at will*, and rose before his view.'

We should say that

He all the present, past, and future knew,

would be better, and quite as near to the original. With respect to 'all came at will,' it might, perhaps, appear hypercriticism in us to say that this is a wrong application of the homely words "came at will," because a close examination will, we think, convince Mr. Sotheby that the volition, in this saying, is imputed to that which comes, and not to the object which it comes to; so that in this case the words of the translation are equivalent to this—the past, present, and future, came at *their will*, whereas he meant that they came at the will of Calchas.

The next two lines are unwarranted by Homer, whilst the qualifications described by εὐφρονέων are altogether omitted. Pope has given the following paraphrase of this word :—

'The venerable sage
Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age.'

The speech of Calchas in reply to Achilles is, we acknowledge, a very difficult passage for a translator to do justice to. Mr. Sotheby renders it thus :—

'"Thou bidd'st me say, Pelides, Jove-belov'd,
Whence Phœbus rages, why to vengeance mov'd:
Thus urg'd, I speak: thou too, if death impend,
Swear that thy prowess Calchas shall defend.
He, who o'er all holds rule, whom all obey,
Will with revengeful wrath the offence repay.
Who strives with kings their sov'reignty shall know,
And fall beneath the greatness of their foe.
Not,—if they curb their rage the present day,—
E'er unconsummated it dies away.
Say, wilt thou shield me?"'—p. 5.

The objection we have to this version is, that it is very obscure, and that one who knew nothing of Homer, except through Mr. Sotheby, would have no suspicion of the nature of the offence which Calchas was asking Achilles to protect him in committing. Neither does the periphrastic allusion to Agamemnon unite, so happily as in the original, the distance of respect, with the truth of identification. Let us proceed to Achilles' answer.

'Peleus' son replied,
"Pour out thy prescient soul, in me confide:
None, by that god, who, list'ning to thy pray'r,
Grants that thy voice to Greece the fates declare,
While yet I live, yet view the light of day,
Shall on thy head a hand unhallow'd lay:
Not if thou name the king, who proudly boasts
His pow'r alone surpasses all our hosts."'—p. 5, 6.

This is but a very ill substitute for the original, which is a perfect master-piece of art, so far as these two speeches are concerned. Calchas was afraid to speak his mind, lest Agamemnon should

resent what he was going to say; and in asking the protection of Achilles against that resentment, Calchas takes care to point to Agamemnon in a circuitous manner, as thus: "I think that personage will be enraged who rules over the Argives, and whom the Achæans obey." Now, in his answer, Achilles takes care to fix the allusion beyond all possibility of misunderstanding, for he says, "Not one of all the Greeks together shall lay a heavy hand upon thee, not even should you say Agamemnon." What can be more true to nature? the timid prophet made, as we should say, a parliamentary allusion to the object of his fears; the brave Achilles boldly pronounces his name. Both Pope and Mr. Sotheby sink this stroke of art, but Cowper retains it.

We must pause here, satisfied that we have submitted enough of these specimens to justify the anticipation in which we indulge, that Mr. Sotheby is the man to supply a suitable version of Homer's works to the literature of this country. We have made no selection from his verses, but cited them as they arose, feeling that this was the most impartial and by far the fairest course towards the public and the translator. Fidelity being the great desideratum in all translations of Homer which deserve the name, and no version that we have seen possessing that quality in so eminent a degree as the one before us, we do sincerely hope that Mr. Sotheby will not allow his imagination or his ingenuity to separate him from the text of his great original. The task before him is a noble one, and its execution, successfully accomplished, will be repaid with a duration of fame, which the reflected light of Homer is sure to confer on even the humblest satellite that moves within his luminous orbit.

We have to mention that the "Parting of Hector and Andromache" is given, and also the "Shield of Achilles." They are both rendered with great spirit and beauty.

Art. VII.—*Catalogue of the Sixty-second Exhibition of the Royal Academy.* 4to. pp. 51. London: Clowes. 1830.

We have lately had occasion more than once to remonstrate against the daily and weekly style of puffing new books, which disgraces the press of this Metropolis, and threatens to reduce the character of our current literature below the contempt of every man of common sense in the country. It gratifies us to find this subject, so important in a national point of view, taken up by another journal of considerable authority in literary matters. We are sure that it will require but little combined exertion from a few sound critics, in their different spheres, to put an end to a nuisance, of which the reading part of the community has long had reason to complain.

It is not, however, in literature alone that a vicious and indiscriminating style of criticism prevails; it extends also to the fine arts,—to music, painting, sculpture, to the sciences, and indeed to

every thing that can be brought within the reach of its influence. A person who, perhaps, never saw a good picture in his life, and knows no more of the elements necessary to constitute such a work than he does of the Chinese language, is dispatched to the Royal Academy to report upon the new exhibition the very day it is opened. He wanders through the different rooms, casts what must necessarily be but an imperfect glance at the twelve or thirteen hundred paintings which they contain, and, with his eyes dazzled, his judgment confused, and ignorant of the principles by which he should be guided, he selects those works which have great names appended to them, copies their description from the catalogue, strings a few sentences of praise or censure, just as his loose ideas furnish him with matter, and having repeated this process three or four days successively, he winds up the whole with a summary decision, which he pronounces with an air of the most complacent authority. Of one picture he speaks as "very clever, and very entertaining;" in another, he discovers "great depth and richness of tone," which, perhaps, is only remarkable for its gaudiness; a third he thinks to be "powerfully painted," because it looks more like a sculptured bust than a portrait on canvas; and thus he goes the round of the rooms, discovering "sweet and pearly tones," (*pearly tones!!*) "remarkably fine whole-lengths," "usual skill and taste," "excellent specimens," "admirable likenesses," "masterly pictures," "charming pictures of beauty, grace, and amiable sentiment,"—from all of which phrases we learn just as much concerning the merits of the exhibition, as we should do from the ringing of the postman's bell.

Now we beg leave to say, that there is nothing in this style of writing, on such a subject, which excites our surprise. The report must be made, for something must be said in the columns of the press with respect to the Academy. The artists expect it, the public like it, because they are prone to be guided in every thing, like children learning to walk. We say that we are not in the least astonished to find real ignorance veiled in so many beautiful phrases; as it may, and does, often happen, that the critic who reports upon the Academy in the morning, may in the evening be desired to pronounce judgment upon a new opera, a new tragedy, or a new ballet; that whether he is to report a speech in Parliament, a case from the law courts or police offices, a coroner's inquest, or a row in the street, he must produce his copy within a given time. To him every art must unlock its secrets, for there is hardly any exhibition in this huge metropolis, whether it be connected with dancing, singing, or fiddling,—pugilism, politics, or the pulpit,—the court, the camp, the kitchen, or the colosseum, which does not occasionally demand his attention, and await his fiat.

The mere mistakes of such critics it would be unpardonable in us to detail. The sands in the hour-glass frequently reversed would not equal them in number. We have often and often been

amused with reading, in the oracles of the week or the day, long articles, entering with great nicety into the performance of an actor, who was actually sick in bed during the whole time he was supposed to have been fretting his hour upon the stage. The case has more than once occurred of a singer having been represented by these illuminati of the press as singing feebly and out of tune on an evening when she did not sing at all, and we have actually known a magnificent shower of artificial fire to be praised for the splendid effect which it produced, on a night when it was omitted altogether in consequence of an accident in the machinery. So much for criticising from a programme!

Sometimes even these gentlemen go so far as to attribute to a lady a song which was actually sung by a gentleman. A case of this kind happened while this article was passing through the printer's hands: a writer in the *Times* having one day praised Miss Paton for her admirable execution of "Black-eyed Susan," and being obliged to acknowledge a day or two after that the ballad was sung, not by Miss Paton, but by Mr. Wood! The mistake he attributed to the crowded state of the house, which prevented him from distinguishing between a male and a female performer. But if the man had no eyes, where were his ears?

That there are some exceptions to these general observations now and then to be met in what we may call the columnar press, we freely admit. But these exceptions are rare, and afford no compensation for the almost universal carelessness, ignorance, or prejudice with which the fine arts, as well as literature, are treated by the critics to whom we allude.

After what we have said, our readers will, perhaps, think that we need offer no apology for deviating a little,—if, in truth, it be deviating,—from the professed object of this journal, in noticing a few of the works of art which adorn the present exhibition at the Royal Academy. We have been induced to give some attention to this subject, because we find that some glaring errors, committed by men of distinguished name, have been scarcely noticed, while their less imperfect productions have been extolled to the skies. It struck us, too, that there are some very promising productions in this exhibition, which, deserving to be known, have been wholly passed over, simply because the names of the artists are not familiar to the public. It shall be our duty to weigh them all in the scales of justice.

Before we proceed, however, to details, we must protest *in limine* against the miserable substitute for a gallery, which the six rooms in Somerset House afford for an exhibition of so much national interest and importance. With one solitary exception, they are all dark, small, and inconvenient in the extreme. In the month of May, when they are usually opened, they are close and sickening for visiters; in June they are intolerable. But if the visiters have a right to complain, what must be the lamentations of a great

majority of the artists! There are, for example, without reckoning the paintings in the Council room, nearly twelve hundred works of art suspended on the walls of five rooms; that is to say, packed so closely together, from the ceiling to the floor, that there is not space for a mouse to creep between them. In fact, when we go into the great room, we are met by such a glare of light, composed of every possible variety of colours, that we can hardly distinguish for some time between a king and a cow-boy. Upon a nearer inspection, we find Psyche figuring by the side of a beggar, and the daughter of Earl Cowper on the edge of a tile kiln at Rome. Pilate washes his hands next door to some Neapolitans dancing the tarantella, and three different thunder storms "all in a row," make us thrice successively drink deep of the cup of horror. But what shall we say to Don Quixote in the sable mountain, taking a distant view of Hull in Yorkshire, or to Italian boys playing at cards in the very presence of Miss Fry? Why is the same amiable young lady vexed on the other side by the growling of the dog of two minds? What harmony is there between Virginia Water and a farmer's boy,—between the Firth of Clyde and Titania, Puck and Bottom? None that we can see! In truth, violent contrasts seem to have been the object looked to in placing most of the pictures, for we find Diana at Her Bath in danger of being disturbed not only by Actæon, but by Squally Weather; and by the side of the murderous De la Marck, surnamed the Boar of Ardenne, surrounded by his bands of assassins, whom do we see reclining on a bank but "honest Isaak Walton!" Not only in the subjects, but in the classes of painting, as well as in the colouring, there has been shown, so far as arrangement is concerned, the most unqualified contempt for every thing that borders on harmony and method.

But this is not all. These twelve hundred pictures are placed so thickly on the walls over one another, from the ground upwards usque ad cœlum, that perhaps not more than about one hundred out of the whole can be seen in their proper lights. Of course this is unavoidable, in consequence of the limited space for the exhibition of so many works which the closets of Somerset House afford; but the injury thereby done to a great number of meritorious young artists, whose productions are stowed away wherever room can be found for them, is of a serious and most oppressive nature. We say nothing of the system which procures for the undeserving works of favourite artists, advantageous positions. It would be idle to exclaim against a practice which has prevailed so long, that it is now become a sort of prescription; it will continue as long as the Academy is confined to its present locality.

We understand that a considerable number of excellent works were sent this year for exhibition, which were returned for want of room. This has surprised us exceedingly, because it is only necessary to look in a very cursory manner through the different rooms,

in order to ascertain that above half of the pictures which crowd the walls, ought never to have been allowed to appear there at all. It is a delicate and most difficult task for the president and council to refuse the works of members of their own body, and scarcely less unpleasant for them to check the aspirations of young and rising artists. But something must be done on this subject, if the Academy wish to move forward with the improving taste of the age. The trash must be firmly rejected; the number of portraits, even from the first men in the profession, must be limited to a fewer number. Until a proper gallery can be obtained for the display of the works of all our artists at once, there should be either a judicious selection of those which are best suited to meet the public eye, or the exhibition should open a month or two sooner, and admit in the same season two or three total or partial changes of pictures, as the case may require. Thus variety in the entertainment, and justice towards deserving candidates for fame, might go hand in hand.

Had we possessed a voice in the admission of pictures to the present exhibition, we should have unhesitatingly black-balled No. 7, "Pilate washing his hands." This is the work of one of our first landscape painters, Mr. Turner. Actuated by some strange impulse of ambition, or love of notoriety, he has left his usual and honorable path in order to try his hand at a historical group. We never beheld so signal a failure. Everybody asks, who looks at the daub, is this the production of Turner? and the next question invariably is, where is Pilate? We saw two great figures, like the Gog and Magog of Guildhall, standing at the opposite ends of a table, and at first we were inclined to believe that one of these must have been the conscience-stricken Pagan. But as we saw neither of them washing his hands, we were obliged to conclude that we were mistaken, and we resumed our inquiries. We looked next for Pilate behind a group of women, one of whom has a face made of chalk, for the more perfect imitation of a fainting fit. But still no Pilate could we discover; and in the meantime it occurred to us, that if it were Mr. Turner's object to caricature the feelings of the Virgin during the time her Son was obliged to bear his cross, he would have painted the agonized mother and the women who attended her, exactly as he has done. But the caricature,—the profanation, we may truly say, of the most sacred of Scriptural subjects, does not end here. It is revolting to our feelings to look a little farther and examine the figure of Christ bearing the weight of the tree upon which he was to be crucified. It is a mockery of that sublime scene. A Jew, who spat upon the Divine victim, could not, in representation, have turned him into greater ridicule. We forbear from description, for it would not be short of blasphemy. Such a picture we might have expected to see in Carlile's shop; but why, with relation to the subject, or even to the fame of the artist, it was admitted into the Academy, we are at a loss

to conjecture. At length, after searching every part of this wretchedly smeared piece of canvas for Pilate, we found him, with infinite difficulty, in a cloud overlooking the whole of the actors below, but so indistinctly pourtrayed as rather to give the idea of a ghost, than of a living trembling judge. Such a work as this, possessing not a single redeeming virtue in its colouring or composition, ought to be hooted out of the Academy, with the ceremonies that formerly attended the expulsion from a town of a notorious character.

There is another picture, executed by the same artist, in a similar style, a profanation too, in its way, considering that the subject is taken from Shakspeare, and which deserves the same fate. It is an attempt to represent Jessica in the "Merchant of Venice," and will be found numbered 226 in the 'School of Painting.' If you drew the figure of a woman on the floor, in all sorts of colours, and then placed the canvas over it, you would obtain just as good a portrait of Jessica as that which Mr. Turner has drawn. It is wickedly placed in a conspicuous part of the room, either as a remorseless satire upon the presumption of the artist, or as a proof, if it has been so placed with his consent, of the mean opinion he has formed of the merits of his brother academicians in general.

But in whatever light they may be considered by Mr. Turner or his friends, we take leave to tell him that these two productions are a disgrace to his profession.

Not far from the renowned Pilate is a family group (No. 12) by J. Linnell. And such a family! From the fat mother down to the squalling child, they all seem as if they had been just washing their faces with red soap. Their noses and cheeks shine most brilliantly. You see they are meant to be represented as if they were engaged in a concert. No such thing, they all stand or sit to be looked at. They are conscious that they are in the Academy. We heartily wish they had staid at home, for they present one of the greatest eye-sores in the room.

Mr. H. Wilson has made a capital blunder in his Interior of a Cathedral (No. 17). He undertook to represent what is called in the Catholic religion, the Elevation of the Host,—a ceremony which forms an essential part of the Mass. But the artist, wholly ignorant of the matter, and not giving himself the trouble to make himself acquainted with it, favours us with the ceremony of a Benediction, which is a very different affair, and usually takes place at the conclusion of vespers. Overlooking this mistake, which, however, no genuine artist ought to have committed, we must add, that the perspective of the sacred edifice is well managed, and the grouping of the clergymen, arrayed in their splendid habiliments, free from much objection.

Historical paintings are rarely to be met with in the exhibition of the Academy, and the few that we find there are generally of such equivocal merit, that it becomes us to hold out an encouraging hand towards any thing in this line of art, which bears even the

faintest symptoms of excellence. Hence we are disposed to speak kindly of Mr. Brigg's Inés de Castro parted from her children. The subject is very happily chosen from a pasage in the tragedy of Guevaras. The characters present are Alphonso, King of Portugal, Donna Inés, Aboar, Gonzalez, Coello, and, we presume, Pacheco.

'"*Donna Inés.*—Children of my life, let me embrace you, &c.

'"*The King.*—Come with me, unhappy children of Portugal.—O that I had never pronounced the sentence! for if Inés lose her life, I also shall soon die.

'"*Inés.*—Have I no remedy? Then listen, Alphonso; I appeal to the supreme and divine tribunal, where thy injustice will be judged."'

Every body knows the tragical story of Inés de Castro, the daughter of a Spanish nobleman, the secretly wedded wife of Pedro, Alphonso's eldest son, and one of the most beautiful women of her time. The courtiers of the king fearing, or pretending to fear, that the influence of Inés over her husband would procure too great a portion of his favour for the Spaniards, many of whom at that period took refuge in Portugal from the tyranny of their own sovereign, persuaded Alphonso that the death of Inés was necessary to the safety of his kingdom. He consented to her death by assassination; but before his infamous decree was executed, he went to Coimbra to see the lady, during the absence of the prince on a hunting party. She threw herself at his feet, and he repented of his resolution when he beheld the tears of the beauteous mother and her children; but Coello, Gonzalez, and Pacheco, the three minions who counselled the atrocious deed, reminded him of the political motives upon which the order was founded. Their reproaches brought back his former resolution: she was immediately taken away and murdered by Coello and his associates, who, returning to the king's presence, displayed their daggers dripping with the blood of their victim. Few subjects could, therefore, be more fitly chosen for a historical picture, than the meeting between Alphonso and Inés de Castro; but the composition of the scene and the relation of the story, require the imagination and the hand of a master.

In the work under our consideration, we do not object so much to the relative positions in which the figures are placed, as to feebleness of characteristic expression which they respectively betray. We can hardly bring ourselves to believe that Inés de Castro is in earnest in her supplications, or that she is anxious indeed about any thing except the display of her person. Neither do the countenance and form which Mr. Briggs has given her, at all correspond to the beauty for which that lady was renowned. The king looks rather in the melting mood at the moment when the atrocity of the tyrant ought to be the prominent expression; and as to his wicked abettors, they look more like a part of the pageantry of the court, than the murderers of a woman. Their

instrument; the assassin, appears with the dagger unsheathed in his hand, and with an affected fierceness in his countenance. This is too theatrical, and violates the dignity of a historical painting, which should be modelled on its sister Grace, "philosophy teaching by example." But although this is not a first-rate picture, it evinces high promise, and entitles Mr. Briggs to every encouragement in this difficult and too rarely trodden walk of the art.

We have no national prejudices, and have, therefore, no difficulty in saying that we do not like the portrait of the Countess of Jersey, (No. 24,) by the Baron Gerard, the president, we believe, of the French School. We take it for granted that the picture must have been designed at least some years ago, though it has been but recently finished. The head has not an English look, the drapery hangs like lead upon the canvas, and the figure has a bend in it which looks more like infirmity than grace. The colouring is quite French, and the whole style of the work mediocre.

Who are those two merry old souls who seem to have hid themselves behind the door that leads into the school of painting? They are two "auld friends," seated by a table, and quaffing with great delight a pitcher of nut-brown ale. They look as if they had never touched any other liquor, and that even of their favourite beverage they drank with due moderation, for they are the very models of a green and cheerful old age. The picture is a bijou. Had we been in partnership with Rothschild, we should have shaken J. Knight by the hand, and given him a hundred guineas for this production before he could say Jack Robinson.

Sir W. Beechey's Psyche, (No. 40,) does not appear to us to be a very successful representation of a subject which has given rise to an infinite variety of experiments. The point to be attained is the embodying, as it were, of the intellect: mind, spirit, must be predominant in every feature, nay, in every limb and attitude. This is a pretty girl with a scarf. Her raiment seems to have faded in its colours. She forms, however, a favourable contrast with another Psyche, by Dubufe, (No. 339,) in the School of Painting. In order to give lightness to the figure, she is half immersed in water, which, however, does not conceal her naked figure. Independently of its offensive indecency, the form is any thing but intellectual.

The "spasmodic attack," by Mr. R. W. Buss, (No. 49,) is an entertaining subject, but it approaches too closely to the precincts of caricature, to be fit for so large a picture. A favourite dog is the invalid: several old maids and old bachelors are interested in his malady, and express their anxiety with characteristic primness. The figures are all on too large a scale, and the whole effect is unsatisfactory.

A very pretty picture of a Greek Mistico, by Mr. G. P. Reinagle, (No. 51,) engages the eye in passing, and kindles in the mind a

thousand beautiful thoughts of Greece, and her lovely seas and romantic corsairs. Who would believe that the tenants of such a graceful ornament of the waves would be guilty of piracy, abduction, murder, &c.? When you have praised the Mistico, take a peep at the same artist's view of Milo Harbour, by Moonlight, and pass over Mr. J. Ward's Fall of Phaeton! Here is a Fall, indeed, my countrymen! Four Horses, (No. 53,) drawn with the most minute regard to anatomy, are tumbling down from Heaven in every imaginable variety of precipitation. The animals are respectively exquisitely represented, but we are at a loss to understand by what process they could have taken the different attitudes which the artist has given them. They are too near each other to allow of the convolutions in which they seem to be engaged. The subject is capable of being sublimely treated. Mr. Ward has given it a touch of the ridiculous.

During our visits to the exhibition, we observed that a little historical picture, painted by the son of the President, attracted a good deal of attention. It is numbered 56. The subject is the Discovery of Camilla, by Gil Blas, when, attended by an Alguazil, he comes to ruin all her fine projects, and punish her for her perfidy to him. The lady is placed in a situation very difficult for an artist to manage with graceful effect, that is to say—in bed. She presents the faded remains of a good face, and is attended by her old crone of a Duenna. Gil Blas enters the room with a candle in his hand, and the officers follow behind. It is, we understand, a first attempt, by Mr. Shee, Jun., in this class of art, and affords auspicious promise of what he may one day accomplish. The story is exceedingly well told, one of the most essential traits in a work of this kind. The colouring reminds us of the decision and tone of the Flemish school. It looks almost trifling or hypercritical to observe that the candle and candlestick are too large, but, nevertheless, that is the fact, and it has an injurious effect upon the whole picture. The circle formed by the rays of the light is too regular, and, if we may so say, too mechanical. We have not our Spanish translation of Gil Blas at hand, but we very much suspect that a lamp would have been the light which Gil Blas ought to have used on the occasion. It would have been more in harmony with the Spanish costume, and with the usage of the age. We fancy that this little alteration would wonderfully improve this picture.

Mr. Wilkie has four paintings in the present exhibition, none of them in the style which may be called peculiarly his own, and which has justly obtained for him a wide-spread reputation. For two of these, his Majesty's visit to Scotland has furnished the materials. We think that both will be set down by posterity as among the least successful of Wilkie's productions. The portrait of the King (No. 63,) in the Highland dress, is unquestionably the best likeness of George the Fourth, which we have seen; but

there is a certain coarseness in the resemblance, which reminds one of the observation said to have been used by his majesty, on seeing a bust of his royal father—that "it was horribly like!" The little cap on the top of that fine head, gives the sovereign a smirking undignified appearance, which all the world knows forms no part of the character of the original. The reception of his majesty by the nobles and people of Scotland, upon entering his palace of Holyrood House, (No. 125,) is a most ambitious production. Its leading defect is, that it wants the air of a courtly scene. Some little ragged boys, stuck up in the windows, or climbing up the pillars, and a curious old woman with spectacles on her nose, may, perhaps, be intended to contrast with the Dukes of Hamilton, Montrose, and Argyle. But the association is outré. Strange to say, we like these said boys and old woman better than any other part of the picture, for this simple reason—that they have more of Wilkie in them. The king would seem to have been painted by a 'prentice boy. Several caricaturists have of late taken the liberty to represent his Majesty in various characters, such as a Guard to a Coach, a Parish Officer, a Patron of Brummagem buttons, &c. Mr. Wilkie has produced his royal master in the character of a Drill Sergeant; at least, he has given him the formal attitude of one, though we apprehend he had no idea of adding to the number of the caricatures. Of this artist's two remaining pictures, the Guerilla's Return to his Family, (No. 375,) and a Spanish young Lady, with her nurse of the Asturias, on the Prado of Madrid, we regret that we cannot speak in favourable terms. We suspect, that having so long beheld Wilkie in a peculiar department of the art, in which he has no rival, we shall never like him in any other. His exhibitions this year forcibly remind us of Cicero's unfortunate propensity to write verses.

The President, possibly from having been much occupied in his new duties, possibly from a delicacy in using the privileges of his office too liberally in his own favour, has limited the number of his pictures also to four—all, except one, portraits. The exception is Lavinia, (No. 73,) from Thomson's Seasons. We thought at first, without looking into the catalogue, that this was a portrait too; but upon closer examination, we found that it was indeed the Lavinia of the poet. She is dressed in a russet gown, and seated under a tree, taking refuge from a storm, with the scanty harvest she had gleaned, in her hand. She seems defended from every danger, by the perfect innocence and modesty which characterise her whole form. You see that she is anxious only, lest her mother should be alarmed for her, and that she is thinking of the cottage,

"far retired
"Among the windings of a woody vale."

Mr. Shee, with a kindred poetic spirit, and the hand of a master, has combined in this picture in all the perfection that design, com-

position, and execution could command, every part of Thomson's ideal beauty. Her form is

> " fresher than the morning rose,
> When the dew wets its leaves; unstained and pure,
> As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
> The modest virtues *mingle* in her eyes."
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> " A native grace
> " *Sits* fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,
> Veiled in a simple robe, their best attire."
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> " Thoughtless of beauty, she *is* beauty's self,
> Recluse amid the close embowering woods."

Whether we gaze upon that delicate form,

> " By beauty kindled; where enlivening sense,
> And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,"

or upon the scene that surrounds her, the umbrageous tree, whose leaves mark the yellow season of the year, the near bursting of the storm, the breaking of the blue clouds in the distance, and the opening of light, which promises the speedy passing away of the tempest,—we perceive a thousand charms to detain us before this matchless production. There is a quiet attraction about it, like that of nature itself. Nothing seems done for effect, and yet every part of the picture is effective. Close by Lavinia's feet springs up one of those red flowers so common in the fields in harvest time. It seems to have grown there of itself, and, at the same time, without it, the picture would not have been finished. The work looks as if it had been painted by Murillo, or by one of his Italian masters; it might easily be supposed to have been executed two centuries ago. It is beyond all question the gem of the exhibition, and every body must agree, that the artist who created it, fully deserves to be the President of the Academy. Honour and merit never were more happily united.

The portrait of Mr. C. W. Wynn, (No. 179,) by Mr. Shee, is a most accurate likeness, but that is all we think that can be said in its favour. There is a harshness about it, which, at a distance, makes one imagine that it is a bust cut in black marble.

We are surprised that Mr. R. Westall did not make a better picture of the Princess Victoria, (No. 64,) or Elizabeth, as we hope she is hereafter to be named. The attitude in which she is placed is exceedingly awkward. She is supposed to be sketching a scene from nature. We should rather say that her Royal Highness was doing nothing at all, and that she was more inclined for a game at romps than any thing else.

The tendency to pastoral ballad has, we apprehend, nearly subsided amongst us, although we lately had occasion to notice, in a rambling article upon the minor poets, certain dramatic eclogues, in which the sweet names of Colin, and Bessy Bell, and Annie,

and Phemie, sound most musically. Mr. Kidd's picture of the Lover's Signal, (No. 70,) would furnish the author of those sketches with a fit subject for his muse. It smells of the Dairy all over. The young maiden, who, taking advantage of a visit paid by the drowsy god to her father and mother, goes to whisper with her lover at the window, is a fat buxom lass, to whom the sentiment of love must have appeared very odd. The ploughman outside the window is an equally unpoetic personage. There is nothing so difficult to be attained as the development of rustic manners, either in poetry or painting, in a form of expression that is at once natural and becoming. The Scylla of over-refinement on one side, is as hard to be avoided as the Charybdis of vulgarity on the other.

Calcott's fine landscapes are great ornaments of the present exhibition. There is one particularly, "The Passage Point," (No. 105,) in which he has displayed the creative power of his imagination, and has produced a scene, that for the richness and variety of its composition, is in every way worthy of Italy. No. 72, "Morning," also an Italian composition, is an admirable production. The very soul of poetry seems to have prefigured every part of that brilliant landscape.

We have expressed freely our opinions upon two of Mr. Turner's pictures, which are out of his usual line. We are happy to acknowledge that those of his works which are within that line, are in every respect worthy of his fame. What a series of picturesque and elevated conceptions burst upon the eye in that fine piece of invention to which he has given the name of Palestrina! It were indeed worthy of Hannibal, at the moment when he "marked, with eagle-eye, Rome, as his victim." The towering pile of rock forms a grand object in itself, contrasted with the smiling scenery below. We have heard it observed, that the trees look as if they were combed, and had just been taken out of a band-box; that is to say, that they betray too much diligence in the finishing of the branches and the leaves. The remark is not altogether unjust. It is, we think, generally speaking, the fault of this distinguished artist, that he is rather formal in his details, as if he intended his landscapes only to be looked at by people in full dress, when their eyes are prepared for niceties. Nevertheless, his pictures will live, and his name will go down to posterity as that of the English Claude.

It was with a melancholy pleasure that we, in common, we are sure, with every visiter to the Academy, surveyed the portraits which were among the last of Sir Thomas Lawrence's works. The portrait of Thomas Moore, the face alone of which is finished, is decidedly the best likeness of the poet of Ireland which we have seen. That of the Earl of Aberdeen is also a most accurate resemblance. There are four or five others which will easily be distinguished from the surrounding paintings, by the style which every where indicates the hand of a master. We observe that all the

most distinguished works which Sir Thomas has left behind him, are now collected and exhibited in the British Gallery. One room alone, is filled with portraits which were painted for His Majesty, to whose sound taste and munificent patronage, the arts in this country are more indebted, than to all his royal predecessors put together.

Newton has only three paintings in the exhibition. The "Abbot Boniface" is the least admirable of the three; but (No. 144,) Shylock and Jessica, and (No. 218,) Yorick and the Grisette, will, we think, be enumerated among his first rate works. He has a way of telling a comic story which is widely different from Wilkie's; it is pointed and humorous, and reminds us much of Addison's amusing papers in the Spectator. The determination of Jessica to make the best use of the keys for her own purposes, is seen almost laughing out through her eyes; the arch demureness of her pretty Jewish face is irresistible. But the other picture, Yorick and the Grisette, is better even than this. To be understood, it must be seen; for there is no describing the French girl's consciousness of being under the gaze of her customer while she is selecting the gloves for him, her natural desire to look more pretty even than she is, and the sort of keen, philosophic admiration which beams upon her from his glance. He seems resolved to remain trying on the gloves for ever, and the Grisette has evidently no objection.

There is a very pretty picture, painted by a French artist, Mr. Massot, entitled "Le Bon Conseil." A handsome monk, after confessing a charming rustic brunette, is giving her advice upon religious subjects. The artist has made it manifest that the monk is sensible of the beauty of his penitent, and lengthens his admonitions, partly for the purpose of detaining her, partly from an interest in her preservation from the dangers to which her attractions are likely to expose her. The girl blushes to hear her pretensions thus dwelt upon by so handsome a man, and listens with unfeigned attention. There is no comedy in the picture; the story is told in a fervent and interesting manner.

Some of our critics have bestowed unqualified praise upon Mr. Etty's immense painting of Judith. "And anon, after she went forth; and she gave Holofernes' head to her maid, and she put it in her bag of meat." It is stated in the catalogue to have been "painted by order of the Scottish Academy of Fine Arts in Edinburgh." It is seldom that pictures painted "to order" are perfectly successful. There is something in the very idea which seems to restrain the inventive faculty of the artist, and gives a stiffness and a pedantry to his execution. If Mr. Etty had been directed to select his subject from the Book of Judith, he might surely have found a more engaging passage for his pencil than that which he has represented. The head even of a monster, such as Holofernes was, separated from its trunk, is a most disgusting object. It is placed in the hands of the maid, the hair clotted;

the face distorted and coloured with an unearthly paleness, and as if to fill up the measure of our disgust, near it is the meat bag, having a most rancid appearance. The head of the maid herself is as pallid as that of the tyrant, and we hardly know what kind of expression it wears, whether of terror or joy, whether of anxiety to display or to conceal the foul deposit entrusted to her. The countenance of Judith is, perhaps, properly turned away from the spectator, but the attitude destroys much of the interest which her radiant beauty would otherwise have given to the picture. Her figure looks gigantic. The colouring of her drapery is said to be worthy of Titian. It may be so, but all the power of execution, even of that great master, could never reconcile us to the subject as it is here represented. The best part of the picture, in our opinion, is the dim view which is given of the sleeping guards.

G. Cruikshank, Clint, Pickersgill, Stothard, Chalon, Stanfield, Landseer, Mulready, Hurlstone, Varley, Phillips, Havell, and a great number of established, or rising artists, have contributed a variety of paintings and statues, which we have not room to notice, either in the way of praise or censure. Those which we have particularly mentioned, will afford a just notion of the general character of the exhibition; and we must say in conclusion, that with all its faults, it shews beyond all question, that the Academy has worked miracles for the arts in England. We have little doubt, that under the presidency of Mr. Shee, whose election to his present station reflects great honour on his associates, the growing talent of the country, devoted to the vineyard which he has himself so well cultivated, will meet with all the kind encouragement which genius, taste, a sound head, and a good heart, can bestow.

Art. VIII.—*Lectures on the Apocalypse.* By William Jones, M. A. Author of the History of the Waldenses. 8vo. London: Holdsworth and Ball. 1830.

The ancients, we are told, used to intoxicate their helots, in order to shew to their children the degradation of intemperance. On a similar principle, we beg to recommend this as a most exemplary production. Vowing vengeance against every form of ecclesiastical government now subsisting; clamorous in his denunciations against Bishops and Priests of all kinds; utterly protesting against tythes and fees, and indeed contributions of any sort for the support of religious institutions, which are not freely and voluntarily given,—Mr. Jones, after all, is as narrow-minded a partizan, as besotted in his prejudices, as jealous, as arrogant and exclusive as any priest of them all.

First and foremost, he cannot be said to be a very diffident man, whatever be his merits, who undertakes the fearful task

task of expounding the Apocalypse. We have been sometimes, to be sure, reconciled to the audacity of such an enterprize, by the striking superiority of mind or acquirement which has been brought to it. Still, even with these advantages, the great men who commanded them, did little more at last than leave in their speculations on the Apocalypse, a memento of their alliance with poor impotent humanity. They walked, however, in humility, through the mysterious wilderness, and when they did venture to give shape to the dim shadows which the Sacred Prophet cast upon their path, it was with the reverence and reserve of men who were conscious that it was easy for them to err. An expounder of rather a different character now claims our attention. Acknowledging no want of qualification for his task, he finds no difficulty in the execution of it: he is exceedingly penetrating in his own opinion, and is very complacent that he is so. Other men found quagmires, and impassable currents, and insuperable heights, in these revelations; but the Nimrod of Aldermanbury clears them all at a leap. Some of the wisest and brightest of mankind have paused in dismay in the same career: even a Newton has recoiled before some difficulties in the Apocalypse, veiling his eyes in dread, and confessing his weakness.

But fools rush in where angels fear to tread,

and the temerity with which Mr. Jones tenders himself as a general expounder of the Apocalypse, may be taken perhaps as the best criterion of his fitness for the office.

There are two classes of commentators on the Revelations of St. John. The first comprehends that body of sober and modest inquirers, who enter upon the study of those writings with the most dispassionate mind, seeking only with impartial vigilance a fair solution of their mysterious contents. In the other class is to be found that multitude, each of whom, possessed of some theory of his own, appeals to the Saint of Patmos for no other purpose than to turn the authority of the prophet in his favour. In this latter class Mr. Jones holds an eminent rank, and *his* troublesome hobby is an utter abhorrence of all constituted churches, from the Tropical church of Rome to the Arctic Regions of the church of Scotland. The church of England, however, is just as bad as the church of Rome, and the church of Rome, of course, is no better than she should be. Though the former, as the mother, ought to be the greater sinner, still Mr. Jones seems to think that there is no great difference between them. He cannot ironically address the younger harlot—O Matre pulchrâ, filia pulchrior;* but her proficiency in crime has been so rapid, that Mr. Jones promises her a good moiety at least, of the punishment which is to fall upon the guilty family. In truth, on every topic but this one, Mr. Jones is comparatively reasonable and

* O daughter, more beautiful than thy beautiful mother.

pacific. This is the case with him during about three fourths of each chapter: when he has arrived at that critical stage, the lucid interval terminates; the colour forsakes his cheek, the eye rolls, the lips quiver, and, from the struggling articulation, we collect, that it is the bare thought of the church of England that exercises such malignant influence upon the man. The church is the burden of every lecture from cover to cover of this book; we expect it as periodically as the derry down chorus of the old song. May Heaven, we pray, deliver all our tribe from the *Ecclesi-phobia!*

Now, as there is no law more just to try a man by than that which he himself lays down, we shall take the opportunity of giving Mr. Jones the full benefit of his own legislation. The crime which our expositor charges most fiercely in the Church of Rome, is that of assuming that salvation is not to be had out of her pale. The Church of England, too, sins nearly as much, by employing the hand of civil power to enforce her ordinances. In short, Mr. Jones thinks it a very anti-christian and wicked thing that these two churches should act on the opinion that their creeds respectively are right, and that all other creeds are wrong. This is Mr. Jones's complaint; and yet, what does he do himself? Why, he only goes a little further than either one or other of the churches; for, not satisfied with merely dealing damnation round the land, and consigning to perdition every man that has not the good fortune to shelter himself in that dear Goshen, the Baptist Church of Aldermanbury, Mr. Jones gives them to understand that the Battle of Armaggedon is in store for them, with every variety of temporal affliction. This is the upshot of his book. But, before we go farther, let us hear him in person.

Speaking of the seven Asiatic Churches, which he says represented Christ's kingdom on earth, he observes:

'Let us beware of confounding this kingdom with national establishments of Christianity, all of which, even in the purest forms in which they ever have existed, are ANTICHRISTIAN.'—p. 124.

In allusion to the late Dr. Samuel Clarke is the following:—

'That the national establishment of religion, in the service of which he spent his days, has much of this evil lying at its door—I mean, in corrupting the doctrine, changing the laws, and persecuting the friends of the kingdom of Christ—is either true, or I have laboured under a gross delusion for half a century.'—p. 160.

Mr. Jones becomes less reserved as he goes on:—

'The church of England professes to be the *reformed* church, and so she is, in a measure; but her constitution is just as antichristian as that of the Church of Rome; for, if the latter be the *mother* of harlots, the former is one of her unchaste *daughters*, and will assuredly fall in the general wreck which awaits all national establishments of religion, and every system of man's device. What says the Church of England with all her boast of reformation? Why, that she "has power to decree rites and ceremonies, and settle controversies in matter of faith." Here is the worm

at the core—the germ of all antichristianity; and see what fruits have issued from this root of bitterness.'—p. 184.

In the next passage, the learned gentleman putteth a grave question:—

'See then what *they* are doing, who are spending their strength in supporting the alliance between Church and State; the throne and the altar; they are labouring to uphold that which Christ came to abolish; and *is there no evil*, think you, *in this?*' pp. 266, 267.

They must be very ignorant of the world, who do not know that much may be conveyed by an interrogatory. But lest there should be any misunderstanding of the matter, Mr. Jones chuses to speak out:

'I cannot forbear remarking to you, my brethren, a consideration which the bare reading of these verses is calculated to impress upon all our minds, namely, that it is no trifling concern for any of the human race to be found following in the train of the beast, or dwelling in the camp of those who worship his image, or even to receive his mark, either in the hand or forehead! Thoughtless mortals may trifle with these matters in this the day of their merciful visitation, and say, as thousands are saying daily, "What does it matter whether we belong to the church of Rome, or to the church of England, or to the kirk of Scotland, or to any dissenting church? If we do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God, it is all that he requires of us, without perplexing ourselves about rites or ceremonies, or forms and modes of worship; these are only the anise, mint, and cummin which are tithed for the use of the priesthood!" Now, if there be any meaning in such an harangue as this, what, I ask, does it amount to? Is it not this, that all the terrible denunciations which the word of God contains against the corrupters of the gospel, against those who secularize the kingdom of Christ, is idle rhodomontade, unworthy the attention of a man of sense? My brethren, be not deceived! God is not mocked; neither does he mock any of his creatures with idle threats. There is such a thing as the beast and his image - there is such a thing as worshipping this beast and his image—and there is such a thing as receiving their mark in the hand or forehead; and you see what is here said concerning such.'—pp. 452, 453.

Hear him further in this strain:—

'The accomplishment of the various predictions concerning this anti-christian power, which are to be found in the prophecies of Daniel, and in the writings of the apostle Paul, together with the application of all that is said concerning mystical Babylon in the Apocalypse, can be found only in the anti-christian system which has been drawn over the nations of Europe, marked in its leading features by blasphemy, deceit, superstition, idolatry, and spiritual tyranny; a constitution of things established in the name of Christ, whose kingdom is *not* of this world, and yet supported by the secular arm, by acts of parliament, by the sword of the civil magistrate, by worldly power and glory. And, at once, to mark its opposition to the heavenly kingdom which Christ came to promote, and which consists in "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit," its character is written in blood. "I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and

with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus," Rev. xvii. 6. Now, we have only to turn our attention to the church of Rome, and the kingdoms and states in league with her, to find this system in perfection. It cannot, indeed, be restricted to that church; for, wherever the same system prevails, the system of *church government supported by secular authority*, let it pass under whatever name it may, we are bound to regard it as a branch of Anti-christ, and, *as such, an object of the divine indignation.*'—pp. 471, 472.

We have seen Mr. Jones rise upon himself in every succeeding passage, until, at last, he arrives at the following climax.

'Our own country, at the time of the Reformation, broke off her connection with the church of Rome; the Pope ceased to be acknowledged here as the head of the church; but what then? the honour was transferred to the reigning prince, king or queen, who was still permitted to occupy that station in the national church, that Christ alone occupies in his own churches, which are his kingdom. Now, as all such human institutions are at variance with the nature of his kingdom, and contrary to his revealed will, they must inevitably fall in the ruin which is impending over mystical Babylon; and, consequently, it is the duty of all who fear the Lord, and value their own souls, to "*Come out*" *from such anti-scriptural establishments, that they partake not of the sins, and receive not of the plagues which await them.* "O thou that dwellest upon many waters, abundant in treasures, thine end is come, and the measure of thy covetousness," Jer. li. 13. "Go out of the midst of her, my people, and deliver every one his own soul from the fierce anger of the Lord," ver. 45.' —pp. 518, 519.

We beg leave humbly to inquire if there be in any record connected with the Church of Rome, such specimens of arrogance—of overbearing pride and ruthless intolerance as this? It is worthy of the darkest era of spiritual blindness. Many faults may be excused in a church which can boast of such a number of followers in all parts of the world, and such a duration of her existence, as the Church of Rome; and those at all events do not form a very great majority of the inhabitants of the world, whom she excludes from salvation, if indeed it be her doctrine to do so. But to hear the little organ of a little club of human beings—a mere handful even in this city, stretching himself forth, and with all the mock importance of a messenger from on High, uttering his sentence of condemnation against nineteen twentieths of the world, presents us with such an idea of the insignificance of the man, that we almost forget his presumption, and only think of the ridiculous situation in which he is placed. Nor is it alone against bodies that Mr. Jones launches his impotent thunderbolt. There is scarcely a writer on the Apocalypse that differs from his views, whom he does not dispose of in the same summary manner. This writer, he contends, all but blasphemes,—the next, is a supporter of Antichrist; and all of them, from Calvin to the learned Faber, 'laboured under a radical defect,' (Mr. Jones's own words) 'which must ever disqualify those who are the *unhappy* subjects of it from

doing justice to the undertaking,—namely, a scriptural illustration of the Apocalypse.' Does any man doubt, who reads the language of this fiery bigot, but that the want of power alone prevents him from carrying his doctrine at the point of the sword, and from striving to establish his church by persecution?

We have now nearly done with Mr. Jones for the present, and that, too, without exposing the very silly attempt of his, to explain the literal mystery of the letters which are commonly supposed to mean the number 666. But as we should be giving an imperfect view of his powers of exposition, did we not shew *his* method of fulfilling the prophecies of St. John, we shall give a short extract for that purpose.

'As the prophecy is yet unfulfilled, it is quite impossible for us to answer a variety of questions that may be started, respecting the time *when*, the place *where*, and the particular *means* by which this work of remunerative justice shall be effected. There is no necessity for supposing that Christ will marshal armies of his disciples, who will have literally to fight against those of the beast, and the kings of the earth who support him; but, while they are following him in spreading the everlasting gospel, he, as King of kings, and Lord of Lords, may work the complete overthrow of their adversaries, by placing them in collision with one another. Cast your eye for a moment on the proceedings which have taken place on the European continent during the last forty years, and mark how the powers, which have been so long supporting Antichrist, have been quarrelling among themselves, and weakening one another's strength. France, and Austria, and Russia, and Prussia, and Spain, and Portugal, Naples and Sardinia, not forgetting the "chair of St. Peter," also. Now, that which we have already seen to take place, we can readily conceive may take place again at the appointed time; and, as has been well remarked, such may be the progress of things, till, like two furious beasts of prey, they effect their mutual destruction.'—pp. 535, 536.

And if we do cast our eyes back, and contemplate the events of the last forty years, what in reality do we see? We behold, indeed, the elements of contention occasionally breaking out between the powers which have been most ardently attached to the "Chair of St. Peter."—We see those powers weakened, and sometimes collectively and individually reduced to the utmost straits. We see in France a gigantic influence arise and consolidate itself, threatening not merely the powers of Europe, which are friendly to popery, but the popedom itself: for who will deny that the most formidable enemy which the church of Rome ever encountered, was Buonaparte? We see that anti-catholic power put down, and we see the pro-catholic power set up. By whom? By England, the right arm of the reformed religion. The blood and treasures of the great champion of protestantism are exhausted for the purpose of clearing the way for the church of Rome; for the purpose of restoring one of its most valuable supporters in the Bourbon dynasty: and even at this moment, we see this very England using all her enegies, to preserve, upon the Continent,

that state of repose which will most surely enable the church of Rome to repair her wings, and recruit her strength. This is what we see; and how far it agrees with Mr. Jones's notions of the prophet's anticipations, it is for that gentleman to decide.

We have never been called almost to the consideration of the Apocalypse, without finding fresh reasons for believing that we ourselves have really got a clue to the meaning of St. John. They may talk of the Church of Rome, and the Church of England; of the French Revolution, and the English debt, as having been aimed at in the visions which broke upon the Saint of Patmos; but in our opinion, nearly the whole of the allegorical descriptions and epithets—the man of sin—the mother of abomination—the Scarlet Lady—and the Lady of Babylon, which we find in the Apocalypse, are very fairly realized in the mass of nonsense, absurdity, extravagance, raving, if not downright blasphemy and immorality, which bad or weak men have continued to raise upon the foundation of the sacred book of the Revelations itself. At all events, by interpreting this book in the usual way, we must be forced to admit that there is no allusion made by St. John to the vast nuisance of which we have been speaking; and to suppose, that in foretelling the misfortunes which were to befall the human race, St. John could have omitted so signal an infliction as we see has been made, in reference to his own revelations, would, in our humble opinion, be only fancying a very great inconsistency.

Art. IX.—*Levi and Sarah: or the Jewish Lovers.* A Polish Tale. By Julius Ursinus Niemcewicz. Translated from the German Edition, with a Preface and Notes by the Editor. 8vo. pp. 346. London: Murray. 1830.

Since our last number, the claims of the Jews to be placed upon an equality with the rest of the King's subjects as to civil rights, have been rejected by one branch of the Legislature, and we feel that sort of satisfaction at the result which springs from the contemplation of an act of strict justice executed at the expense of some private feelings. Our principles must have been very much misunderstood indeed, if we have not satisfied our readers that it was solely upon political and civil grounds that we opposed those claims; but we confess that, if there be a shadow of truth in the details which the work now before us unfolds, the obstacles to Jewish emancipation which arise upon religious grounds, throw the former objections altogether into the shade.

The author of the original work is a Pole, who, though not generally known to the literary circles in this country, is, it seems, a distinguished ornament to the literature of his own. He is now far advanced in life, and writes, of course, with all the deliberation of old age. He has had very extensive opportunities for becoming

acquainted with the Jewish population which forms so large a proportion of the inhabitants of Poland; and, in the present work, he professes to convey a view of the manners, morals, prejudices, and superstitions of the people to which it relates, which view is very strikingly illustrated by several extracts from the Jewish Talmudic writers. How the translation of the work came to be undertaken, the editor must be allowed to state for himself.

'In his journey through Poland, the editor was much struck with the numbers and the appearance of the Jews. He had been aware that they were a numerous body; but did not expect to see the difference betwixt them and the other inhabitants to be so distinctly marked as he found them. As none of them are engaged in agriculture, they are but rarely to be found in the villages, and being thus assembled in the towns and cities, which are but few, they seem in most of them to form a very large majority of their population. The men have, for the most part, much finer countenances than the other Poles; their forms are better, as well as their attitudes and paces; and the long flowing black dresses which they commonly wear, form altogether a striking contrast with the appearance of their slouching, loitering, idle neighbours. Their eastern countenances and complexions, and the waving beards of many, especially of those advanced to middle age, presented a new and striking feature. They seemed to be always in motion, and yet doing nothing, and it was natural to inquire how such numbers of them could procure the means of subsistence, especially as their wives and daughters seemed to be decorated with jewels or ornaments much more expensive than were to be seen among the inhabitants of the same class in the neighbouring provinces of the Prussian dominions which had just been passed through. It appeared extraordinary in a country where the laws prohibited them from possessing land, where their own indisposition to a rural life prevented them from renting and cultivating that of others, that they should not address themselves to some manufacturing or handicraft pursuits; but such the Editor had reason to believe was the case; and all of them subsist by being the retail distributors of the labour of their neighbours in some way or other. They have in their hands all the intermediate operations of the commerce of the country to such an extent, that every one who wants either to buy or to sell any commodity performs the operation, however minute, through the instrumentality of his Jew. A lady of the highest rank in Poland affirmed, that if she wanted to purchase household linen, clothes, or furniture, she was obliged to employ her own Jew, or she was sure to be cheated. This kind of trafficking habit, though it leads to great wealth with some few individuals of the nation, leaves a great part in the most miserable state of poverty, a state which can only be encountered by the extreme of frugality, approaching to a kind of half starvation; whilst the rags and filth which cover their persons are hid from the eye of the observer by the long dresses of black stuff, which composes their principal but cheap garment.

'The distress among the numerous poor Jews is felt by the government as one of the evils requiring some remedy. A law had been promulgated, by which they were ordered to apply themselves to the cultivation of the soil within a specified time. But arbitrary as the power of a Russian autocrat may be, this was beyond the limits of his authority; for the

period had passed over, and none of them had exchanged their town habits for rural occupations.

'At the time the Editor was in Warsaw, a commission was sitting there, under the authority of the Emperor Alexander, to inquire into the circumstances of those people, to point out the evils, and to suggest some appropriate remedy. What measures have been adopted in consequence of the examination of these commissioners, is not known.'—pp. xiii.—xv.

The letters principally consist of communications between Sarah and Levi, two lovers of the Jewish persuasion, who, though they adhere to the better principles of Judaism, reject many of its tenets, which, however contrary to human nature, appear to be extensively acted on by the Polish Jews. Old Moses, Sarah's father, who is a firm adherent to the vulgar creed, takes a strong dislike against Levi, on account of the difference of opinion between them; and the proceedings which he adopts in order to hinder the union of the young people, give rise to that series of circumstances and incidents which constitutes whatever of plot there is to be found in the work. We shall, without reference to the very meagre story itself, select such passages as are best calculated to exhibit the peculiarities of the Jewish belief, at least as it governs the consciences and the conduct of the Jews of Poland.

Sarah, during a journey which the family make from Warsaw to Radziwilow, has the boldness, under the pressure of fatigue and thirst, to accept a draught of water from a Christian girl. Her father rebukes her thus, after having first invited her attention by a sound blow of a stick on the back:—

'"Ah! thou wretch! unworthy of the name of an Israelite! Darest thou drink out of a vessel that has been touched by the unclean mouth of the Gojim? Dost thou not know that, according to our books, especially the Talmud, only the Jews have originated from God, and have souls; and that all others have sprung from Sitra Acdra, the enemy of God; they have no souls, and are as leprous as the worms that crawl upon the earth?"'—p. 8.

Of marriage amongst the Jews, Sarah writes:—

'They marry without love, without having known, or even seen each other. Their union is neither founded on affection, on mutual confidence, nor similar feelings, nor even on esteem. Two fathers negociate the match, or rather bargain about the fortunes. One sells to a son a bride he has never seen; the other sells a daughter, who is, perhaps, equally unacquainted with the bridegroom. On the day fixed they are brought together for the first time; a few ceremonies take place, and from that moment they pass the whole of their lives together.'—p. 10.

The following account, which is found in a note of the Talmud, and other books much prized by the Jews, will prove interesting:—

'The Talmud is a theological work, highly valued by all Jews, and by the Polish Jews estimated beyond the Old Testament. It consists of two divisions, called the Mischna and the Gemara. The Mischna is a collection of the writings of the rabbins in former ages, made in the second cen-

tury of the Christian era. The great reverse in the situation of the Jews since the time when Moses delivered the law,—the new connexions formed betwixt them and other nations,—the change in the various forms of society,—and the great improvement made in the sciences and the arts of life,—all gave rise to questions how far they might abstain from or indulge in many things and practices unknown to Moses. These points are discussed in the Mischna under six several heads. The Gemara, collected about one hundred years later, is a commentary on the Mischna. When the Jews were scattered from Palestine, many of them collected in Babylon, where the rabbins, about 500 years after Christ, made additions to the Mischna, and produced what is now used under the name of the Babylonian Talmud. The Mischna contains fewer absurdities than the Gemara. An abridgment of both, made by Maimonides in the twelfth century, is most esteemed by the more enlightened Jews, as many of the dreams and follies and improprieties of the Gemara are omitted.'—p. 17.

In no particular is the ceremonial character of Judaism more strikingly indicated than in the costume which its professors are enjoined to observe.

'The first requisite for a Jew, if he conforms to the law, is the Arba Camphos, a kind of square mantle, which comes over the breast before, and over the shoulders behind, and is kept on by fringes of woollen thread. These fringes are called Zizzis, or Band of God. They consist of eight twisted double threads, which are connected with five buttons, in remembrance of the five books of Moses, and hang down about a foot behind. They are designed to bring to recollection the commandments, and to guard against the commission of sin. The Jews derive the practice from the book of Numbers, chap. xv. verses 37 to 41.'—p. 19.

Several works of authority are referred to in these letters, (and the practice of old Moses is quite consistent with the imputation,) to shew that it is a tenet of the Polish Jews to believe that none but Jews are possessed of souls; they also believe that not only is it no harm, but that it is virtuous to cheat a Christian; and if a Jew find any thing belonging to a follower of Christ, he is under no obligation to restore it, but is forbidden to do so. The Szem Meszmiel, for instance, on the rights of Jews, lays down that.

'"The duty of loving our neighbour only extends to the Jews, not to those of other religions. The Jew is merely bound to live according to the commands of the law, and the professors of other religions are bound to supply all their wants."'—p. 36.

The minuteness to which the Jewish Priests carry their casuistry is not at all wonderful, when we consider that *form* is literally the *substance* of their religion. The attempt, however, to push their scrupulous distinctions into practical life, is not the less ridiculous in itself and degrading to those who make it. An injunction, it seems, in the Mosaic law, prohibits that a kid should be seethed in its mother's milk. The translator says, that the principle of this law operates even in some English Jews, so far as that they will not eat cheese after having eaten meat; and some of the more rigid will leave the

room at the close of dinner should cheese be placed on the table. Our business, however, now is with a case under this prohibition, which is thus gravely related by Moses to his correspondent Hirsch.

'We have lately had under the consideration of our rabbins, some violations of the law, which required atonement and absolution. Reuben, one of our brotherhood, had been eating some stewed meat, and had laid down his spoon on a basin of milk. Immediately after the act, it struck him that he had sinned, when he put on his garment of prayer, and repaired to the rabbin.'—pp. 78, 79.

The rabbin, however, unequal to so knotty a point, sent the applicant to a more experienced rabbin.

From the few letters which are written by Levi, the betrothed of Sarah, it would appear that whilst he rejected the immoral and anti-social tenets that prevailed amongst the Jews, he himself was not less a Jew. He even boasts that it is his faithful adherence to the Mosaic law that renders him impatient of what he calls 'the modern innovations, by means of which blind fanaticism has injured his religion.'

'The brotherhood, he says, in the most unjust manner, have assumed to themselves among other encroachments and abuses, the arrangement of whatever relates to the interment of the dead. In order to keep the ignorant people in subjection, they have made them believe, that unless they are buried within a few hours after death, they are not merely disgraced, but deprived of future salvation. These opinions and prejudices have been brought into full operation by the elders in the most frightful manner towards the hated Ephraim. Notwithstanding my representations and solicitations, four days had passed over, and the corpse of that true son of Abraham remained unburied.—pp. 83, 84.

Levi remonstrated much more warmly than prudently, and provoked the signal vengeance of the Elders. They met in a body, and, after convicting the unfortunate youth of divers blasphemies, concluded by cursing him 'with the curses of Niddui, of Cherem, and Schamatha,' the import of which terrific denunciations is explained by the editor.

'The great controul over the public mind lay in the awful sentence of excommunication. At the end of the appropriate period, and when the evidence had been exhibited, the solemn Niddui, or interdict, was pronounced, which, for thirty days, separated the criminal from the hopes and privileges of Israel. For more heinous offences and against contumaceous delinquents, the more terrific Cherem, or the still more fatal Shammata, or excommunication, was proclaimed. The Cherem inflicted civil death; but on due repentance and reparation for the crime, the same authority which denounced, might repeal the Cherem: the absolved offender was restored to life. But no power could cancel the irrevocable Shammata. The sentence of excommunication was couched in the most fearful phrases. The delinquent was excommunicated, anathematised, accursed,—by the book of the law, by the ninety-three precepts, by the malediction of Joshua against Jericho, by that of Elisha against the children who mocked him,

and so on through all the terrific threatenings of the ancient law and history. He was accursed by the mysterious names of certain spirits of deadly power. He was accursed by heaven and earth, by the seraphim, and by the heavenly orbs. Excommunication inflicted a civil death. No one except his wife and children might approach the moral leper. All others must avoid him at the distance of a fathom. If there be a dead body in his house, no one enters it. If a child be born, the father must circumcise it. Public detestation was not appeased by death—no one mourned him who died excommunicated; his coffin was stoned, and a heavy slab was placed over his remains, either as a mark of infamy, or to prevent him from rising again at the last day.'—pp. 92, 93.

The terms in which Levi was cursed are sufficiently strong, and they may be taken as another proof, added to the thousand which we already have, how very much being in earnest conduces to the selection of apt and forcible phrases.

'"Thus may this Levi be cursed by the law and by the superior judges in the dwelling places of the Heathens! May the plagues of famine and pestilence overtake him! May his house become the dwelling-place of dragons and scorpions, and may his star fall from heaven! May his enemies triumph over his fall, and his silver and gold be appropriated by them! Cursed may he be: cursed by the tongues of Addirorona and Achlariels, by the tongues of Sandulphion and Handrajel, by the tongues of Zafzafil and Hufhafil, and finally by the threefold elevated King of the seven thousand names! May his race be rooted out like that of Korah! May his soul depart from him under the struggles of misery and despair; whilst the wrath of God is crushing him! He shall be choked like Ahitophel, his end shall be like that of Gehazi; never shall he rise up from his troubles, nor shall his remains rest in the burial-place of the children of Israel!"' —pp. 91—93.

It is very likely that most of the absurd ordinances in force amongst the Polish Jews have had their origin in the interested speculations of the Elders, for the observance of them may generally be suspended on conditions, which are very well calculated to enable that cunning priesthood to sustain such a system of good living and indulgence, as is always sure to thrive under corporate influence. But how these exactions,—for in fact exactions are the gist of the whole body of regulations,—operate on the humbler classes, may be seen from the complaints of Chaim, a person who had lived in the capacity of a servant to Moses. In a letter which he writes to Levi, under peculiar circumstances, he says—

'The Elders only think of contriving an easy way of injuring us. Hence there are taxes imposed under various names and pretences, such as for new copies of the Talmud; for substitutes for recruits; and other objects to which I, a poor fellow, must contribute as much as those rich men Moses and Hirsch. One of the greatest impositions is that of the days of fasting. When it comes into the head of one of the Elders, for any reason, to make presents to a person of distinction, he ordains a three days' fast, which means that each family must contribute the amount of the cost of maintaining all the persons of which it is composed during

three days. I know not how the rich may fast on those days; but I must do it in spite of my will, when I give up that which can alone support my wife and children, and have not a farthing left to buy them bread. Why must I and mine be starved? For the sake of our religion or Moses? No! neither our religion nor our Lawgiver delivers any such commands. We are left to pine or to perish in hunger, that those speculators, Isaac or Schlaume, may have something to purchase the Sabbath lights, or to make contracts for raising recruits. Then again comes a fresh exaction. Under penalties of excommunication, we are ordered to contribute to some new work about to be printed. What is that to me, or what have I to do with it? I neither understand Hebrew nor Syriac; but keep the commandments of God, say my proper prayers, eat no swine's flesh, subsist by my honest labour, and do no man any wrong; and thus am I a better Israelite than the over-learned, who get blind by poring over books, which neither make them wiser nor better. We, the poor, begin to have our eyes opened to these matters; and I fear some injury will be done to our religion, if our Elders continue longer to exercise their plans of fleecing and excommunicating. I may mistake; I may blaspheme; but your assistance, my honoured, virtuous, and yet, like me, suffering Levi, which I implore, will, I trust, lead me in the path of light. I will not sin; but I will not be a sacrifice to our Elders: I will not see my wife and children starve in rags, that our Elders may strut about in their furs, drink their wine, and be enabled to build houses which rival palaces.'—pp. 120—122.

As it is impossible to believe that any man of common understanding, to say nothing of natural feelings, could for a moment surrender his mind to such a shocking code as that which appears to govern the conduct of the Polish Jews, so do we find that amongst the more enlightened of those who bear the name, there are persons who have not hesitated to denounce the grossness and corruption which they say have been insidiously engrafted on their religion, and which they have made attempts to remove. It is gratifying then to find that the general faith of the children of Israel does not include those demoralizing principles which are imputed, with too good reason, we fear, to the Polish Jews; but that those principles, we may hope, are no more than local innovations, which the extreme ignorance of the Jewish inhabitants of Poland allowed their designing masters to establish. The zeal which is displayed by a rational Jew, who makes one of the dramatis personæ for the restoration of true religion amongst this people, is a proof, at all events, that there is a true religion to be restored: and the standard which he puts forth for the guidance of those who still have the power along with the inclination to reform Judaism in Poland, is such as is consistent with the soundest ethics. Abraham, the person to whom we allude, seems to take a just and penetrating view of the causes which perpetuate the blindness of the Polish Jews.

'Our rabbins and elders have chiefly busied themselves in endeavouring to exclude from our youth all such information as might reach them, and in propagating among our young people such degrading views and prin-

ciples as were most favourable to their own influence. Even at three years of age our children's heads are filled with stories of ghosts and apparitions. At four years the idea of a god is imparted to them, and at the same time it is inculcated that the Jews alone are His people, and that all others are despicable and accursed. At five years the boy is sent to a school, where he reads the books of Moses; but he learns at the same time the commentaries filled with explications of them, containing a multitude of injurious prejudices. He is then taught Hebrew, and if he is either stupid or timid, blows are applied. His head becomes confused, and he learns by rote, for even the teacher scarcely ever understands the language. In his eighth year, being without any knowledge of the country or the inhabitants, he is taught that the Jews are a great nation, and the Christians are to be hated, because they stand in the way of the Jews—do not adhere to the traditions of the elders—eat swine's flesh—do not observe the sabbath—and above all, are not circumcised. Early in the morning the pupil must wash his hands, not for purposes of cleanliness, but to drive away the unclean spirits, who, during the night, fix themselves on the nails of his fingers. When he passes by a church and hears the sound of the organ or the singing, he must stop his ears, lest such sound should pollute his soul; and in this way he becomes persuaded, that whoever is not a Jew, is worse than a demon. In the same year he begins to learn the Talmud, and is, though a child, lectured on marriages and divorces, on the cleanness and uncleanness of females, and of the wars of animals. These lessons are continued from morning to night, are often accompanied by chastisement, such as may poison in the spring of life the minds of the young. As their years increase, the education proceeds, and if the parent perceives his son to be a diligent student, all his care and ambition are directed to make him a distinguished Talmudic scholar and a rabbin, in order that he may be able to marry advantageously.'—pp. 180—182.

Still, in all the schemes for the amelioration of their brethren which are proposed by Jews, even those the most intelligent, learned, and liberal, we find the one unfailing aspiration breathing through them—an aspiration after the land of Judea, which they seem to be assured will one day be their country. The work is calculated to raise the Polish author very highly in our estimation, for it is written with unabated spirit, and rises sometimes to a noble eloquence, the merit of which is perhaps shared by the translator. We think the disclosures made in it respecting the possible influence to which Jews in all countries may be subject, will induce the English public to turn their attention, more than they recently did, to the political claims of those of that persuasion who sojourn amongst us; for those claims, we understand, will be again brought forward. If they should be renewed, we hope that Parliament will assume, as they have the most ample motives for doing, that a *prima facie* case exists against the competency of Jews to discharge the duties of complete subjects and citizens in this country, to justify the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry into their principles and practice.

ART. X.—1. *Paul Clifford.* By the author of "Pelham," "Devereux," &c. In three volumes, 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

2. *The King's Own.* By the author of the "Naval Officer." In three volumes, 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

3. *The Mussulman.* By R. R. Madden, Esq. Author of "Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine." In three volumes, 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

4. *The Armenians, a Tale of Constantinople.* By Charles Mac Farlane, Esq. Author of Constantinople in 1828. In three volumes, 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley. 1830.

5. *Traits of Scottish Life, and Pictures of Scenes and Character.* In three volumes, 8vo. London: Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. 1830.

6. *The Game of Life.* By Leitch Ritchie. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Bull. 1830.

7. *The Barony.* By Miss Anna Maria Porter. In three volumes, 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1830.

8. *Fitz of Fitz-ford; a Legend of Devon,* By Mrs. Bray. Author of "De Foix," &c. In three volumes, 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1830.

9. *The Fugitives; or, A Trip to Canada. An interesting tale, chiefly founded on facts, interspersed with observations on the Manners, Customs, &c., of the Colonists and Indians.* By Edward Lane, formerly a resident in Lower Canada, 8vo. pp. 496. London: Effingham Wilson. 1830.

As no one of the novels above enumerated is of sufficient merit to claim an article for itself, we have ranged them all together, for the purpose of noting our opinions upon them. From several of the authors we have received polite notes, reminding us of the existence of the literary children to which their brains have lately given birth; some hope for our praise, some expect our censure, but all agree that they would rather have their offspring cut up, or down, or any way, sooner than that they should be totally passed over without notice. The ladies, too, many of whom we pride ourselves on having amongst our readers, have been crying out that we do not tell them often enough what novels they are to send for to the circulating libraries, and what they are to leave undisturbed. Behold, therefore, a goodly string of works, all of recent origin, and each, with two exceptions, differing from the other. Difficult indeed must it be to accommodate that taste, which will not find amongst so many productions something that can shorten a wearisome hour—something to amuse, astonish, or instruct, or even to accelerate the approach of sleep. For if a sound sleep be a blessing, as no doubt it is, the book which tends to produce or encourage it is not without its value. To anxious or excited minds, a stupid novel is a capital substitute for opium.

Mr. Bulwer has previously appeared before the public four several times, as the author of "Falkland," "Pelham," "The

Disowned," and "Devereux." To this catalogue is now added "Paul Clifford." Each of these productions is distinct in aim and execution, and displays a different and original species of excellence. Indeed we have almost wished, on perusing them, that such high talent should be dedicated to some more durable work, and have lamented the apparent prodigality, which, like the tongues of rare singing birds served at the table of Lucullus, has bestowed on a fleeting gratification what might otherwise have given more permanent enjoyment. Such objections, however, Mr. Bulwer combats in the neat essay on novel-writing prefixed under the name of Dedicatory Epistle, by remarking, that, although works of fiction are of a fleeting nature, yet that an equally transient fate awaits, at the present day, the more laboured productions of study and research. In this opinion we can only partially coincide, and we sincerely hope to see Mr. Bulwer himself, at no distant period, not depriving us of the pleasure we receive from his lighter productions, but attempting some subject, which, although of a more arduous, shall be of a less decaying, nature.

A great portion of 'Paul Clifford' is a dashing satire on the faults and follies of the present most excellent generation, on police regulations, prison discipline, the manners of the day, literary charlatanism, and—the cabinet ministers. Mr. Bulwer has thought proper, on the suggestion, he tells us, of a friend, to caricature those high in power by their similitudes in vulgar life; a curious idea, our readers will allow; but it is so neatly executed, and the caricatures drawn with such easy wit, and, at the same time, with such perfect good humour and freedom from malice, that the dislike which we generally entertain to personality is lost on the present occasion in the tact with which it is managed.

We must, however, quarrel with our author for introducing into a novel, destined to meet the eyes of females, a coarse and almost unintelligible jargon of the vilest slang, which he is frequently obliged to interpret by notes, and which we were often unable to comprehend when not so assisted. He defends his practice by appealing to the popularity obtained by similar introductions of the Scotch and Irish dialects; but the comparison is inapplicable, inasmuch as the two latter are national, and in both we admire the sense and humour in despite of the idiom, which is disagreeable when presented alone. We admit that there is a degree of raciness and originality in some of the slang of the lower orders; but we no more wish to be gratified with such occasional relishes at the expense of the disgust which environs them, than we would wish to initiate ourselves in the amusements of a deceased nobleman who sought the company of sympathetic coal-heavers. Horace Walpole, in his "Castle of Otranto," originated the practice of giving appropriate dialogue to inferior personages, and of ceasing to make chambermaids declaim in the language of tragedy-queens; and Mr. Bulwer claims a similar privilege of giving gross expres-

sions to gross characters; but such characters should either not be introduced into a novel at all, or, if indispensable to the plot, should be kept in subordination, and not be intrusively prominent! Our author cannot fail to injure himself by such introductions; we have already heard some ladies, who had read and admired Mr. Bulwer's former works, declare unanimously against his present performance; and though the passages we refer to are rather of a repulsive than of a vicious tendency, and, for the most part, confined to an inconsiderable portion of the first volume, yet we think that the display of public opinion on this branch of his work will effectually prevent the repetition of the error.

The plot of the novel is as romantic and improbable as may be; the hero being a highwayman, and the heroine one of the sweetest models of female innocence that love could picture. However, as the reader invariably knows from the beginning, this does not prevent their becoming mutually enamoured, and, at last, in the good old way, they are married, and live very happy ever afterwards! This is very well managed by Mr. Bulwer, who, as in his former tales, frequently makes the plot little more than a lay-figure on which he hangs the exquisite drapery of his fancy. The interest is very well sustained; the hero, when all seems lost, is saved; and a father and uncle dying very conveniently, the young people are left to settle their affairs themselves, and the usual consequences ensue.

We give a short extract, which, however, it is difficult to select, as the best passages are detached sentences rather than long paragraphs,—Mr. Bulwer having, as he tells us, determined to abandon the didascular, and to lay greater stress on the narrative, than in his former productions.

Perhaps the trial scene is the most powerful in the work. We should premise that Clifford, the hero, whose mother had died before he could recollect, and whose father was unknown to him, was brought up in the lowest sinks of vice; that having been committed to prison for an offence of which he was not guilty, he effected his escape, and was induced, by the companions among whom he had taken refuge, to become a highwayman. After nearly seven years' trial of this mode of life, he accidentally meets the heroine; a new æra commences in his existence, and he determines to enlist in foreign service and assume a reformed character. On the eve of his putting this plan into execution, his haunt is betrayed, and his two companions made prisoners, while he, by his great courage and agility, manages to escape. He resolves, however, to attempt their rescue, which he effects, but is himself shot and made prisoner in the encounter. His father, in the mean time, had been trying every measure to gain a clue to his stolen son's identity, which he was doubly anxious to ascertain on account of a prospect of elevation from his station of judge to that of a peer. In his former capacity, Sir William Brandon has to sit, at the assizes at ———, in

judgment upon Clifford; and, after he had summed up the evidence, and the jury had retired to deliberate, a note is put into his hand, by which he discovers that the prisoner is his long-lost son. This scene is excellently managed by Mr. Bulwer. After a long absence the jury returned—

'The verdict was, as all had foreseen,—"Guilty;" but it was coupled with a strong recommendation to mercy.

'The prisoner was then asked, in the usual form, whether he had to say any thing why sentence of death should not be passed upon him.

'As these dread words struck upon his ear, slowly the prisoner rose. He directed first towards the jury a brief and keen glance, and his eyes then rested full with a stern significance on the face of his judge.

'"My lord," he began, "I have but one reason to advance against the sentence of the law. If you have interest to prevent or mitigate it, that reason will, I think, suffice to enlist you on my behalf. I said that the first cause of those offences against the law which bring me to this bar, was the committing me to prison on a charge of which I was wholly innocent! My lord judge, *you* were the man who accused me of that charge, and subjected me to that imprisonment! Look at me well, my lord, and you may trace in the countenance of the hardened felon you are about to adjudge to death, the features of a boy whom, some seven years ago, you accused before a London magistrate of the theft of your watch. On the oath of a man who has one step on the threshold of death, the accusation was unjust. And, fit minister of the laws you represent! you who will now pass my doom—YOU were the cause of my crimes! My lord, I have done. I am ready to add another to the long and dark list of victims, who are first polluted, and then sacrificed, by the blindness and injustice of human codes."

'While Clifford spoke, every eye turned from him to the judge, and every one was appalled by the ghastly and fearful change which had fallen over Brandon's face. Men said afterwards, that they saw written there, in terrible distinctness, the characters of death; and there certainly seemed something awful and preternatural in the bloodless and haggard calmness of his proud features. Yet his eye did not quail, nor the muscles of his lip quiver. And with even more than his wonted loftiness, he met the regard of the prisoner. But as alone conspicuous throughout the motionless and breathless crowd, the judge and criminal gazed upon each other; and as the eyes of the spectators wandered on each, a thrilling and electric impression of a powerful likeness between the doomed and the doomer, for the first time in the trial, struck upon the audience, and increased, though they scarcely knew why, the sensation of pain and dread which the prisoner's last words excited. Perhaps it might have chiefly arisen from a common expression of fierce emotion, conquered by an iron and stern character of mind, or, perhaps, now that the ashy paleness of exhaustion had succeeded the excited flush on the prisoner's face, the similarity of complexion thus attained, made the likeness more obvious than before; or, perhaps, the spectators had not hitherto fixed so searching, or, if we may so speak, so alternating a gaze between the two. * * * * Though Clifford ceased, he did not resume his seat, but stood in the same attitude as that in which he had reversed the order of things, and merged the petitioner in the accuser. And Brandon himself, without speaking or

moving, continued still to survey him. So with erect fronts and marble countenances, in which what was defying and resolute did not altogether quell a mortal leaven of pain and dread, they looked, as might have looked the two men in the Eastern story, who had the power of gazing each other unto death.

'What, at that moment, was raging in Brandon's heart, it is in vain to guess. He doubted not for a moment that he beheld before him his long lost, his anxiously demanded son! Every fibre, every corner of his complex and gloomy soul, that certainty reached, and blasted with a hideous and irresistible glare! The earliest, perhaps the strongest, though often the least acknowledged principle of his mind, was the desire to rebuild the fallen honours of his house; its last scion he now beheld before him, covered with the darkest ignominies of the law! He had coveted worldly honours; he beheld their legitimate possessor in a convicted felon! He had garnered the few affections he had spared from the objects of pride and ambition, in his son. That son he was about to adjudge to the gibbet and the hangman! Of late he had increased the hopes of regaining his lost treasure, even to an exultant certainty. Lo! the hopes were accomplished. How? With these thoughts warring, in what manner we dare not even by an epithet express, within him, we may cast one hasty glance on the horror of aggravation they endured, when he heard the prisoner accuse HIM as the cause of his present doom, and felt himself at once the murderer and judge of his son!'

Overcoming his emotion, however, Brandon pronounced the sentence of the law, but immediately forwarded a strong recommendation for mercy, which was attended to, and the doom commuted to transportation for life. Brandon, after the trial, entered his carriage, with the intention of dining with Lord Mauleverer, but was found dead in his seat. The heroine, Lucy, then determined to accompany her cousin and lover in his banishment, but on Clifford's remonstrances and entreaties she consented to await him in England. He effects his escape, is united to her, and they retire to America, where he employs his remaining life in a manner that might atone for the errors of his youth.

We do not much approve of the word, but we can find no better phrase for shortly describing the 'King's Own' than by saying that it is the most "harum-scarum" sort of a novel we have ever encountered. It is the very picture of a naval officer's mind and memory, through which all sorts of strange scenes, stories, superstitions, and adventures, have passed like shadows, leaving behind them confused impressions, which sometimes are converted into the food of the imagination, sometimes start up in their original form and assume the appearance of reality. The author (Captain Marriott) seems to have commenced his work without any kind of plan. The hero, who is named Seymour, is a son of one of the famous mutineers of the Nore. He is called the 'King's Own' because, after he became an orphan, he was adopted by a naval officer for the public service, and was marked with the arrow. The three volumes, however, are composed of sketches of a sea life in different climates,

and under a great variety of circumstances, rather than of the story of this individual. Very often his fortunes are lost sight of altogether, and the author freely admits that he cares infinitely less about pursuing the history of his hero, than about filling up the number of volumes for which he contracted with his publishers. Hence, amid a moderate number of scenes capitally described, we have many chapters of rigmarole, introduced solely to fill up the quantity of matter that is requisite for the printer. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that there are some powerfully written and highly amusing pages to be found in this bizarre production.

Contrary to the usual course, the story ends unhappily. Seymour, who from an early age is brought up to a sea life, displays the most excellent qualifications for his various duties. During a short absence from his ship he falls in love with the daughter of an Irish gentleman of the name of Ravenscourt, whose domestic story is a repetition of horrible tragedies. By a concatenation of circumstances he becomes possessed of an estate in England which belongs to Seymour, there being reason to suppose that the latter had been lost at sea, and the evidence of his title and identity being covered for a time with impenetrable obscurity. Ravenscourt is a villain of the dark ages. Separated by his own desire from his wife, he destroys her because she would not return to his protection; and having the opportunity of reconciling the contending claims by giving the hand of his daughter to the object of her affections, he poisons him and blows out his own brains. The story of such a demon cannot be read either with profit or pleasure. There is an episode of a reformed smuggler, which is well told, and is the more interesting as it forms a favourable contrast with the darker parts of the picture.

The scene of the execution of the hero's father is graphically drawn. We shall, however, prefer the description of a storm off the coast of Ireland, which is manifestly no more than the combination of a series of facts which fell within the author's observation:—

'It was no time for man to war against man. The powers of heaven were loose, and in all their fury. The wind howled, the sea raged, the thunder stunned, and the lightning blinded. The Eternal was present in all his majesty; yet pigmy mortals were contending. But Captain M——— was unmoved, unawed, unchecked; and the men, stimulated by his example, and careless of every thing, heeded not the warnings of the elements.

'"Sit on your powder-box, and keep it dry, you young monkey," said the quarter-master, who was captain of the gun, to the lad who had the cartridge ready for reloading it. The fire upon the French vessel was warmly kept up, when the master again came on deck, and stated to the captain, that they could not be more than four leagues from a dead lee-shore, which, by keeping away after the French vessel, they must be nearing fast.

'"She cannot stand this long, sir. Look to windward—the gale increases; there is a fresh hand at the "bellows."'

'The wind now redoubled its fury, and the rain, that took a horizontal, instead of a perpendicular, direction, from the force of the wind, fed the gale instead of lulling it. The thunder rolled, and the frigate was so drenched with water, that the guns were primed and reprimed without the fire communicating to the powder, which, in a few seconds, was saturated with the rain and spray. This was but of little consequence, as the squall, and torrents of rain, had now hid the enemy from their sight. "Look out for her, my men, as soon as the squall passes over," cried Captain M———.

'A flash of lightning, that blinded them for a time, was followed by a peal of thunder, so close, that the timbers of the ship trembled with the vibration of the air. A second hostile meeting of electricity took place, and the fluid darted down the side of the frigate's main-mast, passing through the quarter-deck, in the direction of the powder-magazine. Captain M———, the first-lieutenant, master, and fifty or sixty of the men, were struck down by the violence of the shock. Many were killed, more wounded, and the rest, blinded and stunned, staggered, and fell to leeward with the lurching of the vessel. Gradually, those who were only stunned, recovered their legs, and amongst the first was the captain of the frigate. As soon as he could recal his scattered senses, with his usual presence of mind, he desired the "fire-roll" to be beat by the drummer, and sent down to ascertain the extent of the mischief. A strong sulphurous smell pervaded the ship, and flew up the hatchways; and such was the confusion, that some minutes elapsed before any report could be made. It appeared, that the electric fluid had passed close to the spirit-room and after-magazine, and escaped through the bottom of the vessel. Before the report had been made, the captain had given directions for taking the wounded down to the surgeon, and the bodies of the dead under the half-deck. The electric matter had divided at the foot of the main-mast, to which it had done no injury: one part, as before mentioned, having gone below, while the other, striking the iron bolt that connected the lower part of the main-bitts, had thence passed to the two fore-mast quarter-deck carronades, firing them both off at the same moment that it killed and wounded the men who were stationed at them. The effects of the lightning were various. The men who were close to the foot of the main-mast, holding on by the ropes belayed to the main-bitts, were burnt to a cinder, and their black corpses lay smoking in the remnants of their clothes, emitting an overpowering ammoniacal stench. Some were only wounded in the arm or leg; but the scathed member was shrivelled up, and they were borne down the hatchway, howling with intolerable pain. The most awful effects were at the guns. The captains of the two carronades, and several men that were near them, were dead; but had not the equipoise of the bodies been lost by the violent motion of the ship, their dreadful fate would not have been immediately perceived. Not an injury appeared; every muscle was fixed to the same position as when the fluid entered. The same expression of countenance, the same energy of character, the eye like life, as it watched the sight on the gun, the body bent forwards, the arm extended, the fingers still holding the lanyard attached to the lock. Nothing but palpable evidence could convince one that they were dead.

'The boy attending with his powder-box, upon which he had sat by

the directions of the captain of the gun, was desired by Captain M———, to jump up and assist the men in carrying down the wounded. He sat still on his box, supported between the capstan and the stanchions of the companion hatchway, his eyes apparently fixed upon the captain, but not moving in obedience to the order, although repeated in an angry tone. He was dead!

'During the confusion and panic attending this catastrophe, the guns had been deserted. As soon as the wounded men had been taken below, the captain desired the boatswain to pipe to quarters, for the drummer, when called to beat the "fire-roll," had, with others, been summoned to his last account. The guns were again manned, and the firing recommenced; but a want of energy, and the melancholy silence which prevailed, evidently showed that the men, although they obeyed, did not obey cheerfully.

'"Another pull of the fore-staysail, Mr. Hardsett," cried Captain M—, through his speaking-trumpet.

'"Ay, ay, Sir; clap on him, my lads," replied the boatswain, holding his call between his teeth, as he lent the assistance of his powerful frame to the exertions of the men. The sheet was aft, and belayed, and the boatswain indulged in muttered quotations from the Scriptures;—"He bringeth forth the clouds from the end of the world, and sendeth forth lightnings, with rain; bringing the winds out of his treasures. He smote the first-born of Egypt."

'The first-lieutenant and master were in close consultation to windward. The captain stood at the lee-gangway, occasionally desiring the quarter-master at the conn to alter the course, regulating his own by that of his disabled enemy.

'"I'll speak to him, then," exclaimed Pearce, as the conference broke up, and he went over to leeward to the captain.

'"Captain M——, I have had the honour to serve under your command some time. and I trust that you will allow that I have never shewn any want of zeal in the discharge of my duty?"

'"No, Mr. Pearce," replied the captain, with a grave smile; "without compliment, you never have."

'"Then, Sir, you will not be affronted at, or ascribe to unworthy motives, a remark which I wish to make."

'"Most certainly not; as I am persuaded that you will never make any observation inconsistent with your duty, or infringing upon the rules of the service."

'"Then, Sir, with all due submission to you, I do think, and it is the opinion of the other officers as well, that our present employment, under existing circumstances, is tempting, if not insulting, the Almighty. Look at the sky, look at the raging sea, hear the wind, and call to mind the effects of the lightning not one half-hour since. When the Almighty appears in all his wrath, in all his tremendous majesty, is it a time for us poor mortals to be at strife? What is our feeble artillery, what is the roar of our cannon, compared to the withering and consuming artillery of heaven! Has he not told us so, - and do not the ship's company, by their dispirited conduct since the vessel was struck, acknowledge it? The officers all feel it, Sir. Is it not presumptuous,—with all due submission, Sir, is it not wicked?"

'"I respect your feelings as a christian, and as a man," replied Captain M——, "but I must differ with you. That the Almighty power appears, I grant; and I feel as you do, that God is great, and man weak and impotent. But that this storm has been raised—that this thunder rolls—that this lightning has blasted us, as a *warning*, I deny. The causes emanate from the Almighty; but he leaves the effects to the arrangements of Nature, which is governed by immutable laws. Had there been no other vessel in sight, this lightning would still have struck us; and this storm will not cease, even if we were to neglect what I consider a duty to our country."

'The master touched his hat, and made no answer. It was now about one o'clock, and the horizon to leeward, clearing up a little, shewed the land upon the lee-beam.

'"Land ho!" cried one of the men.

'"Indeed!" observed the captain to the master—"we are nearer than you thought."

'"Something, Sir, perhaps; but recollect how many hours you have kept away after this vessel."

'"Very true," rejoined the Captain; "and the in-draught into the bargain. I am not surprised at it."

'"Shall we haul our wind, Sir? we are on a dead lee-shore."

'"No, Mr. Pearce, not until the fate of that vessel is decided."

'"Land on the weather-bow!" reported the boatswain from the forecastle.

'"Indeed!" said the captain,—"then the affair will soon be decided."

'The vessels still continued their course in a slanting direction towards the land, pursuer and pursued, running on to destruction; but, although various indirect hints were given by the first lieutenant and others, Captain M—— turned a deaf ear. He surveyed the dangers which presented themselves, and frowned upon them as if in defiance.'—vol. i. pp. 210—220.

This is an appalling scene, admirably described. The reader need not apprehend, however, that the three volumes are composed of such serious writing as he has found in the above extract. During the whole of the hero's visit to India the author does hardly anything but laugh, and make his readers laugh with him. While in the West Indies he ought to have been more sparing of real names. Mercantile gentlemen have a great objection, and very justly, to seeing themselves directly alluded to, by way of compliment or otherwise, in publications of any kind, but particularly in works of fiction.

The 'Mussulman' and the 'Armenians' are both written by gentlemen who have recently given us accounts of their travels in the East, and are both framed on the plan of "Anastasius." The common object is to give a picture of domestic life as it is carried on in the Turkish dominions. They are in every respect inferior to the model upon which they have been composed, yet they are very respectably executed. The 'Mussulman' follows rather more closely than the hero of the other work, the career of "Anastasius." The son of Greek parents, he is, at an early age, stolen from his mother by the Aga of a village near the head of the Scamander,

who thus hoped to exercise a decisive power over the virtues of the mother in the absence of her husband. The wild grief of the miserable woman, when she misses her only child, is strongly pourtrayed. The cruel stratagem was the suggestion of the Aga's secretary.

'Suleiman, though a wise man, was perfectly astonished at the sagacity of his secretary. "Mashalla!" he cried, "you are a more clever man than the philosopher who wrote the ten thousand moral maxims, each of which out-values the world. Be it as you say; but the fountain of my heart will be dried up, till I see that beautiful infidel in the harem; for, like Loeman, I have learned wisdom from the blind, who are assured of nothing before they touch it."

'Achmet undertook to kidnap the child, when Emineh should be employed in carrying the garments of the inmates of the harem to the banks of the Scamander; where the Greek matrons to this day, follow the domestic avocation of the daughters of Priam, and still where many a fair form is laved, no less beautiful, perhaps, than those of the blooming goddesses who bathed their immortal limbs in that very stream, ere they contended for the prize of beauty.

'One morning, on Emineh's return to the khan, on entering her apartment, she was horror-struck to find her infant missing. She remained for a moment motionless with terror, glancing her regard on every object around, but nowhere encountering what she sought. She rushed into the apartments of the other women, enquiring of every one for her child: she ran like one distracted into the quarters of the soldiers, demanding of every individual her lost infant, but he was nowhere to be found. No phrenzy is more terrible to behold than the raging agony of a mother, deprived of her only child. The death of husband, father, or of friend, has no misery in its calamity comparable to the madness of such grief. The babe which has been snatched from her bosom, is lost to her by no gradual decline of health, by the slow hand of no insidious malady, but is torn from her all at once in rosy health, in smiling beauty: this is a deep sorrow, a heart-rending affliction; and if reason survives its impulse, the instinct of nature is weaker than it is wont to be, or the intellect of the sufferer must be unusually strong. At length the loud violence of despair overpowered the strength of the wretched Emineh, and eventually subsided into the settled calm of unutterable anguish. The day passed over, and every search was unsuccessful, and at night she would have dragged her tottering limbs to the door of the khan, to go, she knew not where; but the women led her back, her head sunk on her bosom, trailing her feeble steps as she went along, exhausted in mind and body, the most wretched creature on the surface of God's earth. No entreaty could induce her to lie down; all night long she sat at the door of her chamber, shedding no tears, uttering no loud lamentations, but wringing her cold hands, and rocking her throbbing head to and fro, and crying in a feeble voice, whose melancholy tone pierced even the hard hearts of the Albanian savages—"My child! my poor child! my infant! my poor murdered infant!" no other sound escaped her lips, and they ceased not the live-long night. The following day brought no tidings of hope or consolation, the only rumour which prevailed was, that a wild-looking man, in the habit of a dervish, had been seen for some days loitering about the village; no one had observed him since the preceding morning, and the inference was obvious.

The Aga even appeared to sympathize in the affliction of the poor distracted mother; he dispatched some of his soldiers to go in quest of the lost child; he sought to console her with the assurance that God was great, and that what was written in the great book, was written and immutable. What better reasons did she want to be resigned; she asked for none, she talked of nothing but her murdered child; the impression that her infant had been murdered seemed fixed on her imagination, and that terrible idea penetrated daily deeper and deeper into her brain, till it touched the chords of reason, and spoiled the sweet music of the settled mind, perhaps for ever. The intensity of sorrow at length subsided into a calm and listless melancholy, which one better acquainted with human nature than Suleiman, might have looked upon as a lasting and irremediable disorder. It was not his desire to have pushed affliction to such an extremity, in depriving her of her infant; his object was, after a few days' anxiety, to be considered the instrument of her happiness, by restoring the lost child to her bosom, and causing her to believe he had rescued the little innocent from the robber, whom the dervish was intended to be accounted.

'With such a claim on the gratitude of Emineh, he had little doubt of making her affections the reward of his services. But like all Turkish machinations, the means were not proportioned to the end, and the awkwardness of the execution marred the success of the plot. On the ground of humanity, he had the unfortunate Emineh brought from the enclosure of the Khan, where the other Greek women had their apartments, to the interior of the harem, in order, as he said, that his own females might better minister to her wants, and soothe her sorrow. He resolved to delay no longer from his victim, the joy of beholding her darling child, and thereby restoring her to health and happiness, the absence of which was already but too visible on her cheek. Had his resolution been carried into effect with ordinary judgment and precaution, it is probable that reason would have resumed her seat; but the truly Turkish mode he adopted, of suddenly presenting the lost child to the eyes of the poor mother, was a shock to her already shattered mind, which terminated in its utter overthrow. The first moment she gazed on its little features, she uttered a shriek, which pierced the very soul; she rushed from the women who held her back, toward the infant, but before her outstretched hands reached the object of her solicitude, she sunk on the floor, the living image of death and sorrow. She continued insensible for a considerable time; but when she awoke to the most miserable of all states of being, the gem, which gave a value to existence, was gone, the foil of ecstacy occupied the casket. Her vacant eye was fixed for a moment on the infant; but she withdrew her regard, as if it had encountered some painful object; she bade the attendant take the annoyance from her sight, and from that hour she never could bear to see the child. It was in vain they told her it was the babe she had suckled at her breast; but she only shook her head, and smiled incredulously: she smiled, but some of the women wept; she told them to weep on, for she had no tears, she had shed them all in the grave of her murdered infant. Months passed away, and the settled gloom of insanity continued undispelled; the spot where she missed her child, her disordered imagination converted into the grave of her little innocent; she covered the surface with green sods, and every morning, she was seen wandering along the banks of the

river, gathering fresh flowers, to scatter over the imaginary tomb. The sacred character which is attached to insanity in Turkey, rendered her situation less miserable, than it would probably have been elsewhere.'—vol. i. pp. 28—34.

The boy remained in the Harem, where he received the name of Mourad, and the Aga, becoming attached to him, adopted and brought him up with a son of his own, named Yussuf, and a daughter, Zuleika. In the course of the story Mourad and Zuleika form an inseparable mutual attachment, and both cordially detest Yussuf. Mourad learns his unhappy mother's story, and assassinates Achmet, whom he allures to a cavern, partly from revenge, and partly because he (Achmet) was, by her father's order, to be married to Zuleika. In the cavern, without knowing her, he sees his insane parent; he is soon after on the eve of flying away with Zuleika, when all his plans are frustrated. Having removed some of the Aga's treasures, the robbery is discovered; he makes his escape to Egypt, where, after rising to distinguished rank, he is in due time disgraced. He next repairs to Constantinople, where Yussuf, being then in power, causes him to be apprehended, and ultimately he dies of the plague, but not before he communicated it to his enemy. The adventures which he undergoes, both in Turkey and Egypt, afford the author abundant opportunity of picturing the manners of the people of those regions. We shall present but a single sketch, taken from the Harem of Suleiman the day after his adopted son, Mourad, had murdered Achmet. It presents, within a limited space, an accurate collection of some of the most striking peculiarities in the education of the eastern ladies.

'The day following the murder was one of festivity in the khan. The ladies of the harem had taken advantage of their lord's absence to invite their female friends to an entertainment; and Mourad, who had the management of affairs in the absence of Suleiman, readily enough consented to the feast, and promised to keep the fantasia a secret from his father. When he arrived at the khan, the animated note of preparation had already commenced in the harem. Some of the women were screaming the thrilling ulalu of joy; others were singing love songs and beating their tambours, while the more industrious were running to and fro, setting the sweetmeats on the trays, sprinkling the divan with rose-water, and burning incense in the different apartments.

'The scene which Mourad had just quitted, ill accorded with the merry-making he found going forward. The groans of his victim were still ringing in his ears, and their horrible vibration turned the sound of music and the voice of revelry into hateful discord. While he was yet standing at the door of the harem, the slave of the first set of guests made her appearance at the gate, to warn the men of the approach of the veiled ones, in order to give time to every male in the house to get out of the way of the visitors. Mourad was obliged to relinquish the hope of seeing Zuleika that morning; but before he retired, two or three of the ladies were on the stairs, and as he passed them by, a few very faint shrieks were uttered, befitting the outraged modesty of the giggling damsels. It was

only one of the elderly matrons who bestowed a good round malediction on the head of the young offender. Mourad made a precipitate retreat, and the ladies were received at the door of the harem with a thousand caresses and salaams, and repeated ulalus, accompanied by the music of the tambour and castinets. All the women of the harem thronged about the guests to remove their amsacs and ferigees, and then led them to the divan, while they were sprinkled with perfumes, treated with sherbet of syrup and pomegranate juice, and finally presented with pipes and coffee. In the mean time the other guests flocked in, and before noon, had the master of the house suddenly made his unexpected appearance in his harem, he might have imagined he had been ushered into paradise, and stood in the midst of the seventy-two beautiful houries, who minister to the felicity of each true believing Moslem.

'The divan, which extended the whole length of either side of the room, was entirely occupied; and now that the veils were laid aside, and the ceremony of greeting over, it was only to be wondered at how the small district of the village of Bournarbashi could furnish so many buds and blossoms of beauty and gentility, as were there collected into one bouquet of arid loveliness. The graceful attitude of each fair one, in the act of holding her chibouque, displayed to the greatest advantage the symmetry of an arm, which might have vied with that of the Venus of the giaours, or the Beltha of the Zabians. But amidst the galaxy of light and loveliness which streamed from the cluster of little stars, there was one full moon of beauty, the mild lustre of whose splendour, surpassed the gorgeous rays of every other glittering orb. That planet among stars was the fair Zuleika; though the pensive melancholy of her look was contrasted with the mirth and gladness of the joyful features around her, still she was beautiful; though her heart was far away while she conversed with those about her, yet the sweetness of her voice and the affability of her manner, delighted all, save the young ladies who envied her good fortune, (for the rumour of her approaching nuptials had got abroad), and who wondered what was in her pallid features to captivate so rich a man as Achmet. Indeed, the subject of her marriage was the prevailing topic of the guests. Poor Zuleika had to listen to their innumerable congratulations, and to thank them for good wishes, which went like daggers to her heart.

'"Ah, Zuleika!" said one, "I always said that stag-eye of yours would one day shoot a glance through a lattice, that would find its way to the soul of an Effendi, who had a haznah in his house, and money in his purse to buy shawls for his harem. Allah has been most kind to you; he has given you a man of wealth for your husband. May his riches increase! and Heaven has been propitious to the man, for it has given him possession of as fair a maid as was ever led by the Kizlar Aga to the footstool of the Sultan. You need not blush, girl, Wallah el Nebi! you are a bride for a Pacha; and if it please God, in a very little time you will be as fat as I am. Do not despair; young women cannot be perfectly beautiful all at once; it is only after they are married, and eat kibabs and caimac for breakfast, that there is any chance of their increasing in loveliness."

'Another matron, of a graver deportment, prefaced her felicitations with a long harangue on the duties of the married state; she told her, if she wished to keep the first place in the affections of her lord, it was necessary to submit to his caprices, however unreasonable they might be, in order to

obtain that ascendancy over his soul which every wife ought to have. She said, she had been only married three times herself, and had so managed her master each time, as to reign in the harem, and to make every inmate dependant on her favour for the smiles of their common lord.

'"Foolish brides," continued the experienced lady, "imagine they can never give too much of their company to their husbands; I always thought I never could give too little. I let my amiable husband enjoy the society of all his wives, for there is no good in jealousy; and letting my rivals squabble among themselves, I suffered them to harass one another, to embroil the harem, and to disgust their husband. I had the more merit for obtaining my high station, and preserving it, for I had very little honour as a mother; I had only one child, and that one, as ill luck would have it, was a girl, and she did not live long. Inshallah! you will have a house full of titles to respect; hold up your head, child; please God! you will be the Sultana of your harem. And when you do arrive at that dignity, remember, however long be the duration of your reign, the earliest part of it is that in which you are to expect the most homage to your charms, and the largest tribute of presents to your toilet. Cachemere shawls, brocaded trowsers, velvet talpacs, silken curdees, bracelets of gold, tiaras of precious stones are lavished on young wives, but never on old ones; therefore, never let a biram escape without extracting a new dress from your lord's generosity, and never suffer the anniversary of your marriage to pass over, without demanding the customary present of a gold chain or two from his justice."

'"By the soul of my husband!" cried another lady, "the daughter of Suleiman is a wife for the vizier; if she was only a little fatter, she would be just what I was, of all days of the year, on that blessed morning when I first raised my veil in my lord's harem. But, praise be to Allah! my husband was a man to look on; he had youth and health on his side; and if he had not the wealth of a Candiote, he had wherewithal to make me happy. Who is this Achmet, whose riches are in every one's mouth? who ever heard of his father? who ever was the better for his generosity? Staffer Allah! if I were Zuleika, I would sooner marry the poorest fellah who digs the soil, than a dog like this Achmet."

'"Why do you call the Effendi a dog?" said an old lady, taking up the cudgels for the intended bride-groom; "is he not rich? and has he not a house and a harem fit for the finest lady in the land? what more do you want?"

'"Not much," replied the other lady; "I have only nine hundred and ninety-nine objections to the man: the first nine hundred are that he is old, the other ninety-nine are that he is ugly as Ashab, and decrepid as the dun camel of Aad. Does a girl with a cold take a pleasure in moonshine; does a man with a fever like the heat of the sun; and does the soul of a woman, of sweet eighteen, rejoice in the union with a cross old man?"

'"Wallah el Nebi!" said the other, "these are no words to speak before an inexperienced girl; people should be cautious how they injure the morals of young women, who are fools enough to turn up their noses of their own accord, at the bare mention of a match with an old hawadgi, no matter however rich he may be. Poor fools! they never consider that the older he is, the sooner it will please God to release him from his earthly troubles."

'The woman who inveighed against age and ugliness, was so pleased with the humanity of the latter observation, that she evinced a marked deference to the succeeding remarks of the lady who talked of morality with such ardour.

'"The duties, my dear child," she continued, addressing Zuleika, "of the married state, it is incumbent upon every experienced matron to teach poor creatures like you, who have never been out of their father's harem, and have no knowledge of things in general. There are twelve nuptial precepts, my good girl, which, if you hope to make a happy wife, you must follow implicitly.

'"1st. Obey your husband, for he is your lawful master; he paid your price, and made you presents, therefore is he your sultan; his right arm is your protection, and the edge of his sword, if needs be, your punishment.

'"2d. Love your husband if you possibly can, and if you cannot, do not hate him; for it is your duty to cherish and make much of him.

'"3d. Be mindful ever of the respect you owe him, for he is your lord; salaam him in the morning with a respectful greeting, and when you present his first pipe to him, kiss his hand and bend your knee, and sit not in his presence till he has twice desired you to be seated.

'"When you quarrel with the other women, do it behind his back, and if they rival you in his favour, let him not see your jealousy, that he may not hate you, for jealous wives are always hated. And if he smile on the slaves, while you are rubbing his feet, still do it gently, and let him not feel that you are weary of pleasing him.

'"5th. When you dance before him, move not your limbs too much, like the Almes, whose voluptuous movements you have no occasion to imitate, but dance like a modest wife, and not a wanton.

'"6th. Remember your face was made for your husband, therefore let no human being but him behold it; for it is only the Christian women, who have no shame, who show their features, and are inconsistent enough to conceal their necks, and expose their bare visages.

'"7th. Neither, like these unfortunate women, be seen in the street with strangers; do you, who are a Moslem woman, and know what is modesty, when you are addressed by an impudent passenger, never lift your veil but to spit on the wretch who mistakes you for the wife of a Frangi.

'"If your husband be old; it is needless to plague him: pray to the Apostle to endow you with patience; and though you are entitled to more recreation than other women, do not frequent the bath too much before the good man has made his will.

'"9th. If a foolish Effendi throw a sunbul in your path, you must not stop to pick it up, nor tell your slave to do so,—that would be unworthy of a virtuous wife; but slaves will pick up flowers, and Jews will deliver impertinent messages, and bath-women will convey insolent love-letters of cloves and charcoal, and a woman of discretion ought never to be accused of receiving any present or communication of the sort.

'"10th. Make your breast the sole depository of your own secrets, and if it be possible, make it that of your husband's also; the more you know of his secrets, the more power you possess; the less he knows of yours, the smaller is the risk of your confidence being abused.

'"11th. If your husband beat you, and your lungs be healthy, rend

the air with your screams; lift the roof of the house with the loudness of your shrieks, and cry murder and rapine from the street windows; and if all fail to collect the rabble and shame your lord, shout the zangenvar, till the guard and firemen fill the house, and refuse to go till they are paid for their trouble.

'"If he threaten to drown you, make a friend of the Cadi's wife, and if she cannot assist you, nobody else can: if he threaten the sack twice, it is time to think of a divorce. A separate maintenance is a great calamity; the allowance is always small; but some women think it pleasanter to be divorced than drowned; it is a matter of taste, my child, in which it is difficult to advise!"

'"Praise be to Allah!" cried all the women, "these are words of more value than strung pearls!" Each recommended Zuleika to treasure the precious counsel in her heart, and by doing so, and paying proper attention to her diet, in order to arrive at the standard size of beauty, there was no doubt but that she would become a great Sultana, a mistress over innumerable slaves, and pre-eminent amongst many wives, and still more women who were not.

'Zuleika behaved as any other poor girl would have done in any part of the world, whose inexperience was admonished by every matron of her acquaintance a day or two before her wedding; she listened in silence, she wished her counsellors at the bottom of the sea, and when she blushed, modesty had only half the merit of the bright effusion. In the meantime, the ladies, who were tired of smoking and drinking coffee, regaled themselves with sweetmeats and sherbet; and when these were swallowed, lumps of sugar were crunched, till a hakkim, had such been present, might have dreamed there were no such maladies in Turkey as tooth-ache and indigestion.'—vol. i. pp. 275—288.

The adventures of the Mussulman are told in a lively style throughout: his reader's interest is also deeply engaged in the fate of Zuleika, who follows her lover to Egypt, and dies of grief upon hearing that his affections were already decayed in the general ruin of his character.

The object of Mr. Mac Farlane's work is to familiarize us with the manners of the Armenians, who are under the jurisdiction of the Porte. His hero, Constantine, is a Greek Prince, of gay habits, who resides at Constantinople, and falls desperately in love with an Armenian maiden named Veronica, of a respectable family. The author gives us for her portrait that of a lady to whom he was himself attached.

'The figure of Veronica was cast in one of nature's finest moulds; but its smallness, its extreme delicacy, gave an idea of fragileness, that was at times really painful, and could all but induce one to wish to enclose it in a glass case, or sheltered shrine, lest the roughness of the elements should annihilate it. Those exquisite forms were now concealed by the barbarous wrapper or cloak, which she had not laid aside; but the face that the Prince was persuing was disclosed, and by a most favourable light—the rosy hues of evening striking on it obliquely, as she sat on the divan, with her back turned towards the North. The warm glow on her face belonged to the time and tide, or was partially produced by her

unusual excitement; for in general, Veronica was remarkable for a degree of paleness that seemed unearthly; and even now, that reflex of the sun was delicate and faint, as the rose-hues of fading evening on the loftiest of the eternally snow-covered Alps; as a veil of gauze, light as gossamer, and tinted with red, cast over a marble statue; and you could see it die away like the hues on the mountain, or withdrawn like the veil from the marble; and that face slowly wax paler and paler, as the shades of evening approached on sun-set—so glorious, yet so brief, in the climes of the South and the East. The pleasing, indescribable sensations of excitement, still however continued; and sent, at intervals, a faint blood-flush across her cheeks and forehead, soft and evanescent, which showed her face more pallid still; when it disappeared, in the degree that the lightning-flash increases the gloom of the midnight sky it traverses.

'In the countries of which she was a native, and where Oriental customs and jealousies have been introduced, it is by no means rare to find examples of that pale, fair complexion; for confinement to the house, the covering of the white yashnack, or veil, which, from the time they pass the age of children, they never quit when abroad, and the frequent use of the vapour-bath, would tend to produce it in the Turkish, Armenian, and Jewish females, whose costume and mode of life very nearly resemble each other; but what was somewhat rarer—what indeed was perhaps seldom found in those "Eastern climes," except among the highest of the Turkish ladies, the prides of the harems of the great—in the imported exotics of Circassia or Georgia, or in their immediate progeny, was a *thinness* and transparency of skin which distinguished Veronica of the Tinghir-Oglus. How she came by it, Armenian as she was, heaven knows; for of all the people in the East, even without an exception in favour of the children of Israel, her caste, though it abounds in otherwise beautiful women, have certainly the thickest and coarsest of skins.

'Hers was clear and delicate, and through it the little blue veins (the exquisite tracery of an immortal hand) showed themselves like the scattered threads of mountain streams, beneath their chrystal covering of thin ice. Contrasting with this pallidity and transparency, was the jet black, intense hues of her eyes and eyebrows, and of some straggling locks of hair that had escaped the bondage of her yashmack, and fringed here and there her oval face. The kol, or the surmê, had been employed with effect; the eyes were brilliant and dazzling, while they were languid and caressing, and so long and thick were the lashes on the ample upper-lid, that when downcast, they in reality formed a veil, and nearly hid the whole of the orb; yet the eyes were not faultless, unexceptionable as they were in colour and size; they did not approach the forms of the Greeks,—the living, or the works of their ancestors; they were too long, and too full and convex, like Armenian eyes in general. The eyebrows were better,—loftier than those even of Andalusian maids; they were arched in the very line of grace: like those of the Greeks, they approached very near, but did not unite over the nose, as do the eyebrows of Turkish beauties: a defect whose absence, however, was not owing to her, but to the obstinacy of nature; for the Armenians dress their faces after the Turks, and Veronica had laboured with kol and tweezers, and used every proper application to make her two eyebrows one. Her nose was thin, and finely formed, though slightly aquiline; the mouth, that seat of

expression, all but equal to the soul-telling eye, was small; and lips, perhaps, too slightly tinged with the colour of the rose, certainly somewhat too exuberant, disclosed in their opening, teeth, perfect in whiteness, size, and regularity. The chin was delicately turned; the whole contour of the head was good, and supported by a long, lithe, swan-like neck, graceful whether in motion or repose.'—vol. i. pp. 78—83.

The difference between the two religions, interposed, in the opinion of her family, obstacles to her union with a Greek, of an insurmountable character. A great part of the story, and by no means the least interesting, is composed of the various stratagems to which the hero is obliged to have recourse, in order to obtain interviews with the object of his adoration. Several of these stratagems are exceedingly amusing. Sometimes he assumes the disguise of a boatman, and assists in conducting the whole family in an excursion upon the Bosphorus. Sometimes he becomes a shepherd, messenger, milliner, in short he turns his hand to any thing that can bring him within the forbidden circle of her presence. He takes a cottage, in which there is a gazebo that overlooks her father's garden, and for a while their courtship is carried on with delightful secrecy. But one fine morning he concludes that he is discovered, by seeing a number of men employed to raise the wall above the level of his gazebo. He builds a second gazebo, and again the wall rises higher; a third gazebo mounts in the air, and at length the police interpose, and the gentleman is obliged to decamp. The first restlessness of his passion is charmingly depicted in the following passage:—

'He withdrew the curtains, and threw open the close lattice; the moon, which was riding at its height over the hills of Europe, glanced its peaceful beams through the window; the night breeze, so exquisitely gentle, wafted coolness into the chamber. Constantine was cheered and refreshed. He threw on his cloak, and walked out of the house, by the garden door, which he had opened for Veronica, the first time he had seen her. That door, it has been said, faced the declining bank, or hill, down which a pleasant little wood straggled; the same hill and wood ran on behind the neighbouring house of the Tinghir-Oglus, and there was only the breadth of a footpath between them and the walls of the confined Armenian garden.

'Constantine pursued that narrow path, until he came to the wicket-gate, by which he had seen Veronica enter; he then ascended the bank a few steps, and sat down on the green moss, where the opening thicket allowed him a full view of the rear of the Seraff's abode—a cumbrous assemblage of beams and planks, once, to denote its rayah condition, painted black, but now of the hue of a rusty coffin, perforated with sundry windows of various shapes and sizes, but all shut up, with lattices like the blinds of a nunnery, or the gratings of a man-of-war's deck.

'But even the house could interest the lover; and other objects, and the summer-night, could scarcely be more beautiful than they were.

'A sylvan depth of shade was around him; but he could see from his

recess, the outer and upper branches of the *bosquet,* and the "fruit-tree tops" in the garden, be-spread with dew, waving to and fro in the broad moon-light, as the gentle breath of the winds shook them: so bright and genial was the night, that hosts of little lizards, that might have thought it day, were seen chasing each other along the tops of the garden walls; their hues of emerald and gold, shining like fugitive gems in the moon's rays. The lucciole, or fire-flies, had paled "their ineffectual fires," or only a few of them displayed their fairy lanterns, as they flitted through the thicket's gloom. Parts of the Bosphorus and its shores, showed themselves through opening trees, and hillocks near the banks: and looking past one end of the Seraff's house, the romantic and Asiatic village of Chiboukli might be discovered, and beyond the other end of the building, the point of Kanlidji-bournon, also on the opposite side of the channel. The waters, placid and waveless, but hurried on like those of a river, by a rapid current, murmured and plashed, as they laved the contiguous quay, producing stilly notes, so sweetly melancholy and heart-cooling! Even thus, were a hallowed type rendered into material reality, might sound the flowing of that stream, which should wash away the sins and sorrows of mankind!

'Other sounds were there none, save the scarcely audible whisper of the breeze on the wooded hill, the occasional cooing of some little turtle-doves, that colonized a neighbouring grove, and the rarer hooting of an owl, that maintained "her solitary reign," in a ruined kiosk, half-way up the hill's side.

'On a sudden, a slight noise was heard from the Seraff's house. Constantine listened. The sound was repeated, and seemed like what would be produced by one attempting to open a grating, or a creaking door, gently, so as not to alarm the inmates.

'There was a moment's stillness, and then, after a similar repetition of the noise, a door, opening on a terrace, that ran a yard or too along the garden wall, gave issue to a female figure. It advanced to the edge of the terrace, and leaned on the parapet, turning the face towards the bright moon. Constantine's eyes did but confirm the intimation of his heart, that had whispered, it could be none but Veronica.

The garden walls were low, were nothing to youth—to love: in a moment he might have been by her side, and yet he did not move.

'The figure before him seemed unearthly, and it struck him with awe, while he gazed on it in that intenseness of look, with which we regard a meteor in the air, or any striking object whose stay we feel will be transient.

'Veronica, on leaving her chamber, which had, perhaps, been as restless as that of Constantine, who was gazing at her from the trees, had thrown a thin white cloak over her, which fell in loose broad folds of drapery; but a portion of it drawn over the head like a hood, and framing, as it were, her pale face, over whose brow and cheeks her coal black hair had been allowed to stray negligently, gave an almost sepulchral aspect to her whole person. Her arms that leaned on the parapet, were covered with the loose haik, but when she had turned her face for a moment to the moon, she raised them—the robe fell from those arms, as a wreath of snow from some lovely shrub it had concealed—and their beautiful hue and delicate proportions, were touchingly displayed by the full rays of the planet she seemed supplicating.

'Not Juliet on her return from the masquerade, when unrobed, and with her young heart full of love, she seated herself at the balcony, to feel the mysterious influences of moonlight; nor Francesca, on the beleaguered Isthmus by Corinth, when from another world, she appeared to warn her lover, "Alp the Renegade," could offer to the eye a picture more touching than the Armenian maiden at this moment, as she stood with uplifted hands and eyes.

'But it was indeed the spectre rather than the living, that Veronica resembled, and when Constantine saw her fleecy white robe, that "woven air," spread and tremble like the pinions of a dove, prepared for flight, as a nocturnal breeze unusually strong, sped by her from the Euxine, he almost expected to see her float away with it, and leave him there behind, to feel he had been worshipping something too pure and beautiful, to be real. But presently her thin pale lips moved; he listened as intensely as he had gazed; the soft murmur syllabled his name, and he heard his familiar appellation of "Costandi," pronounced in tones that admitted of no misinterpretation!

'He would have spoken, but before his confused sense could form the single word "Veronica," she murmured, "to-morrow!" and clasping her hands on her bosom, glided towards the door whence she had issued. Then he found the faculty of speech, and said in a subdued, but eager tone, "Veronica! I am here, do not flee!"

'The fair Armenian's hand was on the door as the prince's adjuration struck her astonished ear; there ensued a struggle between her sense of propriety, and the impatience of her love, and we are inclined to believe (we paint no perfect heroine, but a passionate uninformed child of the East,) that the latter would have prevailed and led her back to the terrace's edge and a minute's converse with her lover, if her uncle Yussuf had not been heard clamouring at that very nick of time, "Hatchedue, you sluggard, bring me my morning Nurghilê!" She slipped within the house, and closed the door even more silently than she had opened it, whilst the disappointed Constantine, who had distinctly heard the Seraff's orders, remained at the edge of the copse, by the garden wall, irreverently cursing morning pipes.

'But morning was indeed approaching, and here the approach of day is as rapid as that of night. The blueish gray of the atmosphere brightened generally with each passing moment, while in the east it was superseded by a glow of yellow gold; the vapours withdrew from the Bosphorus' hilly banks, and gently curled away from the bosom of its waters; the houses, the kiosks, and the minarets, became more separately visible on the one, and the caïks and piadés, at once more numerous and distinct, on the other:—in brief space, there was light in heaven, and motion and sound upon earth,—each so impressive, after night, and repose, and silence!

'The Seraff Yussuf, as was his wont, presently came out on the little terrace to smoke his early morning pipe. In his vast calpack and loose beneesh, he might have been taken for the sacerdotal functionary of some Eastern worship, his attendant Chibookji, who was there to arrange the cinder, for his Acolyte, and his shining Narghité, with a column of smoke curling from its capacious bowl, for his altar, on which he was offering up incense to the rising sun—the glorious object of the adoration of the Magi!

'Constantine walked silently away through the trees, and left the old banker to smoke in peace. "The day is come," thought he with delight, "this sun will not set without my meeting her!"'—vol. ii. 71, 81.

At length, after exhausting his invention in new schemes, and meeting with the most obstinate opposition from Veronica's family, he prevails upon her to escape with him, and they are privately married on the evening when she was to have become, by a family arrangement, the bride of another. Even after this the odious theologician continues unrelenting. The elopement, the marriage, the separation, are briefly told.

'That same night matters went on much more pleasantly at the kiosk that overlooked the Bosphorus, than in the halls of the Armenians; yet one of the party there, Veronica, when she reflected on her irretrievable step, on that change of condition, on the cast of that die on which all the hopes of woman depend, on the hazards that must accompany the transmutation of maid to wife, even in the ordinary course of things, and when consenting parents and friends are by, to protect, counsel, and cherish,—when all these indefinable thoughts, and the sense of her peculiar circumstances flashed through her mind, Veronica, we say, must at times have sunk in grief and alarm. But her lover was there to kiss away her tears; she saw him she adored, devoted to her, and treating her with as much respect, as if, instead of a stolen and clandestine marriage, the union were sanctioned by his and her family.

'On arriving at the house, Constantine's servants were found stationed with wax torches to receive their mistress; and when he lightly leaped out of the boat and gave his hand to his trembling bride, her feet stepped upon costly carpets and shawls of cachemire which were spread from the water's edge to the door. Within, she was welcomed by four of Constantine's friends; and, in delicate consideration to her feelings, one of those friends was of her own sex; a Greek lady who had been won by the earnest entreaties of the prince to attend his marriage.

'No time was to be lost. The Armenians might attempt to recover their daughter, even though her reputation was at stake; and her honour now depended on her becoming his lawful wife: the influence of the rich seraffs was great among the Turks, and it was only by the tie of wedlock which is held as holy and indissoluble by the Koran as the Gospel, that he could hope to keep their child. The marriage rights were therefore performed forthwith, by the starved priest, who, anxious to depart from a place of danger, with his money in his purse, was in as great a hurry as the prince.

'The promises that were to bind to death, the mutual vows to the solemn compact, were pronounced, and Veronica, his wife, with the hymeneal coronet of gay roses on her head, but with blushes on her cheek, and tears in her eye, was pressed to the bosom of Constantine Ghika.

'The next morning the sun rose gaily over those glorious scenes we have so often attempted to describe; but whose beauties, though we feel them to the heart's core, can be but feebly reflected by pen or pencil. Before the rays of that sun the thick dews had rolled away from the stream and the banks of the Bosphorus; the white haze through which, at this season and at early morn, Constantinople is often seen as behind a silvery veil, which,

to the eye, increases the magnitude of the objects it covers, had been withdrawn, and the vast capital of the faithful stood out in a flood of light with all its parts brought forward, and its swelling domes and minarets tipped with gold,—a forest of slender towers, relieving against the clear blue sky and space, and pointing heavenward. The beauties of the sun and soil, the lulled ocean stream, and the gay and spotless atmosphere, might convey to the mind an idea of that individual happiness—that emanation from nature's lap, that may exist in countries like these, though tyranny do her worst.

'To the eyes of Constantine, the charms of that morning were immeasurably increased by the excited condition of his mind; and the glowing, life-inspiring sun, and the balmy breeze, seemed to promise him length of love and happiness—to intimate, notwithstanding his recent experience to the contrary, that sorrow could not exist on such a fair earth, amid such a suffusion of the essences of loveliness, peace, and joy. Even death, so surely the end of all—at that moment, so strong was the visible spirit of vitality spread over every object—seemed something chimerical—impossible!

'These transports of his happiness were soon woefully interrupted, for as the morning wore on, and he was imparting his sentiments and hopes to Veronica, one of his servants approached him with a face pale with fears, and whispered in his ear, that the barge of the Bostandji-Bashi was coming up the channel, and seemed to be making for their house. The Prince would not alarm his young bride, but went out of the room.

'The domestic had seen but too well, and his apprehension as to where the visit of this dreaded agent of the Turkish police was intended, was but too well founded, for Constantine saw the boat at a few oars' length from the quay, and in another minute it had stopped opposite to his door.

'He returned to his bride, who at once took alarm at his altered countenance, and before he could explain or encourage, the officer of the Porte and his train, glided like evil genii into the apartment.

'Veronica, half fainting, threw herself into the arms of her husband, and clasping him round the neck, protested that death alone should separate her from him.

'The starch Bostandji-Bashi seemed no ways affected by this tender scene. If however he withheld his sympathy, he exercised no gratuitous cruelty. He informed the Prince, that Veronica was demanded by her family; that he was despatched by his superiors to bring her to the Porte, and that of course he must conduct her thither.

'"But the lady is now my wife," said Constantine, in reply, "and the laws of the Osmanlis guarantee my rights to her, and place me above her father and her family—surely they cannot take my wedded wife from me."

'The Bostandji-Bashi coolly said, "yok inshallah!—no, if God pleases, but *that* the Porte must decide, and there I must take her."

'He had, however, the good nature to add, that he was sorry the affair had fallen within his jurisdiction—that Constantine had not gone to some other place than the Bosphorus—and to wish for his part, that the Armenians, who it appeared, though not by what means, had discovered the place of his retreat early that morning, had been baffled in their search, and had left him to enjoy the society of his wife, at least a little longer.

'Resistance would have been madness, and Constantine had none to oppose, save his single arm; he was besides confident in the force of his acknowledged right as a husband; and cheering his weeping partner, he expressed to the Bostandji-Bashi his readiness to attend him.

'"But I was not told to bring you to the Porte—my orders extend only to the person of the young Armenian," said the officer.

'"Constantine! my husband—my defender, you will not leave me alone to face their wrath—you will not see me thus snatched from your side!" cried Veronica, clinging closer to his neck," all the world are as nothing to me, or are arrayed against me, with scourges in their hands, to torment, to drive me to madness! you are my only prop, and by the vows—the vows enregistered in heaven, pronounced here last night, you will not be divided from me thus!"

'The Bostandji-Bashi might have been somewhat touched, though an impenetrable face—that general property of Turks, whether in office or out, whether pachas or peasants—betrayed no emotion; for, after reflecting a moment, he said:—

'"I am only anxious, as a servant of the Sultan, to obey my instructions to the letter; you were not included in the seizure I was to make, but I have no orders to prevent you from following—I must take my prisoner with me, but your boat may follow mine: the hall of justice is open to all men, and you may enter it after us. But meanwhile we must be going—my commissioners brook no delay."

'Constantine well knew this, and nothing remained for him to do, but again to encourage the trembling Veronica with the confident hopes he still felt, that the Porte, when apprized of their marriage, would not infringe their laws, but would refuse to have any thing to do with the contending parties.

'The heart of Veronica was less accessible to sanguine expectations, but, at length, summoning up all the firmness of her character, which, as she had already shown, was really great, she threw on her cloak and veil, and leaning on the arm of her husband, this wife of a few hours left the conjugal abode—left it, alas! never again to enter therein. The prince handed her to the Bostandji's boat, whispered a few more encouraging words, and then, though with a bitter pang, left her for his own caïk.'—vol. i. pp. 203—213.

They were brought before the Vizir, and in consequence of the influence which Veronica's family possessed at court, they were separated: the Prince was exiled from Constantinople, and the lady confined in a convent in a remote part of Asia. All unhappy conclusions to novels are bad. They disappoint every body, and though they have the merit of being rare, they are far from being acceptable, even to the most philosophical reader of such works. Admitting this drawback, we must at the same time acknowledge that this tale of Constantinople is one of the most attractive productions of the kind, that has lately fallen in our way.

In the 'Traits of Scottish Life,' we have found a great deal of amusement and information, even after all that has been written on that fertile theme. The volumes are composed of a series of sketches, a few of them in verse, which are neatly written, and

sufficiently diversified. We shall content ourselves with a single specimen, connected with a subject which is interesting to every class of readers, young and old, male and female—*courtship*.

'In no other country is the great and engrossing business of courtship conducted in so romantic a manner as among the rural swains of Scotland. Excepting among the higher classes, who have time entirely at their own disposal, night is the season in which rural "lovers breathe their vows," and in which their rural sweethearts "hear them." Let the night be "ne'er so wild," and the swain "ne'er so weary," if he has an engagement upon his hands, he will perform it at all hazards; he will climb mountains, leap burns, or wade rivers, not only with indifference, but enthusiasm; and, wrapt in his plaid, he will set at nought the fury of the elements, the wrath of rivals, and the attacks of the midnight robber.

'I have known several instances of young men, who toiled all day at the plough, the harrow, or the scythe, walking fifteen miles to see their sweethearts after the hour of nine in the evening, and returning in time for their work on the ensuing morn. And this, be it observed, was not done once or twice, but repeatedly, week after week, for several months. Twenty miles of a journey, upon an errand of such a nature, is regarded as a trifle by many a young farmer who has a spare horse to carry him.

'During these stolen interviews, if a mutual attachment subsists between the parties, another assignation is always made; and never was oath more religiously kept than is this simple compact, ratified by no other ceremony than a parting kiss, or a tender shake of the hand. Time appears to have leaden wings with both, until the hour of meeting again arrives; and then the swain sets out anew with alacrity, be it rain, sleet, snow, murky or moonlight. His fair one, true to her trust, has by this time eluded the vigilance of father and mother, of maid or man-servant, and has noiselessly lifted the latch, undrawn the door-bar, or escaped by the window, and awaits him with fond impatience, at the favourite spot which they have consecrated to their love. He joyfully beholds her in the distance as he approaches, gliding like an apparition from the house, and sauntering about until his arrival; and she, not less attentive to every thing that is stirring, perceives him like a shadow amid the distant dimness, watches him as his figure becomes more distinct, recognizes his gait, his air, his every peculiarity, and at last, on the strength of her conviction, runs to throw herself into his arms, and bid him welcome.

'In this way courtships are so secretly conducted, that it is frequently never known, excepting among the nearest friends of the respective parties, that a couple are more than commonly acquainted, until the precentor from his seat upon Sunday, publishes the banns of their marriage. People are extremely fond of discussing topics of that nature; of scrupulously weighing the merits of each party in the balance; of dropping oblique hints, and sly insinuations; and of prying, with impertinent curiosity, into motives and conduct,—some of them for the sake of indulging an envious or malevolent disposition, and others from a hope of discovering some flaw or failing which may keep their own in countenance, and save them from the appearance of singularity. For this reason, it is always a most fortunate and happy event, should two lovers manage to bring matters to a crisis before the public ears have begun to tingle with a report of their intentions. Then it is only a sudden buzz, which gradually dies

from the moment of their marriage, after which they are left with characters unsuited, to pursue their matrimonial course in tranquillity.

'But perhaps the fair one's charms have been so powerful as to draw around her a crowd of admirers; and in that case, neither the courtship nor the marriage can be accomplished in a corner. The favoured suitor, has almost on every occasion to make his way, either by force or stratagem, the door, the window, or whatever place he and his love may have appointed as the scene of their meeting. She, pestered by crowds of others, (who, though void of hope, still continue to prowl about for the purpose of molesting the more fortunate), can rarely escape from the house, or admit her lover into it, without being seen, and teased with importunities, or taunted with the name of him upon whom she has set her heart. In this way some of the most wonderful *hits* and *misses*, *escapes* and *seizures* take place at times, that ever were known in the art of manœuvring; and the intuitive quickness with which she can distinguish the true from the false voice among many that whisper at her window in the course of an evening, almost exceeds credibility.

'However, if these evils sour the cup of love in some instances, they also sweeten it in others. The maid, whose "Joe" is apt to wander in his fancy, or to be irregular in his attendance, generally takes care to shew herself with another at the time when she is certain of his coming; and it seldom happens, if love have taken any root in his heart, that he is not recalled to a sense of his duty by so portentous a warning. From reflecting upon the good purposes to which it may thus be turned, I have always looked upon a number of suitors as a happy circumstance for a young maiden during her wooing time. A moral lever is thus put into her hands, with which she can sway the hearts of mankind at pleasure. She can fan, by a side-wind, the flame of love in one bosom, while she appears to be blowing directly upon that of another; and, strange as it may seem, by overclouding or turning away her face, she can impart a brightness to those which formerly remained eclipsed, even amid the fullest sunshine of her smiles. Respect is thus created for beauty when it becomes an object of competition, and women are furnished with opportunities of exercising their much-loved caprice to an extent equally great with those who, otherwise, might have been their tyrants. Let every woman, therefore, if she will hearken to my counsel, always preserve a number of retainers until the very day on which she is made a bride. This may be effected without the smallest compromise of principle or of good faith towards a favourite; for a smile to the assuming, a shake of the hand at times to such as begin to chirp about love, and a "Tut, wait a wee," to the absolutely importunate, will do the whole business; and then, should any murmurings be heard when the magnet is taken away that drew their faces towards it, let a call to the wedding smooth their brows, and reward them for their services!

'Such, in nineteen instances out of twenty, is the mode of courtship among the country people of Scotland. It is, no doubt, liable to many objections; yet propriety, I believe, is as seldom violated in this as in other countries. Indeed the fashion rather goes to inspire high notions and chivalrous ideas in the minds of our men, respecting the fair sex, and grateful and kind affections in the hearts of our women towards their admirers, than to induce that low familiarity, and laxity of principle, which moralists so much lament in the history of nations. The soul must

have no little share in that regard, which impels an enlightened man to brave the fatigues and dangers of a nightly journey of many miles, and the unenlightened to brave not only all these, but also the superstitions of his country, that have peopled our nights with every illusion which our unbounded national imagination has been capable of creating. Nor is it refining too much upon the subject, or going too far into subtilties, to suppose that the hallowed stillness of the night, the beauty, the majesty, the grandeur or the sublimity of the scenery, may operate with an exalting and spiritualizing influence upon the minds of those who thus witness it. Many, no doubt, never heard the sacred "still small voice," or perceived the enchantment that lives in the smiles of external nature; but would it be just to draw, from the fact of such insensible beings attending church upon Sunday, the general conclusion that all people are strangers to the spirit of christianity?

'I cannot help thinking too, although it is a cause which has hitherto been entirely overlooked, that to this night-wandering spirit we owe many of the sweetest and sublimest strains of our provincial poetry. That Burns felt its inspiring influence, all who read his works must allow: and there are few among such of our poets as deserve to be named, in whom ideas, caught from the same source of inspiration, are not discoverable. One pleasing example among many shall suffice, which I extract from a poem dedicated to his wife by Allan Cunningham,—a poem which I have got by heart, and which I intend to imitate in praise of my yet to be courted "dearer self," when we have advanced the same length in life as the poet and his partner alluded to.

" 'Fair, gentle, as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond, and words were few." '

vol. iii. pp. 190—198.

The 'Game of Life' is the production of a clever writer, Mr. Leitch Ritchie, although we must say that this is by no means a favourable proof of his well known ability. It is an awkward attempt at painting English life and manners through the medium of a novel. The author, who has been residing for some time in Normandy, tells us that during the severest part of the last winter, he succeeded in scraping with a nail an eye-hole upon his frozen window, through which he saw, or dreamt he saw, the city of London, which '*sight*-ological curiosity,' as he elegantly calls it, put him in mind of some of his metropolitan comrades and adventures. The recollections thus springing up he embodied in these two volumes, which afford neither an amiable nor instructive picture of life. The story, composed of the usual ingredients of love, and of hopes deferred and finally gratified, is told in a languid manner; none of the characters enlist our sympathies, or succeed in fastening themselves upon our attention.

Miss Anna Maria Porter must be sensible, by this time, that her style of novel-writing has had its day. Some twenty years ago the 'Barony' might have had a moderate degree of success; but eternal conversations and incidents bearing no impression of the manners of the age in which they are supposed to have taken place, and which, if it had not been for a few political occurrences that mark the period, might, with as much consistency, have been dated in the reign of George the Fourth as in that of James the Second, will not find many admirers among the generations who are now the readers of novels. It seems to have been partly Miss A. M. Porter's object to have opposed, through the assistance of this work, the emancipation of the Catholics, as far as in her lay. No doubt she acted in that respect from conscientious motives, which we respect too sincerely to quarrel with. Unfortunately for her fame, circumstances suspended the printing of her work until after the Emancipation Bill passed; nevertheless she continued her undertaking in the spirit in which it was commenced, although she deprecates the imputation of being supposed capable of now publishing it by way of "*Protest*" (!) against the decision of the Legislature. Conceding all that she says about the treatment of the Protestants in France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes to be correct, we should like to know how the Catholics of England or of Ireland are accountable, or why they should have been punished for the conduct of the King of France and his courtiers? It is but fair to observe, however, that in the latter part of the work, written after the law had barred her intentions, the fair author prudently draws in, as far as possible, her anti-catholic horns.

We are glad to see Mrs. Bray turn from the politico-religious tendencies which were too manifest in the predecessor of 'Fitz of Fitzford.' The present work is a legend of Devon, written with great animation, though rather too long. Her descriptions of the scenery of that picturesque county are, many of them, admirably drawn. In every thing relating to costume and antiquities she is quite at home. As usual, these matters form a very prominent part of her work, and, as usual, they are always too formally introduced, the thread of the story being, as it were, let down until the learning of the antiquary is fully displayed. We shall not flatter Mrs. Bray with saying that she is one of the best novel-writers in our language; we cannot, however, deny her the praise of being a most industrious follower of Sir W. Scott, though the distance that still interposes between them is considerable.

The 'Fugitives, or a Trip to Canada,' is badly printed upon coarse paper. It is, nevertheless, a work of some merit. It is a romance of real life, for such things we know there are. The object is to pourtray the manifold hardships of a seafaring life, when embraced at too early an age; to recommend the Christian duty of brotherly forgiveness, and to enforce the belief of a provi-

dential guardianship over those who persevere in a *just* cause. This object is not, however, attained by means of a sermon; we have here the food of laughter as well as of reflection, and there is an energy in the writing which indicates more than ordinary talent.

ART. XI.—*Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc, on the 8th and 9th August*, 1827. By John Auldjo, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2d Edition. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1830.

WE take a little shame to ourselves for not having noticed the first edition of this highly-interesting narrative, which was published in the early part of the last year. It is due to the spirit of enterprise which Mr. Auldjo has exhibited, as well as to the merits of the subject itself, that we should now redeem the apparent neglect of which we have been guilty. We are not among those who consider as altogether useless and silly ostentation, the performance of such a feat as the ascent to the top of Mont Blanc. This mountain is the centre of perhaps the grandest scenery upon the surface of the globe. To view, even for half an hour, the prospect which may be seen from its summit, would be worth ten times the labour with which the ascent is usually attended. Accidents of a serious nature have, it is true, sometimes marred the pleasure which the journey affords; but of late years new and more accessible paths have been discovered, which render fatalities of very rare occurrence. We do not see why a young man of gallant bearing should not spend a day or two in climbing the highest of the Swiss mountains, if his fancy should lead him that way. His time would certainly be much more innocently spent in such a task than among the gambling clubs of London.

The first successful attempt to reach the top of Mont Blanc was made by Dr. Paccard, a native of Chamouney, in the year 1786. Before that period the celebrated Saussure had failed in a similar enterprize. He was told by a robust mountaineer, who had also ascended a part of the mountain, that he need give himself no trouble about bringing provisions with him, for that he would find it impossible to eat; the only things he would require would be a light parasol and a bottle of scent! This from a hunter of the Alps gave him no bad idea of the difficulties of the undertaking, which, however, he accomplished in the year 1787. In a scientific point of view De Saussure's account of his journey leaves nothing to be desired. Since that period the top of Mont Blanc has been frequently gained. The most unfortunate expedition was that of Dr. Hamel, a Russian, Mr. Durnford, two other gentlemen, and twelve guides, in the year 1820. In the course of their march an avalanche swept away the whole party: three of the guides perished, the rest of the adventurers extricated themselves with great difficulty.

Mr. Auldjo has collected in his Appendix some details, from which it appears that there have been altogether fourteen successful ascents; and, not including guides, eighteen persons have gained this great height. Of these ten were Englishmen, shewing that we outnumber all the rest of the world even in feats of fantastic chivalry, if such it can be called. Two were Americans, two Swiss, one Russian, one German, and one Savoyard. It is remarkable that no Frenchman has ever yet been on the top of Mont Blanc. One woman had the courage to reach it. Napoleon ordered a cross to be planted upon it, which was done, but it was blown down by the wind a few days after.

It is, in fact, difficult for a spirited traveller to behold this "Monarch of the Alps," without feeling a desire to explore the lofty throne of its grandeur. From the beaten road which first gives it to the view, its summits are not to be distinguished from the clouds that surround it. The discovery of a new route, by Mr. W. Hawes and Mr. C. Fellowes, has considerably lessened the dangers of the ascent, so far as avalanches are concerned. There being now little apprehension of these once formidable enemies, the only real difficulties to be encountered, arise from fatigue and exhaustion. If, instead of two days being given to the enterprize, four or five were devoted to it, the party being suitably prepared, we apprehend that it would be a mere source of amusement. There has been a kind of contest hitherto carried on amongst guides and travellers, to see who could perform the ascent within the shortest period.

Mr. Auldjo's preparations were soon made:—

'Having learnt the practicability of ascending, I determined to lose no time in repairing to Chamonix, and my preparations were soon made. Some warm clothing, a telescope, and thermometer, were the sole contents of my haversack. I endeavoured to procure a barometer and an hygrometer, but without success. I did not much regret the want of them, not professing to make my ascent for any scientific object, feeling that I could add very little to the stock of existing knowledge. I regretted extremely, however, that I could not obtain a self-registering thermometer, in order that I might learn the degree of cold on the glacier during the night.

'On the 5th August I arrived in the valley. For many weeks the weather had been most beautiful, during which period not a cloud had sullied the blue arch of heaven, nor a mist shrouded the bright horizon; but this day the clouds gathered thick and lowering, and rain fell in torrents, pouring down a deluge the whole of the afternoon and the ensuing night. Next morning the mountain I was about to climb was no longer visible, being closely wrapped in a veil of dark vapour. The wind blowing strong, the weather wearing a most threatening and stormy appearance, all seemed to put a bar to my hopes, and to augur a difficult, and perhaps unsuccessful, attempt. Indeed, the guides seemed to despair, and almost concluded that it would be too dangerous, after this storm, to encounter the glacier; at all events, that it would be impossible to do so before ten or fourteen days should have elapsed. Then it might be too far advanced in the

season for an undertaking at all times so very perilous. However inconvenient it might be, however unpleasant to remain in Chamonix for that period, yet I was determined to do so, rather than not be on the spot, to avail myself of the first favourable change in the weather. I had always a resource in contemplating the dangers I should have to undergo—the difficulties to encounter; and I never could suffer my spirits to be depressed, while picturing to myself the beauties of the glaciers over which I should pass; and, above all, the anticipation of the pleasure which is derived from success, produced in my mind a most animated excitement. Besides, the constant change of visitors to the valley affords so great a source of amusement, that it would be hardly possible for ennui to throw its power over even the most dejected of mortals. On the subject of dangers, every one talked in terms tending to dissuade me from my purpose: the guides, to try my resolution—the wives and friends of these men, through an apprehension of the consequences to themselves. They represented to me, that the person who started with an intent to reach the summit, ought to make up his mind to lose his life in the attempt, rather than return unsuccessful; a pretty strong argument to intimidate me; but my determination was taken. Without vanity I do assert, that no man can ever succeed who has not formed such a determination: he never will have strength of head and heart to sustain him through an undertaking of so much difficulty and danger. Many have made their wills before starting, and all left such directions regarding their property as if they were persuaded they never should return.'—pp. 4—6.

Fortunately for our adventurer the wind soon changed, and the weather became once more fine. A thousand difficulties, however, occurred with respect to the guides. Some who had already been enrolled declined to proceed; some were held back by their wives, mothers, or sisters; some shrank from the fatigue; at length six were found determined to go. These were joined by two volunteers, one a naturalist, of the village of Chamouney, the other an apprentice-guide. The whole party, including Mr. Auldjo, amounted to nine. They left the village on the morning of the 8th of August, and began the ascent through thick pine woods, and in an hour and a half reached the last inhabited spot on the mountain. After leaving this place the novice is soon initiated in some of the perils of the way. He has to creep along the edges of precipices, sometimes on slippery tracks, from which, if he lost his balance, his descent into the abysses below would be extremely probable; he next has to scramble for a while among rocky fragments, loosely thrown together, and mingled with ice: these are called the "Moraines." It is one of the amusements of the journey to roll some of these masses into the hollows formed by the glaciers on the mountain. The echo which their fall awakens is many times repeated, and sounds like a prolonged peal of thunder. At this point a pistol being fired, the report is followed by a loud reverberation, which, 'beating about from mountain to mountain, dies away in the softest sound.' The ascent through the Moraines is excessively fatiguing. Hence the path lies over the glacier, of which Mr. Auldjo gives a picturesque description:—

'At twenty minutes before twelve we left this station, and ascending a little further arrived at the edge of the glacier. We had not much difficulty in getting on it, but to an inexperienced eye it would seem impossible to do so, or at all events to proceed any great distance along it, from the masses of ice which are piled on one another, and the deep and wide fissures which every moment intersect the path pointed out as that which you are about to proceed in. Here the skill and knowledge of the guide is shown: the quickness and ease with which he discovers a practicable part is quite extraordinary; he leads you over places where you would believe it impossible for human foot to tread. We passed among the remains of many avalanches, which had been long accumulating, and formed a most uneven and tiresome footway.

'An extended plain of snow now presented itself, here and there covered with masses of broken ice; sometimes a beautiful tower of that substance raised its blue form, and seemed to mock the lofty pointed rocks above it; sometimes an immense block, its perpendicular front broken into pinnacles, now bearing a mass of snow, now supporting long and clear icicles, looked like some castle, on whose dilapidated walls the ivy, hanging in clustering beauty, or lying in rich and dark luxuriance, was by the wand of some fairy, changed into the bright matter which now composed it.'—p. 13.

Over this plain the party made the best of their way as rapidly as possible, in order to avoid the avalanches which fall continually from the Aiguille du Midi. Pyramids of ice appear on all sides, rising in every sublime and fantastic shape. Besides the avalanche, new dangers meet the adventurer amid these scenes. In consequence of the constant movement of the field of ice towards the valley, deep clefts are formed which it requires all the skill and caution of the guides to avoid. For this reason the whole party are tied together by ropes, in a line at six or eight yards distance from each other, in order that, if one of them fall, he may have the immediate assistance of all his companions. This device, it will be seen, is essentially necessary:—

'The benefit of being secured to each other by ropes is shown almost every instant, as not a minute passed without some one of the party slipping on the ice; and falling, had he not been linked to another, would have glided into some crevice, and inevitably have perished. We were surrounded by ice piled up in mountains, crevices presenting themselves at every step, and masses half sunk into some deep gulf; the remainder, raised above us, seemed to put insurmountable barriers to our proceeding: yet some part was found where steps could be cut with the hatchet; and we passed over these bridges, often grasping the ice with one hand, while the other, bearing the pole, balanced the body, hanging over some abyss, into which the eye penetrated, and searched in vain for the extremity. No men could be in higher spirits than my guides, laughing, singing, and joking; but when we came to such passes, the grave, serious look which took place of the smiling countenance, was a sure indication of great danger: the moment we were safely by it, the smile returned, and every one vied in giving amusement to the other. These were situations in which the nerve was put to a severe test; for however stout the heart may be, if giddiness should take

possession of the brain, the most determined courage will be of little avail. Indeed it is exceedingly difficult to look into these depths, which must be passed over, and not be unnerved, knowing that if the head fails destruction is inevitable. I had been unaccustomed to look into such danger, but found my head could bear it, and with steady eye I could examine the beautiful abyss below me.

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'A large mass of ice now opposed our progress: we passed it by climbing up its glassy sides. It formed a bridge, over a fissure of great width, which would perhaps otherwise have put an end to our expedition, as we could discover no other way of crossing it but by this bridge. Soon after we arrived at the edge of another crevice, over which we could see but one bridge, that not of ice, but of snow only, and so thin that it was deemed impossible to trust to it. A plan was resorted to which enabled us to pass over in safety: our "batons" were placed on it, and in so doing the centre gave way, and fell into the gulf; however, enough remained on each side to form supports for the ends of these poles, and nine of them made a narrow bridge, requiring great precaution and steadiness to traverse. Other crevices were passed over, on bridges of snow, too weak to allow of walking on, or too extended to admit this application of the poles. A strong guide managed to creep over, and a rope being tied round the waist of a second, who lay on his back, he was in that position pulled across by the first. In this manner the whole party were drawn singly over the crevice. The snow was generally soft, so that the head and shoulders were covered with it. The passage of these bridges, though difficult and dangerous, excited the merriment of the party, and a loud laugh accompanied each man, as he was jerked over the gulf yawning beneath him.

'Again the glacier presented its beautiful and varied scenes, every moment the eye meeting with some new combination of icy grandeur. The crevices, numerous and deep, broken and full of hollows or caves, surpassed any thing I could have conceived. Some of these grottoes were accessible; others, of which the entrance was blocked up by pillars studded with ornaments of ice or snow, could only be examined externally. We entered one so beauteous in construction and embellishments, that fancy might picture it to be the abode of the "Spirit of the mountain." It was large, its roof supported by thick icicles of blue or white, varying into a thousand different shades: on the floor were vast clumps of ice, resembling crystal flowers, formed by the freezing of the drops of water which are perpetually falling: in the centre, a pool of water, whose refreshing coolness and exquisite clearness almost excited thirst, stood in its blue basin: at the further end fell a cascade, into a sort of spiral well formed by it, and in its passage through it, produced a sound much like that of water boiling in some confined vessel. There are many caves, but this description may in some degree apply to all. They are formed by the water falling, and excavating a passage for itself: the ice melts away on all sides, and it soon becomes such as I have described it.'—pp. 15—18.

Mr. Auldjo had personal experience to assure him of the advantages which the ropes secured. Had it not been for their assistance, his bones would now have been bleaching on the Alps, and he would have been already forgotten as a rash young man.

'Arriving near the base of those rocks called the "Grands Mulêts," we found that a chasm of eighty feet in width separated them from us. We proceeded up an acclivity forming a narrow neck of ice, but at its termination a wall opposed us; on either hand yawned a wide and deep crevice, and it appeared that there was no advancing without climbing this perpendicular mass of twenty feet in height. The neck we were standing upon overhung a gulf formed by the chasm and crevices, the very sight of which was appalling. The wall met this neck with an angle formed by these two crevices, which continued on each side of it, the angle coming to a most acute and delicate point. No time was to be lost; we were standing in a very perilous situation, and Coutet commenced cutting steps on the angle with his hatchet, and after great labour and considerable danger, in the execution of his purpose, got to the top and was immediately followed by another guide. The knapsacks were then drawn up, and the rest of the party after them. In ascending this wall, being partly drawn up, partly clambering, I stopped for an instant and looked down into the abyss beneath me: the blood curdled in my veins, for never did I behold any thing so terrific. I have endeavoured, in a sketch which the singularity and peril of our position induced me to take, and from which Mr. Harding has been able to make a very interesting drawing, to represent the scaling of this wall. The great beauty of the immense crevices around us excited not only my admiration, but even that of the guides, accustomed as they were to such scenes.

'Safely on the top, on looking around, we discovered that these large crevices extended on each side to a very great distance, the plane of the wall sloping from the upper to the lower crevice with an inclination which rendered walking on it very perilous. Some proposed to return to the commencement of the neck of ice which we had passed, and making a circuit from it, to get to the base of the "Grands Mulêts," on the other side of the great crevice, and climb up the rock: others were for proceeding, and their advice was followed. Walking with the greatest caution, in steps cut with the hatchet, we moved on very slowly: the ice was slippery, and a false step might have endangered the life of more than one individual. The wall now widened, but the slope became more inclined. Taking my steps with the greatest care, I could not prevent myself from slipping: as the space became wider I became less cautious, and while looking over the edge into the upper crevice, my feet slipped from under me: I came down on my face, and glided rapidly towards the lower one: I cried out, but the guides who held the ropes attached to me did not stop me, though they stood firm. I had got to the extent of the rope, my feet hanging over the lower crevice, one hand grasping firmly the pole, and the other my hat. The guides called to me to be cool, and not afraid;—a pretty time to be cool, hanging over an abyss, and in momentary expectation of falling into it! They made no attempt to pull me up for some moments, and then desiring me to raise myself, they drew in the rope until I was close to them and in safety.

'The reason for this proceeding is obvious. Had they attempted on the bad and uncertain footing in which they stood, to check me at the first gliding, they might have lost their own balance, and our destruction would have followed; but by fixing themselves firmly in the cut step, and securing themselves with their batons, they were enabled to support me

with certainty when the rope had gone its length. This also gave me time to recover, that I might assist them in placing myself out of danger: for it is not to be supposed that, in such a situation, I did not lose, in a great degree, my presence of mind. These were good reasons, no doubt; but placed as I was, in such imminent peril, I could not have allowed them to be so.'—pp. 18—21.

One of the guides had also a narrow escape. A fissure was in the way spanned by a bridge of snow; he plunged his staff into it, and then proceeding one step plunged again for a second, but the pole slipped through and fell into the gulph beneath, and he had scarcely time to spring back on the ice, when the whole bridge gave way and tumbled into the abyss.

Two rocks, rising perpendicularly near three hundred feet from the glacier on one side, and about one hundred on the other, which are called the Grands and the Petits Mulêts, usually form the termination of the first day's ascent. They afford a safe shelter from the avalanches, and here, at four o'clock in the evening, Mr. Auldjo and his auxiliaries took up their abode. The spectacle which presented itself even from this inferior part of Mont Blanc is magnificent.

'The panorama, the finest that could possibly be presented, embraces within its mighty grasp, mountains than which there are none more sublime—masses of ice and snow vying with them in grandeur—valleys smiling in sunshine and verdure—the placid lake Leman, showing like molten silver—the far blue hills of Jura,—and forms a picture more varied than can be conceived, the effect of which was much heightened by the deep colour of the sky, and the clearness of the atmosphere. I will endeavour to describe this panorama, beginning with Mont Blanc, the most prominent feature, which,

'"High o'er the rest, displays superior state,
In grand pre-eminence, supremely great."

Moving round from left to right, the Dôme du Goûté and its Aiguille first present their lofty points. Turning still more, that part of the valley of Chamoix lying towards the west is discovered far beneath, with the Breven on the other side. Behind that mountain, many peaks between it and the Lake of Geneva rear their heads, in some places intercepting the view of the lake, from whose opposite shore rise the Jura, extending towards the right as far as the eye can reach, and the further distance behind this long chain melts into a line of blue vapour, scarcely to be distinguished from the horizon. On the right of the Breven appear the Aguilles Rouges, hanging over the rest of the valley of Chamonix—beyond them the Buet—the Diablerets above Martigny—the Dent du Midi—and still farther to the right, the Tete Noir and Col de Balme. Continuing the circuit towards Mont Blanc, some of the Aiguilles on the south side of the valley are seen, the Aiguille du Midi being nearest, and facing the point of view. The Mont Blanc du Tacul and Aiguille Sans Nom complete the Panorama, the glaciers du Buissons and Taconnay lay close around the Mulêts, and forming the foreground to the towering height of Mont Blanc, the first object which commands the attention, and the last to which it returns.'—pp. 23, 24.

After a hearty dinner the party encamped on a ledge of the rock about twelve feet by five, and prepared to sleep upon straw, under a sheet laid upon poles, which were placed in a sloping direction against the rock that formed a back to their tent. Such was the rarity of the atmosphere, that the scent of tobacco was found powerful and disagreeable. The splendour of the setting sun seen from this station, would have almost tempted Mrs. Radcliffe to ascend the Grands Mulêts.

'The sun, now about to set, tinged with a purple of softest hue the whole scene below us, which, gradually deepening into a beautiful crimson, shaded every thing with its colour, the Jura seeming on fire, and the lake of Geneva reflecting the glow. Every moment, as the sun retired from the world beneath us, the hue shed by its departing rays became deeper, and then wore into a dull grey: the lake—the lower mountains, were soon clothed in the sombre shade, but we still enjoyed the presence of the god of day. Now the violet tint was on us, but the summit of the mountain was still burnished with a line of bright gold. It died away, leaving a bright lovely red, which, having lingered long, dwindled at last into the shade in which all the world around was enveloped, and left the sky clear and deeply azure.'—p. 25.

Some of the travellers who have ascended the mountain, have complained of the nausea and sickness by which they were attacked when sleeping on this rock. The probability is that they had participated too largely of the pleasures furnished by their cook, as Mr. Auldjo says that neither he nor any of his guides suffered from any such feelings. The solitude and stillness which prevail here during the night are singularly affecting. The thunder of the falling avalanches, now and then heard in the distance, serve only to make stillness more awful.

At three o'clock on the following morning, the party prepared for the prosecution of their journey. The moon shining with great brilliancy, displayed Mont Blanc in all its snowy grandeur. The weather was so excessively cold, that no exertion could prevent the whole frame from being pervaded by a sense of pain. The course was towards the part of the mountain called the Dôme du Goûté, obliquely up a gently inclined hill, then over a steep mound of snow, up which the party proceeded in a zig-zag direction. The glacier was full of immense fissures, which could only be passed by means of bridges formed of pieces of ice. 'One of these bridges,' says our author, 'was of a very difficult and perplexing nature.'

'We passed one of a very difficult and perplexing nature. The side of the mass along which we were obliged to proceed was perpendicular. By clinging to the ice above the head, with the hand placed in a hole cut for the purpose, and stretching the feet from one resting place to another, also cut with the hatchet, we contrived to pass; but the footing was very slippery, uneasy, and dangerous. There was no bottom to be seen to the abyss below, and it certainly required a considerable exertion of nerve and determination to enable any one of us to get over such a spot. So peri-

lous, indeed, was it, that had a false step or a slip been made, by any unlucky individual, it would have proved fatal to him, as well as to some of the guides, since the precarious hold afforded by their position could scarcely have enabled them to sustain the weight of any who should fall, and who must therefore drag with him, into the abyss, those to whom he had been fastened for mutual security. The batons were first handed across, to the first guide who had passed, then the knapsacks, and we followed. Our situation was the more embarrassing, from our uncertainty of the strength of the mass of ice. We greatly feared that, by losing its equilibrium, poised as it was in the crevice, and by the weight of one or two persons on it, it might roll over, consigning to destruction those who might have the unhappy lot to be on it at the moment.'—pp. 30, 31.

At last they attained the Grand Plateau, so called from being the largest of the plains of ice on the mountain, having the base of Mont Blanc on the further side. Having traversed this plateau, and scaled a wedge of ice, which is considered the last great peril to be encountered, the ascent of the travellers became more rapid. Here the rarity of the air began to be felt in an unpleasant manner. 'I was seized,' says the author, 'with an oppression on the chest, and a slight difficulty of breathing; a quickness of pulsation soon followed, with a great inclination to thirst, and a fullness in the veins of the head, but still I experienced no headache, nor was there the slightest symptoms of hæmorrhagia. Most of the guides suffered in the same way, and to as great an extent as myself.' The lemonade which was prepared for the journey, was lost by the bursting of the bottles. Every step increased the fatigue of the ascent, as the path became more steep, and the rarity of the atmosphere still more distressing. Our author was now attacked with a pain in his head; the difficulty of breathing was every moment greater; he experienced 'violent palpitation of the heart, a general lassitude of the frame, and a very poignant sensation of pain in the knees and muscles of the thighs, causing weakness of the legs, and rendering it scarcely possible to move them.' Such was the exhaustion which our author suffered, that he was strongly tempted to return when he reached the "Derniers Rochers," being then within an hour's climbing to the great object of his ambition.

'The "Derniers Rochers," or the highest visible rocks, are merely a small cluster of granite pinnacles, projecting about twenty feet out of the snowy mantle which envelopes the summit and clothes the sides of the mountain.

'On reaching these rocks, I was so much exhausted that I wished to sleep, but the experienced guides would not permit it, though all appeared to be suffering more or less under similar sensations. From these Rochers we saw that there were many people on the Breven* watching our progress; among them we recognised some female forms, a discovery which renewed our courage and excited us to still greater efforts than before.

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* 'A mountain on the other side of Chamonix, exactly facing Mont Blanc. Its height is 8310 feet.'

'Turning to the side of Italy, a spectacle was presented of great magnificence, from the assemblage of the vast and numberless white pyramids which appeared on the left of the view: Mont Rosa, in its surpassing beauty, being the most distant, the Col du Géant and its aiguille the nearest; while all the snow-clad rocks which lie on each side of the glacier running from Mont Blanc down the "Mer de Glace," and again up to the "Jardin," added splendid features to the scene.

"Snow piled on snow; each mass appears
The gather'd winter of a thousand years."

On the south, a blue space showed where the plain of Piedmont lay; and far in the back ground of this rose the long chain of the Apennines, and lofty Alps forming the coast of the Mediterranean, and running thence towards the right, meeting the mountains of Savoy. Gilded as they were by the sun, and canopied by a sky almost black, they made up a picture so grand and awful, that the mind could not behold it without fear and astonishment. The impression of so mighty a prospect cannot be conceived or retained.

'It was with some difficulty that I could be persuaded to leave these rocks, for all my enthusiasm was at an end: the lassitude and exhaustion had completely subdued my spirit. I was anxious to get to the summit, but I felt as if I should never accomplish it, the weariness and weakness increasing the moment I attempted to ascend a few steps; and I was convinced that in a few minutes I should be quite overcome. I was induced to proceed by the exhortations of the guides.'—pp. 42, 43.

The remainder of the undertaking, however, required extraordinary exertion. When the rarity of the air first became oppressive, the party were obliged to stop for breath at every fifteen or twenty steps. But now the strongest of the guides became exhausted at every third or fourth step. The sensation of weakness in the legs increased; the author was nearly choking from the dryness of his throat and the difficulty of breathing. His eyes were smarting from inflammation, in consequence of the sun's rays being so strongly reflected from the snow. From the same cause his face was blistered. Again he gave up the intention of proceeding farther, but the guides, who, of course, knew that he would repent of such an abandonment, determined that they would either carry or drag him to the summit. The narrative here becomes intensely interesting.

'Being unable to resist, I became passive, and two of the least exhausted forced me up some short distance, each taking an arm. I found that this eased me, and I then went on more willingly; when one of them devised a plan which proved of most essential service. Two of them went up in advance about fourteen paces, and fixed themselves on the snow; a long rope was fastened round my chest, and the other end to them; as soon as they were seated, I commenced ascending, taking very long strides, and doing so with quickness, pulling the rope in; they also, while I thus exerted myself, pulled me towards them; so that I was partly drawn up, and partly ran up, using a zig-zag direction; and the amusement derived from the process kept us in better humour than we were

before. I was less fatigued, and felt the effects of the air less by this process, than by the slow pace in which I had hitherto attempted to ascend.

'I had taken very little notice of the progress we were thus making, when I suddenly found myself on the summit. I hastened to the highest point (towards Chamonix), and, taking my glass, observed that the party on the Breven had noticed the accomplishment of our undertaking, and were rewarding us by waving their hats and handkerchiefs, which salutation we returned. I noticed, also, that the people in Chamonix had also collected in considerable numbers on the bridge, watching our progress and success. It was exactly eleven o'clock.

'The wind blew with considerable force. I was too much worn out to remain there long, or to examine the scene around me. The sun shone brilliantly on every peak of snow that I could see; hardly any mist hung over the valleys; none was on the mountains; the object of my ambition and my toil was gained; yet the reward of my dangers and fatigues could hardly produce enjoyment enough to gratify me for a few moments. The mind was as exhausted as the body, and I turned with indifference from the view which I had endured so much to behold, and throwing myself on the snow, behind a small mound which formed the highest point, and sheltered me from the wind, in a few seconds I was soundly buried in sleep, surrounded by the guides, who were all seeking repose, which neither the burning rays of the sun, nor the piercing cold of the snow, could prevent or disturb.

'In this state I remained a quarter of an hour, when I was roused to survey the mighty picture beneath. I found myself much relieved, but still had a slight shivering. The pain in the legs had ceased, as well as the headache, but the thirst remained. The pulse was very quick, and the difficulty of breathing great, but not so oppressive as it had been.

'Having placed the thermometer on my baton, in a position in which it might be as much in shade as possible, I went to the highest point, to observe my friends on the Breven and in Chamonix once more, but was summoned immediately to a repast, and willingly I obeyed the call, for I felt as if I had a good appetite. Some bread and roasted chicken were produced, but I could not swallow the slightest morsel: even the taste of the food created a nausea and disgust. One or two guides ate a very little; the rest could not attempt to do so.

'I had provided a bottle of champagne, being desirous to see how this wine would be affected by the rarity of the air. I also wished to drink to the prosperity of the inhabitants of the world below me; for I could believe that there were no human beings so elevated as we were at that moment. The wire being removed, and the string cut, the cork flew out to a great distance, but the noise could hardly be heard.* The wine

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'* "If sound has less power at this elevation, it arises, not from any weakness of the organ of hearing, but from the effect of the rarity of the air diminishing the tone and force of the vibration, and from the absence of all echo and repercussion from solid objects on this isolated summit. Indeed, it is so weakened by these united causes, that, on the summit of Mont Blanc, the report of a pistol would make no more noise than that which a small cracker would create in a chamber.

spilled out in the most luxuriant foam, frothing to the very last drop, and we all drank of it with zest; but not three minutes had elapsed when repentance and pain followed; for the rapid escape of the fixed air which it still contained produced a choking and stifling sensation, which was very unpleasant and painful while it lasted, and which frightened some of the guides. A very small quantity was sufficient to satisfy our thirst, for nine of us were perfectly satisfied with the contents of one bottle, and happily its unpleasant effects were but of short duration.

'The most pecular sensation which all have felt who have gained this great height arises from the awful stillness which reigns, almost unbroken even by the voice of those speaking to one another, for its feeble sound can hardly be heard. It weighs deeply upon the mind, with a power the effect of which it is impossible to describe. I also experienced the sensation of lightness of body, of which Captain Sherwill has given a description in the following words: "It appeared as if I could have passed the blade of a knife under the sole of my shoes, or between them and the ice on which I stood." '—pp. 45—49.

The author has given us his own testimony, at least, that the sea cannot be seen from the summit of Mont Blanc. Captain Sherwill has produced evidence on the other hand, to shew that Mont Blanc is never seen from the sea. This evidence, which is of an interesting character, is published in the French edition of Captain Sherwill's Narrative of his ascent to Mont Blanc, and is cited by Mr. Auldjo.

'"On my return from the south of Italy, towards the end of the year, I passed two days with the governor of Genoa, the Marquis D'Yenne, who loaded me with politeness and attention. Wishing to profit by this kindness, and by my stay in the city, I inquired among the pilots and fishermen who frequent the Mediterranean, whether there was not some one of them who, during his short trips, had seen Mont Blanc. The numerous voyages they take to the coast of Africa in search of coral, one of the most important objects of commerce to this city, appeared to me to offer good opportunities for observing the snowy summit of that mountain, if it be true that it can be perceived at so great a distance.

'"Monsieur D'Yenne had also the complaisance to order a sort of inquiry to be made on this subject, by the commandant of the port, among the oldest of those who had navigated this sea, and he was unable to find one who could say that any of them ever had perceived the summit of Mount Blanc from it.

'"The organ most affected by the rarity of the air is that of respiration, and the circulation is consequently affected in the same degree. It is necessary that a certain quantity of air should traverse the lungs in a given time. If the air is twice as rare as that generally breathed, the number of respirations also must be doubly frequent, so that rarity may be compensated by volume. Now, as the respiration is accelerated, so is the circulation.

'"One guide's pulse beat 98 times in a minute, a servant's 112 times, and De Saussure's 100. At Chamonix they severally beat 49, 66, and 72. They were all suffering, therefore, under a very high state of fever." '—*De Saussure.*

'"The bishop of Savona happened to be present at the table of the governor when the conversation turned on this point. In the opinion of this learned prelate, the nearest station to Genoa from which it would be possible to distinguish Mont Blanc was the island of Elba, distant from the city about 45 leagues. Now, from Genoa to Mont Blanc, as a bird would fly, we may reckon 45 or 50 leagues; so that the whole distance from Elba to the mountain amounts to 90 or 95 leagues. The bishop did not doubt that it was possible to discover the object in question at such a distance, provided the atmosphere was perfectly clear, the plains of Alessandria and Marengo freed from their eternal mists, and a telescope of the greatest power made use of; the point to be observed, and consequently the line of direction, being previously fixed.

'"All travellers who have visited the 'Allée Blanche,' or ascended the 'Cramont,' to enjoy from that side the perspective of Mont Blanc, have observed that there is much less snow on this flank than on the side of Chamonix. We may therefore conceive that it is more difficult to distinguish, on the Italian side, a naked and grey rock, at the enormous distance of 90 leagues, than a mass of snow, the dazzling whiteness of which offers to the eye a mark very perceptible.

'"From these observations we can, I think, conclude, that if Mont Blanc, raised, as it is, about 100 toises above all the surrounding mountains, cannot be seen from the Mediterranean, for the strongest reason that sea ought not to be distinguished from the summit of the mountain. In fact, the one forms a point in the horizon: the other, confounded with the whole region of Savoy, Piedmont, and the countries adjacent, is, as it were, lost in immensity."'—pp. 49, 50.

The signs of an approaching storm warned the expedition to prepare for their return. But the prospect having been remarkably clear from clouds and mist, our author had, in the mean time, an opportunity of observing the matchless panorama which was spread around him.

'Beyond the line of the Jura mountains appeared a wide and confused blue space, which comprehended those plains and hills of France lying behind this chain, one or two mountains of which, gently sloping to the lake of Geneva, whose bright crescent, apparently lying right under Mont Blanc, and surrounded by a dark border of lofty eminences, rising in varied and interesting forms, presented a beautiful picture; the valleys intersecting these mountains being distinctly visible, and the richness of their meadows and cultivated fields easily distinguishable from the dark woods of fir which surrounded them.

'The valley of Chamonix particularly called forth my admiration; the river Arve, in wandering through it, resembled a silver thread on soft velvet of the deepest green: the rough rocks and pointed glaciers surrounding this Eden of the Alps with a formidable barrier. Among the mountains on the other side of the valley, the "Buet" reared its glacier-crested head; beyond it, on the other side of the lake of Geneva, appeared the Mont Jorat and the great vale of Switzerland, with the lakes of Neuchatel, Morat, and Bienne. Lausanne is situated at the foot of the Jorat, but was hid from our view by a mountain on the Savoy side of the lake. On the right of this mountain were seen the Diablerets and

other peaks above Bex; beyond them the "Gemmi," and the countless peaks of the Oberland Alps; among which the Jungfrau—the Shreckhorn—the Eiger—the Finsteraarhorn—raised their white fronts in beautiful distinctness.

'Turning towards the right, St. Gothard, the Grimsel, the Furka, and part of the chain of mountains on the Italian side of the Vallais appear—the Matterhorn's pointed summit, high lifted up among them, and glaring in the sunshine—then Mont Rosa, the queen of the Alps, one of the most beautiful of mountains; its towering enormous pinnacles presenting a splendid appearance. Nearer to us were, the St. Bernard—Mont Velan—the long line of Aiguilles, beginning from the Col du Balme, and coming along the valley of Chamonix to the Aiguille du Midi, which was far beneath our feet; among these, the Argentière and the Dru were most prominent. Far below us were the Mer de Glace, the Jardin, and the lofty peaks surrounding them. To the right of these, and nearer us, rose the Col du Géant and its fine aiguille. Towards the south, the eye penetrated into the valley of Aosta and part of the Allée Blanche; then, glancing over the mountains on the other side, rested on the immense blue surface formed by the plains of Lombardy and Piedmont, in which was discovered the course of the Po. The situations of Turin and Milan were pointed out, but these cities were not visible.

'At the further extremity, and to the left of the blue, rose the Apennines; they, joining the Maritime Alps, formed a long line of mountains running towards the right, along the Mediterranean, as far as the Col du Tende, and thence turning up the western side of the blue surface or plain of Piedmont. Monte Viso reared itself high among them, as well as the lofty points about the Cenis. Behind gaps in these mountains were seen another chain, being the mountains of Dauphiné and Provence. The Mont Cenis closed this western boundary to the plain of Piedmont; and on this side of it appeared the Petit St. Bernard and Tarentaise Alps. the Col du Bonhomme and the mountains around Servoz and Cluses followed; and, further in the back-ground, the mountains of the Lyonnais. We looked down into the valleys of Servoz and Salenche, and upon the round back of the Dome du Goûté, and again upon the lake of Geneva, thus closing the panorama.

'We could perceive our friends still assembled on the Breven, enjoying a prospect less extensive than the one I have attempted to describe, although in some respects, perhaps, equally beautiful.

'The shape of the summit has been well likened to the "dos dâne" (ass's back), the broadest and highest part being toward the north, or Chamonix, and the narrowest inclining a little to the east. An idea of the summit, as we found it, may be formed by cutting a pear longitudinally into halves, and placing one of them on its flat side; but consisting, as it does, of snow, drifted about by the wind, and subject to increase and diminution by the accumulation of the winter's storms, and the influence of the summer's sun, it may probably present some novelty of form to every traveller who visits it. We found it to be about one hundred and seventy feet in length, and its greatest breadth about fifty. The hard snow of which it is composed, bearing a resemblance to a conglomerate of crystal beads, appeared to be of the depth of from two hundred to three hundred feet upon its rocky foundation, which probably consists of a

cluster of pinnacles similar to the Derniers Rochers, some points being visible, protruding through their snowy mantle nearer to the summit, although from their situation they were inaccessible.

'We found no living thing upon it; but Mr. Fellows mentioned to me that he had seen a butterfly, borne by the wind, pass rapidly over his head while on the summit.

'Having determined, as I have already said, to attempt the descent to Chamonix that evening, it was necessary that we should not remain too long on the summit; the ropes were therefore adjusted, and other preparations made for starting; and, whatever reluctance I might have felt, in the middle part of our ascent from the Grands Mulêts, to persevere in the exertion necessary to reach the spot upon which we now stood, it did not in any degree equal the unwillingness which I felt to commence my return. The more I gazed on the stupendous scene around me, the more I was delighted and astonished, my most sanguine expectations having been much exceeded; and now, just as I had become capable of marking and appreciating its beauties and wonders, the signal for departure tore me from the enjoyment.'—pp. 52—56.

The inexperienced reader will hardly believe that the descent from high mountains is much more distressing than the ascent to their summits. Mr. Auldjo and his guides, however, returned to the village of Chamouney without having suffered more than the usual fatigue, from the effects of which the mineral baths of the place, and the repose of a day or two, completely restored them all.

We should have observed that there are interspersed through this volume, several lithographic views of scenery, which reflect great credit on Mr. Auldjo's pencil, and upon the artist who transferred his sketches to the stone.

Art. XII.—*A Letter on the Present Neglect of the Lord's Day: addressed to the Inhabitants of London and Westminster.* By C. J. Blomfield, D.D., Bishop of London. Fourth Edition. 8vo. pp. 38. London: Rivingtons. 1830.

It is not unknown to our readers that the Lord Bishop of London has the command of every pulpit in his Diocese, which he can make instrumental to any legitimate purpose that he thinks proper. It is equally notorious that his Lordship is a member of the House of Peers, where he has a greater liberty of speech than he can exercise even in the church, and from which he can, by the thousand tongues of the press, make the whole empire his audience. How it is that the Bishop, having a grand remonstrance to utter and a grand reform to propose, should abandon the opportunities of his religious and political station, and select the humble and uncertain medium of a pamphlet, "to do the work of Him who sent him," his Lordship may perhaps be very reluctant to explain. He certainly gives no exaggerated picture of the flagrant violation of the Sabbath, or, rather in conformity to his Lordship's distinction, the Lord's Day. We agree with him in reprobating the laxity of

the local authorities in the metropolis, and of those too who have local influence in not repressing the disorders which a Sunday morning now ushers in, with the periodical certainty of a returning sun. But the worst of it is, these scandalous scenes arise out of a system of impunity, which by custom has been conceded to the lower orders of the metropolis; for it has been found highly inconvenient to attempt to prevent them from making the purchases of which they standi n need during the early part of the Sabbath. It has been discovered, too, that the postponement of these purchases to the Sunday, has not always been the fault of the tradesman, but arises very often from an improper mode of paying wages. But, undoubtedly, both masters and tradesmen, and that whole class with whom a desecration of the Sabbath is now so unfortunately habitual, could be made to yield, if not to the mild admonitions of the spiritual adviser, certainly, in the last resort, to that law which will not be denied; and we are sure that the extraordinary means which might be required for such a purpose, would be cheerfully furnished by every man of right feeling in the metropolis. The question is, where to begin with the reform? For our own parts we should hold it to be a most unjust measure which would prevent a poor shoemaker from purchasing his pound of dried bacon on a Sunday morning, and would leave a Minister of State at liberty to carouse with a hundred of his own rank during the evening of the same day. We should also deem it unpardonable in the Legislature or the Government, to take the horses from under the "short stage" of the humbler classes on the Sabbath, whilst it permitted the Bishop of London to rattle through the streets in his well appointed vis-a-vis. Such an unequal regulation would be monstrous, and, we hope, would be found impracticable. Well, then, what is more natural and proper than that we should begin with the upper ranks, and, if we can effect no other good, surely it will be doing much to leave the lower ones without the excuse of a bad example. No one can be more persuaded than the Bishop himself, that those who "should know better" are in fault; but he has not had the boldness to say so in their presence, and hence it is that his lordship, vacating both the pulpit and the Bench of Bishops, takes care to shoot his arrow from behind the protection of a pamphlet. He has been now for some years no very silent or uninfluential member of the House of Lords, and although for every gin-drinker, every stage-coach goer, and every gambler of the lowest class, who indulges his propensity on a Sunday, his lordship could lay his finger on a prototype amongst the noble society around him; yet in that place, so sacred to the liberty of speech, his lordship has exhibited a most Christian resignation to the profanation of the Sabbath day. Why, like another Paul, did he not select his Felix in the public chamber, and pour forth his holy resentment against the glittering criminal before him? The Bishop mentions that this is not the first time that he has stickled for the due observance of the Lord's day.

'For several years I had the charge of a parish, in which there was a large inn, (situated close to the church), where persons travelling to Newmarket usually stop for their last change of horses. The line of towns and villages between London and that place is kept in a state of continued noise and bustle during the whole of the Sundays which precede the Newmarket meetings. As the Easter meeting is the most numerously attended, so it is Easter-day, the anniversary of our blessed Saviour's resurrection, which is most outrageously and scandalously profaned. It has been customary for booths to be erected and refreshments to be sold on the road, at the different stages, on that day, for the accommodation of the country people, who come in great numbers from the surrounding parishes, "to see the gentry go down to Newmarket." This indecent practice I succeeded in doing away with in my own parish: but I could not prevent the concourse of people, nor the disturbance and confusion which it occasioned amongst my own flock, upon a day, which ought to be regarded as peculiarly a day of holy joyfulness and devout recollection. More than forty pair of horses have sometimes been changed there on Easter-day, a great proportion of them while I was celebrating divine service. Not only all the servants and dependents of the inn, but a great number of the young men of the parish, were taken away from their own Sabbath duties, to assist in this flagrant violation of them by others; not to mention that hundreds were engaged in observing their betters thus ostentatiously setting at nought the ordinances of religion; some urging with bribes, and others with execrations, the drivers of those poor jaded animals, for whom the merciful provision of a Sabbath seemed almost to have been made in vain: while others were seen engaged in gambling, and scattering the implements of their unholy pastime about the road.'—pp. 19, 20.

Now we happen to remember very well, that one of the principal offenders in this way was the late Duke of York. We state not this for the purpose of disparaging the memory of a prince, whose guileless and unaffected character whilst he lived, must have left but little disposition in his survivors to traduce him after his death. But the fact was so—the Duke of York was a terrible Sabbath-breaker, and never thought of a Sunday when he wanted to change the scene from the Horse-Guards to Newmarket. Now the present Bishop of London, under the title of Bishop of Chester, sat over and over again, "cheek by jowl," with the frail Prince in the House of Lords, and did he ever, either by direct charge, or implication, communicate to his Royal Highness a knowledge of the evil of his example—did he ever complain even of the profanation? No, he did not. So far from honestly facing the delinquents themselves,—at that time as now, the bishop was contented to address those who were not guilty at all, using that subterfuge of rhetoric, which enables one to speak *at*, instead of speaking *to*, the guilty parties. Had the Bishop of London the strong feelings and the moral courage which the task requires, he would employ the facilities he possesses for shaming, if he could not argue, the great violators of the Sabbath into decorum. My Lords," he would say, "you who hold the highest rank in society, are bound by a double

obligation to observe, in a suitable manner, the day set apart for a more particular reference of our thoughts and actions to God. You are bound to do by his laws, in the first place; and you are, secondly, bound by the duty of giving to your inferiors a proper example. For, my lords, can I blame the unenlightened for an act in which they but imitate their betters? Shall I tell the mechanic that he must not make an excursion of pleasure to a neighbouring hamlet on a Sunday, whilst an infinite line of equipages is moving in Hyde-park? Shall gin be prohibited to be tasted on the day that champaign pours intoxication around your tables? Is it a violation of the Sabbath for a party of friends to play at cards, while Crockford's Pandemonium invites its votaries to destruction?" Something like this should be the language of a Christian Bishop, who suffers no other distinctions between man and man to operate upon his mind, save those which are exclusively connected with his spiritual state. We do not now enter into the details of this letter, because we are very certain that it will produce no practical good. The means of bringing about a reform of the present lax observance of the Sabbath must be of a far more active nature, than any which a vague and general impression of the want of that reform will supply. A vigorous shoulder must be put to the wheel; the influential Sabbath-breakers must be taught to think that rank does not exempt a man from obedience to the ordinances of God; and that opulence will not be able to purchase impunity for their violation. To do this we want Bishops who will not fly from their places in Parliament, and shew their virtuous indignation on behalf of outraged religion in pamphlets alone. When we see the right reverend political senator vindicating the solicitude of the spiritual pastor for the prosperity of religion, then shall we think it time to talk seriously about co-operating with Dr. Blomfield in this matter.

NOTICES.

Art. XIII.—1. *Sketches from Nature.*—By John McDiarmid. 16mo. pp. 388. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1830.

2 *Studies in Natural History.*—By William Rhind. 16mo. pp. 247. 10 Engravings. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1830.

Since the principles of every science are deduced from facts, all attempts to add to the one, by increasing the other, should be hailed by the public with applause. The two gentlemen, whose unpretending offerings to the stores of natural history we have now before us, are, we think, eminently entitled to this approbation. Mr. Mc Diarmid is well known in the literary world, as a gentleman of considerable imagination, feeling, and taste. At present, we have to regard him as a disciple of nature, whom he certainly seems to worship with enthusiasm. The great value of his book, is, that the information it gives is the result almost entirely of his own experience, and with a mind so observing and vigilant, and so well stored

too with general knowledge on the particular subject on which he writes, it would be next to impossible that Mr. Mc Diarmid should fail to produce an interesting, if not a very valuable work. The Zoological part of his volume contains miscellaneous notices of subjects in almost every order of the science of living animals; and his descriptions, generally involving some curious anecdotes of their characters and habits, are given with great clearness and force. The second part is occupied with sketches of localities, remarkable for scenery or some peculiarity of application, and biographical notices. In these is included an account of the real history of Jeanie Deans, for which Mr. Mc Diarmid has deservedly obtained the thanks of Sir Walter Scott, A book, better calculated than Mr. Mc Diarmid's, to gratify the curiosity, and elevate the heart, we have not met with for a long time.

Mr. Rhind's work is not quite so practical as that of his countryman. It takes in a wider range of natural history, and seeks more to give general views of the results which have been attained in the science, than to furnish fresh facts, although there is no want of the latter. The work is exactly such a one as we should place in the hands of a youthful person, to give him a due notion of the vast interest and power of improvement, which belong to the study of the material world.

Art. XIV.—*A Letter to Thomas Greene, Esq. M. P. on his Bill for a Commutation of Tythes into Corn Rents.* By R. H. Jago, Land Surveyor. London: Joy. 1830.

We are far from having made up our minds as to the propriety of establishing a general commutation of tythes,—but without at all pledging ourselves on the question itself, we may discuss the merits of such proposals as are now and then made to carry such a measure into practice. We think that Mr. Jago has indisputably shewn that his proposed system of taking the price of corn at that which governs every half-yearly payment, is by far more equitable, and certainly would prove more satisfactory than the complicated mode which Mr. Greene has hit on. We do not think that it would be wise or beneficial to include in the elements of the valuation, the price of beef and mutton. Stock is liable to too many fluctuations which do not affect other agricultural produce, and by being thrown into the ingredients which are to constitute the basis of an average valuation, would, in our opinion, lead to very delusive and injurious results.

Art. XV.—*Three Courses and a Dessert.* The Decorations by George Cruikshank. 8vo. pp. 432. London: Vizetelly.

At any rate this volume is a beautiful specimen of typography; so beautiful, that we thought it was the season of the annuals we had arrived at, when we opened the polished pages, and beheld the art of the decorations. We have always thought that George Cruikshank was quite unrivalled in his way, for surely no son of the brush ever put so much meaning into a few scratches, or told such a world of a story within the miniature compass of a quarter of a page. There is not a single middling engraving in the whole work; and the only difference we can discover in any of them from the others, is that we are sure that the one we are

looking at is always the best. The first course consists of West Country Chronicles, very comic and very natural. In the second course we have some capital Irish tales, redolent of turf and sweet mountain dew, and ornamented past all possibility of being grave, with the broad unadulterated brogue. The third Course and Dessert are made up of some very good pointed stories, full of spirited and comic dialogues. Thus there is really and truly in this very handsome *refectory* of our author, fare for all palates —gratification for all tastes. A capital summer companion this volume would make, either for the bower, the grove, the carriage, or the steam-boat. It is a most unerring *guide* (what cannot be said of all *guides* by the way) to the ancient and delightful city of good humour—a complete itinerary of the kingdom of merriment, and points out with exactness all the stations on the road, where the primest mirth and the most salubrious *spirits* may be had, and that too on the most reasonable terms.

Art. XVI.—*A Guide to the Practical Reading of the Bible.* By William Carpenter, 18mo. London: Holdsworth and Ball.

The author of this very pretty little work is too well known as a biblical scholar, to require that any production of his, connected with the subject to which he has applied himself with so much zeal and ability, should be recommended by us to general attention. The first part of this Guide traces the history of the English translations of the Bible from the earliest moment to the present time. In the second division the author enters into an ample description of those qualifications and dispositions with which it is indispensably necessary that the Christian should be provided who hopes to derive adequate fruit from a perusal of the Holy Scriptures. He then devotes a third part of his work to a dissertation which is at once learned and simple, and, we may add, very conclusive, on the genuineness as well as the authenticity of the Scriptures, two attributes which it ought ever to be remembered were first shewn by Bishop Watson to be essentially distinct from each other. The work is rendered nearly complete by a set of tables and chronological lists that are calculated to save the readers of the Bible a vast deal of trouble, and also to facilitate their understanding of the text. The volume, we have pleasure in saying, may go into the hands of every class of Christians.

Art. XVII.—*A New Topographical Dictionary of Great Britain and Ireland, &c.* By John Gorton. No. 2. London: Chapman and Hall. 1830.

From what we have seen of this work we feel that our anticipations, derived from Mr. Gorton's execution of one of the best,—the best in clearness, in fullness and impartiality,—books of biography in any language, are amply realized. This Dictionary, if it be completed in the spirit in which it has been begun, cannot fail to be estimated as a standard work, a rank which it will, we are sure, amply deserve on account of the proofs of diligence, candour, vigilance, and good taste which it will possess.

Art. XVIII.—*Leigh's Guide to the Lakes and Mountains of Cumberland, Westmoreland and Lancashire; illustrated with a Map of the Country, and Maps of Windermere, &c.* 12mo. pp. 136. London: Leigh.

This pocket volume forms as convenient a guide as we should wish to use, in traversing the charming scenery of the lakes. The maps, which are well executed, exhibit the beauties of Windermere, Derwent Water, Borrowdale, Ullswater, Grasmere, Rydal Water, and Langdale. The letter-press contains a brief and simple description of every thing worth the attention of the tourist, directs him to the best inns, and teaches him how he may make the best use of his leisure. An agreeable route is given from London to Lancaster, and thence to the lakes. An index leads us at once to any particular subject connected with the country on which we would desire to be informed. The book is very neatly got up, and considering the number of maps which it contains, it is far from being expensive.

Art. XIX.—*The American New First Class Book.* By John Pierpoint, Boston: and re-edited by E. H. Barker, Esq., of Thetford, Norfolk. 8vo. pp. 471. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1830.

The chief merit of this performance lies in the propriety of its arrangement, for it seems to us that its plan is founded upon a very accurate understanding of the true principles of instruction. The notion that children can be taught to read, simply by following dead rules and advice, is one of the most unfortunate delusions that ever entered into the brain of even a schoolmaster. Yet there are few school books which are not armed with the choicest canons for the promotion of nice articulation, and of due emphasis and sound discretion. Mr. Pierpoint well remarks, that reading can only be taught on the principle of imitation, and that one good reading master is better than a thousand volumes of instruction. Accordingly we have no such impertinences in this book. In his arrangement, the compiler has altogether departed from the beaten track, by adopting a sort of succession in the pieces which he selects, which shall give them the full advantages of variety. We see very great use in this, and the reasons offered by Mr. Pierpoint for the course he has taken, must be recognised the moment they are mentioned. The pieces are principally selected from British authors. They are interspersed with extracts from American writers, which give us a high idea of the state of literature in the new world.

Art. XX.—*The Family Cabinet Atlas, constructed upon an original plan, and engraved on steel.* By Mr. Thomas Starling. No. I., plain 2s. 6d.—coloured 3s. 6d. London: Bull. 1830.

We have had a great deal of beautiful art lately devoted to the illustration of geographical subjects; but the specimen of an Atlas which now lies before us, far surpasses any thing of the kind which we have seen. The size of the work, and the accuracy and elegance of the execution, claim for it all that interest and partiality which we usually bestow on excellence upon a minute scale. The object of chosing this small size, was, we are told, to suit the Atlas to the popular series of libraries which

Dr. Lardner and Mr. Murray are now sending into every family in the empire. But we think that another advantage will be gained by it; for there is no school-boy, or indeed student of any age, who will not be able to carry at least a couple of parts in his pocket, on any excursion which he may engage in; and whether that excursion be for business or pleasure, we will venture to say that there will be few minutes of his time which will not be spent in surveying the attractions of the Atlas. This is the grand secret—to get boys to love their books, and then they will be sure soon to understand them. But the minuteness of which we speak, is not in the least inconsistent with the necessary plainness and distinctness of details. The names of the principal cities and towns of each country, are laid down in the map itself; whilst on the opposite page are arranged in alphabetical order, the towns of less interest, with their latitude and longitude. It is impossible that any sale under the most extensive one, could repay the expenses of such a speculation, considering the very small price of each part. The first number contains maps of the comparative lengths of rivers and heights of mountains; maps of the British Isles and Switzerland, with accompanying tables of places.

Art. XXI.—*The Affairs of the Nation represented to the Duke of Wellington.* By Common Sense. 12mo. pp. 250. London: E. Wilson. 1830.

It is rather a bad omen for the reader who expects to find common sense in this volume, that in the first page which meets his eyes, he beholds in a wood-cut the Duke of Wellington engaged in thrashing, with a flail, the mitre, the crown, and the great charter. In the spirit of this representation the author, in language rather prosy, proceeds quietly to recommend a general subversion of almost every institution in the country. He contends that the church is neither good enough, nor cheap enough; that tithes are an abomination, and that they give support only to a vast number of drones. The universities he looks upon as the dregs of popery, public schools as an absurdity, pauper schools as a farce, and private schools as an imposture. He recommends a plan of education to be sustained and carried into effect at the national expense. Corporations are in this sage writer's eyes, a curse, justices of the peace are a curse, the gentry are a curse,—in short, the whole existing state of men and things is a curse. The reader will not wonder if among the other subjects of this author's reprobation, our systems of law and equity come in for a pretty considerable share of assault and battery.

Extravagant as the suggestions of such a writer are, they do no harm to the country; they will not impede the progress of that spirit of moderate reform which is now extending itself rapidly to all the real abuses of which the community have to complain.

Art. XXII.—*Sweepings of Parnassus, a Collection of Poems; with Essays in Prose on Miscellaneous Subjects.* By Steropes. 12mo. pp. 131. London: Hurst and Co. 1830.

Steropes is a farrier and a wag. He deals in all sorts of topics from the Creation down to a Lord Mayor's dinner. He writes in prose quite as

fluently as in verse, and seems really to think that he is a witty fellow. What will the reader think of the following epigram?

'In England, if two are conversing together,
The subject begins with the state of the weather;
And ever the same both with young and with old,
It is either too hot, or either too cold;
It is either too wet, or either too dry,
The glass is too low, or else 'tis too high:
But if all had their wishes once jumbled together,
The Devil himself could not live in such weather.'—p. 54.

We have a formidable essay upon education, from which it appears that we are forthwith to be 'sacrificed at the shrine of a ruthless democracy, or to bend our necks to that unconstitutional increase of power which will be required to rescue us from the dreadful scourge of anarchy and revolution!' Oh!!

Whatever we may think of the poetry, we cannot deny the justness of the satire contained in the stanzas addressed by the hanging committee, for the exhibition at Somerset House, to a disappointed artist.

'Say, whence this clamour, brother Brush!
Were it not better far to hush
Than thus proclaim your fate?
The sentence past, there's no appeal,
In truth, we care not what you feel,
Your grumbling comes too late.

'E'en from the dead, none need be told,
Your *stealings* are so manifold,
That any common jury,
Such shameful practices to check,
Would hang you straightway by the neck,
In spite of all your fury.

'What if that critic stern, Jack Ketch,
Sub lege, your vile neck should stretch,
Your deeds will come to light;
But we to your connections kind,
And pitying them, your sins to blind,
Have hung you *out of sight*.

'Like brother Jack, why should not we
From government receive a fee
For tying up a sinner:
Then, why complain? for, after all,
The pittance is but mighty small,
A sovereign and a dinner.*

'Peace, then, ye discontented crew!
And let each devil have his due,
We care not for your frown:
For works like yours too plainly tell
That most of you would look as well
If hanging upside down.

Good night, Mr. Steropes,—thou art a most unconscionable rhymester!

* This is allowed to the hanging committee as a compensation for their labour.

Art. XXIII.—1. *Plain Instructions to Executors and Administrators, &c. &c.* By John H. Brady, late of the Legacy Duty Office, Somerset House. Third Edition. 8vo, pp. 205. London: Longman, Rees and Co. 1830.

2. *The Executor's Account Book: exhibiting a safe and easy method of keeping Executorship Accounts.* By John H. Brady, late of the Legacy Duty Office. 4to.

The public is greatly indebted to Mr. Brady for being the first to make the complicated laws relating to some of the most necessary and ordinary transactions of life, familiarly intelligible to the most moderate capacity, insomuch that no one in these realms can now plead an ignorance of them. The work, of which we are happy to find a third edition has been already called for, is eminently calculated to enable all persons fully to appreciate the nature of the duties, and the extent of the responsibility which they contract, when appointed to the office either of executor or administrator. The present edition is enriched by a supplement which contains the words of a supposed will, so arranged as to present the forms of bequeathing forty different legacies, as contemplated by the Legacy Act. These various bequests are next analysed, in immediate reference to the corresponding clauses of the Legacy Act; and a series of forms, most valuable, we think, to all executors, is subjoined, by which they are enabled at once to go to Somerset House for the payment of the duty, without that risk of losing time, and that certainty almost of doing something wrong, to which this class of persons is so much exposed.

As a very useful, and after seeing it, what we now deem to be an indispensable, adjunct to the first of these works, Mr. Brady has produced the Account Book. We know of no obligation which involves men in more embarrassment than that of an executor. Persons who undertake that office, very commonly enter upon it with a very inadequate notion of the trouble and responsibility which are entailed upon them; and it is but too often their practice to neglect the accounts connected with this duty, until either themselves, or their own executors are awakened into alarm by some perplexity arising from that neglect. We need not say how essential are the qualities of assiduity and precision to an executor, who has to manage any extent of property; and as, in almost all cases, the individual acting in that capacity is selected for his integrity and friendship to the family of the testator, perhaps he will feel it much more incumbent on him than ever to observe the minutest accuracy in his accounts. We do not think that it would be possible to prescribe a plan more simple and practicable, for attaining this desirable end, than this here laid down. We have not a moment's hesitation in saying, that were we intrusted with the sacred office of executor to-morrow, we should repose most confidently and exclusively on the assistance which is afforded in these works.

Art. XXIV.—*Why and Because: being a Collection of Questions and Answers on subjects relating to Air, Water, Light, and Fire.* Altered from the French. By W. S. Kenny. 12mo. pp. 60.

The French are the happiest nation in the world at striking out new and expeditious modes of doing what other people are very long and lazy about

executing. Nothing seems more obvious now that the plan of this work is explained, than the advantage which must be derived from it. We all know very well that every moment of our lives we are witnesses of the performance of wonders, which from custom we do not admire, but which, if we were called upon to account for, we would be totally unable to explain. The present little work takes up a number of these familiar subjects of daily contemplation, and by asking questions upon them, it at once arrests our attention, and by its answers gratifies our curiosity. The effect of this book will be far more important, we should hope, than that of giving a mere smattering of information on a variety of subjects. We greatly mistake if it do not carry conviction to the minds of the majority who read it, that a knowledge of science is equally accessible, as it is ornamental to every man.

Art. XXV.—*Leigh's New Picture of London.*—New Edition. 1830

This work approximates with a surprising degree of rapidity to the goal of perfection; and as it is, contains an almost incredible quantity of information, both useful and curious, touching this modern Babylon of ours. We shall not be doing any injury, we trust, if by pointing out an error, we give the opportunity for its removal in succeeding editions. The only one we think it necessary to remark on, is that which is to be found at p. 318, under the title of Medical Lectures. The various schools of surgery are accurately enumerated, but the lectures at each are made to vary much. The fact is, that at each school, lectures on the same subjects are given, and the branches which are here divided amongst several establishments, are, in reality, attended to equally in all.

Art. XXVI.—*A Call on Women of All Ranks, in the British Empire, on the subject of the National Debt.* 8vo. pp. 62. London: Smith and Elder. 1830.

We have the most unfeigned respect for the ladies, and we have accordingly paid the profoundest attention to this pamphlet, which purports to come from one of them, who, to general claims on our courtesy, unites those that spring from the patriarchal age of seventy years. But ladies, we fear even at seventy, will do best by remaining at the knitting-needle; for it does not happen that they vary their occupations, either usefully to the world in general, or creditably to themselves, when they interfere with what are more properly the concerns of the other sex. The last time we met the ladies in public, was upon the occasion of a monument to the Duke of Wellington—and to be sure they made sad work of it—teste Achille. As to the proposition contained in this pamphlet, that ladies should leave off for a season their routs and recreations, in order to be able to make up a "huge benevolence," to pay off the National Debt, we should expect them to do that, just as soon we should hope, that from the savings of their abstinence, the debt would be paid off at this side of the day of judgment.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

THE number of the *Edinburgh Review* last published, contains an exposition of the pretensions of Robert Montgomery to the reputation of a poet, and of the arts to which that gentleman is indebted for his popularity, such as cannot fail to assist materially in putting an end to one of the most striking literary impostures, that has come within our knowledge. Our cotemporary has exceedingly gratified us by the promise of his assistance in abating the terrible nuisance of puffery, and we trust, that all respectable literary men will make an united effort to rescue our literature out of the hands of quacks and brokers. Speaking of the Poem called "Satan," the Edinburgh Review candidly says,—"This poem was ushered into the world with the usual roar of acclamation. But the thing was now past a joke. Pretensions so unfounded, so impudent, and so successful, had aroused a spirit of resistance. In several magazines and reviews, accordingly, Satan has been handled somewhat roughly, and the arts of the puffers have been exposed with good sense and spirit."

On the 14th ultimo, a case of hydrophobia was treated in St. Thomas's Hospital, in the Borough. The patient was a boy of sixteen years of age, and the bite is supposed to have been inflicted several months ago. The plant called *Guaco*, of which we gave some account in our last, was tried in this case, but, although it effected a striking change for the moment, it produced no permanent benefit, as the boy died in less than thirty-six hours.

At page 209 of Mr. Moore's life of Lord Byron, vol. i., occurs an account of an affair which took place between Lord Byron and Col. Carey, at Malta, in the year 1809. Since the publication of the volume, Mr. Moore has been satisfied that he has fallen into an entire misconception of the circumstances connected with that affair; and having written a letter to that effect to Colonel Carey, he wishes that the utmost publicity should be given to his retraction.

The summer exhibition at the British Institution just opened, consists entirely of the works of the late president, Sir Thomas Lawrence; a distinction which is worthy of that great master's fame, as it is creditable to those who confer it.

The council of the University of London have come to the resolution of granting a diploma in medicine. This Diploma will enable the person who gains it, to put five capital letters after his name, signifying "Master of Medicine and Surgery in the University of London." We may state, also, that Mr. Hume, with that consistency of principle which covers a multitude of errors, has withdrawn from the council of this University. "The wide difference," the honourable member says, "of opinion between the majority of the council and myself, as to the expenses of the University, is the cause of my withdrawing, as I am unwilling to appear to sanction measures which, if persevered in, will, I fear, *bring ruin upon the institution.*"

Mr. Godwin, the author of Cloudesley, began his career as a Dissenting Clergyman, and published a volume of sermons at an early age.

Stettin Wool Fair commences on the 14th instant, and that of Berlin on the 19th.

The lovers of good fires need not be apprehensive that those capital materials, the northern coals, for preserving the temperature of the animal frame, will soon be exhausted. The Durham and Northumberland coal fields alone, it is calculated, contain no less than *six thousand millions of tons of coals!* or about as much as will do, according to the present average consumption, for the next *seventeen hundred and twenty-seven years.*

A paper of great importance and interest was read on Thursday night last before the Royal Society, Somerset House, at one of the most crowded meetings of the season. The paper was on the subject of *Lithotrity*, the new and singularly humane substitute which modern science has invented for one of the most terrific operations of surgery. Mr. Costello, the author of the paper, gave a history and description of Lithotrity, which had the advantage of being illustrated by facts from his own experience and that of the celebrated master whom he so long assisted in Paris, Dr. Civiale.

A weekly journal in the French language has just made its appearance in London. It is entitled, "L' Independant," and comprehends every subject which properly belongs to a newspaper.

A premium of from twenty, to one hundred sovereigns, has been offered by the Oriental Translation Committee, to any person who can point out a translation in the Arabic or any other Oriental language of a "lost" Greek or Latin Work, which the Committee may be able to obtain for a translation.

Niebuhr, the celebrated historian of ancient Rome, has replaced the commencement of the second part of his great work, which had been destroyed in the conflagration of his study at Bonn. He promises that the whole of the volume in hand shall certainly appear before next winter.

The meetings of the Scientific Bodies of London, in June, are as follows:—Royal, 10—11; Antiquaries, 10—17; Linnean, 1—15; Zoological, 3; Horticultural, 1—15; Medico Botanical, 8; of Arts, 2—9; of Literature, 2—16; Geological, 4—18; Astronomical, 11; Royal Asiatic, 7—19; Royal Institution, 4—11.

A New Weekly Paper, to be called the *Chat of the Week*, is to appear shortly.

A Society, resembling that for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in this country, has just been organized in Paris. We venture to predict the complete success of the Association, for it luckily happens in France, that when men set about doing good to their fellow creatures, they never think of their own interests, or the interests of their party.

In the "Revue Encyclopædique," we observe a favourable notice of Cloudesly, no inconsiderable portion of which is a literal translation of our article on the same novel. Now, as we never gave out as our own, any translation from Madame Belloc, the contributor to the Revue who has paid us the compliment, we respectfully hope she will not again publish as hers what, in reality, is our property, at least without acknowledgment.

Charles Lamb, the author of Essays by Elia, is preparing a volume for publication, under the title of "Album-Verses."

The President of the Royal Society of Literature, for the year commencing 29th April, is the Bishop of Salisbury. The *Council* is composed of the following personages:—Lord Clarendon—Sir T. Phillips—Messrs. Baber, Caley, Cattermole, Clissold, D'Oyley, Hamilton, Impey, Jacob, Jerdan, Leake, Petet, Pollock, Tooke, Vere.—Treasurer, A. E. Impey.—Librarian, Rev. H. H. Baber.—Secretary, Rev. H. Cattermole.

A new Society, to be called "The London Geographical Institution," is forthwith to be established. Its object is to be the same with that of Paris:—namely, to collect and register all the useful facts, comprehended under the divisions—physical and political geography. How is it that all societies in London begin in jobbing, continue in jobbing, and end in jobbing? We hope this new Association will be an exception to the rest.

The Paris Geographical Society has offered a gold medal, of the value of nearly one hundred pounds, for the most faithful description of the ruins of Santo Domingo Palanque, near the river Micol, in the ancient kingdom of Guatemala, in Latin if possible, but articles written in English, Italian, Spanish, or Portuguese, will be accepted.

Proposals are now before the public for editing, by subscription, the Wycliffite Versions of the Old Testament, which are said to contain copious and satisfactory illustrations of the formation and progress of the language of our forefathers.

On the 12th ult. the Anniversary Dinner of the Literary Fund Charity, was held, when above 500*l.* was announced as the amount of the subscription. In the seven years preceding 1822, 239 persons were relieved at an expense of 2,294*l.*; in the seven years subsequent to 1822, 408 were relieved at an expense of 6,160*l.*

On the 25th ult. a motion was made in the House of Commons, by Mr. Lennard, the object of which was to do away with the office of Licenser of the Drama. The honourable gentleman mentioned several ridiculous instances of the Licenser's (Mr. Colman's) interference. In one case he objects to the character of a Captain Rakeall, because of its tendency to bring an honourable profession into contempt—in another, he prohibits the expression "merciful power," because he says, if the words do not allude to a different power from that of God, they ought to be omitted! Into the mouth of a chambermaid, in a farce, these words were proposed to be put by the author, "my mistress' dressing-case is likely to join in wedlock with my master's arm chair." This was too shocking, and Mr. Colman struck it out. A play was sent in to the Licenser, in which a regent was made to complain of the "tediousness of Royalty." The loyalty of the Inquisitor was instantly up in arms against such a republican insinuation, and he put his oblivious pen on the obnoxious words. The recital of these imbecilities of the Licenser provoked the grave assembly to indescribable laughter. The motion was not persevered in, as it seemed to be the general impression, that the office of Licenser was the chief cause why our stage was so completely disconnected, as it certainly is, with party and political feeling. Still it is a significant commentary on the manner in which that office has, of late, been administered, that the only time it was ever thought to be a nuisance, was that during which it was occupied by Mr. Colman.

A statue of the late Lord Erskine, from the chisel of Westmacott, has been lately placed in Lincoln's Inn Hall, at the expense of the Benchers.

Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper office, is about to publish, under the sanction of the Commissioners for the publication of State Papers, some very interesting documents connected with the reign of Henry the 8th.

A Society of Hunters has been formed in Sweden, the principal object of which is to collect facts respecting the habits and peculiarities of animals of chase.

The number of boys at Eton School, at different periods, during the last thirty years, has been as follows:—

	Upper Boys.	Lower Boys, or Fags.
1798	236	168
1799	224	153
1814	286	264
1817	228	249
1820	280	248
1829	293	319

Thus thirty years ago there were twenty-two masters to every fifteen fags; in 1829 there were only twenty-nine masters to every thirty-two fags.

Mr. Montgomery, author of the Pelican Island, and other poems, but more extensively known as late editor of a Sheffield paper, is now delivering, at the Royal Institution, a series of lectures comprising a retrospect of the history of literature, from the earliest data to the end of the twelfth century; and a view of modern English literature. This series is to consist of four lectures; and what is the fee, does the reader imagine, that Mr. Montgomery's modest estimate of his own transcendant merit, allows him to ask of the public in general per head? Why two excellent guineas. Sir Astley Cooper never received more than eighteen pence a lecture. The first scientific men of the day lecture on similar terms. We should not, after all, be a bit surprised that Mr. Montgomery had a crowded audience.

In the Press.—A Grammar, of the Turkish Language, dedicated to the Sultan by permission. By Arthur Lumley Davids.—The Pyramids, a Poem. By Mr. Johns.—A Biographic sketch of Mrs. Jordan, the famous Actress.—A Letter to the Bishop of London, on his recent Letter, by the reputed author of the "Reproof of Brutus."—A second edition, with many additions, of Mr. Nicholas's very curious and elaborate History of the Battle of Agincourt.—The *Real* Devil's Walk, embellished by numerous engravings from designs by R. Cruikshank.—An accurate account of the Proceedings in the prosecution of Dr. Edward Drax Free. To be published by subscription at £1., and the profits to be given to charity.—Satanic Records, or Autobiography of a Nobleman.—The Drama of Nature, by Mr. Burton.—Robert Montgomery and his Reviewers.—Cities and Towns of the world.

Dr. Wiseman, an Englishman, and President of the English College at Rome, is engaged in the translation of a curious Syriac MSS., found in the Vatican.

Messrs. Colburn and Bentley have announced several series of works, on the plan of the Family Library.—The various apparatus, we are informed, are in a state of perfect repair, for blowing one long, and strong puff, by which these would be family concerns, are to be elevated into the third heaven.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

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OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR JULY.

No. LIX.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1830.

ART. I.—*The Life of Richard Bentley, D.D., Master of Trinity College, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge; with an account of his writings, and Anecdotes of many distinguished characters, during the period in which he flourished.* By James Henry Monk, D.D., Dean of Peterborough. 4to. pp. 751. London: Rivingtons; and Deightons, Cambridge. 1830.

A LIFE of Dr. Bentley was, undoubtedly, a great desideratum in English literature. Though a daring, and sometimes a speculative emendator, he was, perhaps, one of the first classical critics that has yet appeared in this country. Whenever his name is mentioned, it reminds us of the unwearied industry, the singular acuteness, and the unrivalled ability with which he investigated almost every question which attracted his attention. His correspondence with some of the most celebrated men of his age would alone have transmitted his reputation for learning to posterity. His commentary, we mean of course the enlarged edition, upon the spurious letters of Phalaris, which were capable of deceiving Sir William Temple, and some of the most celebrated scholars of the day, is a model of profound criticism, and as such will be consulted and followed whenever a similar imposition shall be attempted to be practised on the public. Scarcely inferior to this are the remarks on the fables, popularly attributed to Æsop, which Sir W. Temple had also the misfortune of classing among the most genuine remains of antiquity.

When we say that the life of such an illustrious critic as Dr. Bentley was a work much to be desired, we regret to be obliged to add that the Dean of Peterborough has not succeeded in supplying it. He has, indeed, produced a very thick quarto volume, neatly printed, and furnished with a suitable Appendix and Index, and a glowing Dedication to the Bishop of London. But the mind of a master does not pervade it. A great abundance of materials lay before the Biographer, from which he has selected as much as suited his purpose; but he has put them together merely by way

of abridgment, sometimes without digesting them, and always without enriching them with any knowledge, or ray of talent, derived from his own resources. It is the work of a mere mechanist of the press, whereas a much more brilliant production was expected, and not without reason, from the hands of the Dean of Peterborough.

In one respect the Biographer deserves praise. Although in his dedication he shews that he is not unacquainted with the language of adulation, he certainly is not the flatterer of Dr. Bentley. Most writers in this class of composition seem to imagine it to be their duty, when they select the career of a scholar or a soldier for their theme, to invest him with every attribute of a hero, and to prove him more free from faults than the common lot of humanity justifies. Dr. Monk, on the contrary, pourtrays the celebrated master of Trinity just as he was. He sets down nothing in malice; neither does he extenuate any charge which was clearly proved against the great critic, for charges there were in sufficient number to break down a man of ordinary mettle. The life is every where most impartially written, without any apparent leaning to any of the various characters who figure in it. So far Dr. Monk is deserving of all praise.

But when we come to look at the moral of the story, we find the utility of such a work as this, speaking in a general sense, exceedingly doubtful. It will be read with intense interest by every man acquainted with the Universities, because they are versed in the local feelings and traditions to which there are allusions in every page. But those readers who have been bred at Cambridge will have just reason to blush, and those who have pursued their studies elsewhere, will have as just reason to be scandalized, when they reflect upon the picture of cloistered life which this volume exhibits. A great deal has been said, from time to time, of the monastic establishments which formerly existed in England, and still are to be found in many parts of the continent; of the vices of which their inhabitants were guilty, and of the disgrace which they brought upon religion. We venture to say, that there does not appear in the genuine annals of any one of those institutions, a darker or a more disgusting picture than the history of Trinity College alone exhibits during nearly the whole period of Bentley's presidency. Envy, insatiable malice, intriguing and wicked revenge, avarice, calumny, hatred, almost every passion that is most hostile to the spirit of Christianity, every example that is most detrimental to youthful morals rises here, and passes in succession before us, like so many evil forms summoned from the realms of the condemned. It is not a sudden or temporary ebullition of anger, that swells up and then disappears in the feelings of generosity and forgiveness. The thirst of sordid gain, shameless in its excess, the intensity of opposition pursued for years with increasing eagerness, and pursued, not for an object of justice, but through sheer malig-

nity, the hypocrisy of profession, the endeavour to shield crime under the protection of apparent sanctity and devotion to sacred pursuits, meet us on so many occasions, that we are often compelled to ask, were those men divines of the church of England? Were they Atheists, or Pagans, who were ignorant of, or despised, the rules of Christianity? Were they the teachers or the corrupters of youth? Talk of religion! Where was the religion of Cambridge, what was it, during the mastership of Bentley? The details of his career too plainly answer that question.

Hitherto, it must be acknowledged, those details have been given in a very imperfect form. The article which appeared in the Biographia Britannica in 1748, was, for a long time, the only store-house from which the notices of Bentley's life were derived. Dr. Monk has gone at large into the subject. Soon after it began to engage his attention, 'two unexpected and important sources of information presented themselves: first, the collection of Bentley's correspondence with the greatest scholars of his time, for about half a century, was discovered in Trinity Lodge, at the death of the late master, along with several other papers of great importance in his history. Secondly, the manuscripts of Dr. Colbatch, and others of Bentley's prosecutors, having been carefully preserved by two or three successive possessors, at length fell into the hands of an attorney at Cambridge, and on his death were sold by his son, along with his books, to a small second-hand book-shop: at that moment, when in the last stage of its journey to the grocer's or pastry cook's, the whole collection was accidentally seen and rescued from its fate by two members of Trinity College. This large mass of papers comprehends the correspondence of Colbatch with many distinguished characters, of which the letters of Conyers Middleton, relative to his quarrels with Bentley, form an interesting part; and the various controversies which agitated the University of Cambridge and Trinity College for nearly thirty years, are here elucidated by the most satisfactory authorities—the records of different courts, briefs for counsel, and the evidence of witnesses on the opposite sides.' Dr. Monk has also derived materials from other unpublished sources of information, especially from manuscript journals kept by several individuals who, for their own purposes, kept very exact records of events in which Bentley was concerned during some of the most interesting periods of his life.

Bentley's family was of the higher description of English yeomen. He was born on the 27th of January, 1661-62, at Oulton, a village not far from Wakefield, in Yorkshire. His mother was the daughter of a stonemason, a circumstance of which no man need be ashamed, especially no scholar who raises himself above his original station in society by his industry and talents. It is mentioned, much to the credit of this good woman, that she was the first to teach her son the Latin Acci-

dence. He seems to have gone through the usual rudiments of education at a day school near Oulton, and afterwards at the grammar school of Wakefield with so much reputation, that his grandfather, who was partial to him, resolved to send him at a very early period of his life to the University. He was only fourteen years old when he was admitted a subsizar of St. John's College, Cambridge. Among his contemporaries was one, however, who was admitted at a still earlier age—William Wotton, a juvenile prodigy, who, when he entered the University, was a mere child. His name is recorded in Catherine Hall, "Gulielmus Wotton, infra decem annos, nec Hammondo nec Grotio secundus." That a boy of scarcely ten years should be considered as not inferior to Hammond or Grotius, it is difficult to believe. It seems, however, to be a well ascertained fact, that 'at six years of age he was able to read and translate Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; to which, at seven, he added some knowledge of the Arabic and Syriac.' It is added, that when Wotton proceeded Bachelor of Arts, he was acquainted with twelve languages. With this surprising scholar, who in after life maintained a high reputation, Bentley kept up an uninterrupted friendship.

Such was the opinion entertained of Bentley's acquirements, after residing for six years at his college, that he was appointed head master of Spalding school in Lincolnshire, a situation which, however, he filled only for twelve months, when he accepted the office of domestic tutor to the son of Dr. Edward Stillingfleet, Dean of St. Paul's, a man of great learning, and the most amiable disposition. In the dean's family young Bentley was at once placed in the high road to preferment. He enjoyed the opportunity of seeing and conversing with most of the leading characters of the day, and had at his command one of the best private libraries in the world. Here, it is understood, he chiefly amassed that wonderful fund of knowledge which is exhibited in his earlier publications. Theology and the Oriental languages principally engaged his attention; nevertheless his favourite pursuits at that, as well as every other period of his life, were the classical authors. From the commencement of his studies, he was in the habit of noting in the margins of his books, such suggestions as occurred to him in reading them—a habit to which we owe the copiousness and variety of his criticisms in this line.

Although Bentley, from an early period, looked forward to the church as his profession, yet in consequence, perhaps, of the unsettled state of the times, he did not receive orders until some years after the usual age. He was not ordained deacon until March, 1689-90. A residence at Oxford, as the private tutor of young Stillingfleet, enabled him to become acquainted with the manuscript treasures of that University. The work on which he appears first to have set his mind, was a complete collection of the Fragments of the Greek Poets. For some reasons, however, which do

not appear, he abandoned this design. It was next proposed to him to publish all the Greek Lexicographers; a scheme that merged in another for a new edition of the Lexicon of Hesychius, in which, besides reducing the work to order, he made no fewer than five thousand corrections. It was while he was engaged in this undertaking that his attention was accidentally drawn to the subject 'which actually established his first unrivalled fame as a critic.' Among the numerous chronicles drawn up by the early Christian writers of the history of the world, from Adam to their own time, was a Greek historical work, compiled in the beginning of the ninth century, by Joannes Malela Antiochenus. A copy of this work existed in the Bodleian library, and after having been revised and illustrated by Gregory, a man of great learning in the time of Charles I., by Chilmead, the compiler of the catalogue of the Bodleian manuscripts, by Mill and Hody, was about to be printed, when it came under the notice of Bentley. The real value of these old chronicles consists in those portions of them which are founded on passages taken from the older writings that have perished. Here was full scope given for the display of Bentley's learning; 'the passages selected to be the subjects of his remarks, consisted either of verses reduced by the compiler to his own prose, which Bentley restores with equal learning and cleverness; or of allusions to the poets, particularly the Attic dramatists.' These remarks he embodied in a letter to Dr. Mill, which was published in 1691, and immediately obtained for him a rank in the scholastic world, equal to that of Scaliger and Casaubon. A curious controversy arose between him and Hody, as to whether the chronicler's name ought to be Malelas or Malela. The question was sharply contested between the parties. Bentley very satisfactorily shewed that Malelas was the proper name; but the offence of being beaten on such a topic by so young a critic, was never forgiven by Hody, who accused his antagonist of arrogance and bitterness of style.

The attention of Bentley to the classics was for a while interrupted by his appointment to the Boyle Lectureship, in 1692, the duties of which consisted in a defence of the Christian religion against infidels. In the discharge of this office he fully answered the expectations of his patrons. The progress which had then been made by the doctrines of Hobbes and Spinoza, rendered his exertions at once useful and conspicuous. He had the honour upon this occasion of making known, in a popular form, the sublime discoveries of Newton, which had been published for six years without attracting much attention. The great astronomer also rendered material assistance to the lecturer, as may be seen from his four letters on the subject, addressed to Bentley, which were published in 1756, and reviewed by Dr. Johnson, in the first volume (p. 89) of the "Literary Magazine."

The fame which Bentley had now acquired, as a critic and a lecturer, was followed by its usual attendant, envy. He had

already, it seems, made abundance of enemies, the number of whom was not diminished by his conversation and demeanour; in which, says our author, 'a certain haughtiness was discoverable.' He adds, 'there is a traditional anecdote, current during his lifetime, which, whatever be its foundation, shows the opinion prevalent on this subject. It is, that a nobleman, dining at his patron's, and happening to sit next to Bentley, was so much struck with his information and powers of argument, that he remarked to the bishop after dinner, "My lord, that chaplain of your's is certainly a very extraordinary man." "Yes," said Stillingfleet, "had he but the gift of humility, he would be the most extraordinary man in Europe."

Bentley's dispute with the famous Joshua Barnes, though a trifling one, and really conducted upon his side with courtesy and good humour, shews how rudely the controversies of that period were sometimes carried on. Bentley expressed no more than a doubt as to the authenticity of six epistles attributed to Euripides, and which Barnes incorporated in his edition of the works of that poet. Joshua, who was the most unfortunate and universal of editors, hurt by the objections of the great critic, declared that to doubt the letters being the genuine work of Euripides, was "a proof of impudence or want of judgment," *perfricta frontis, aut judicii imminuti.*

It is matter of regret that the Boyles' lectures, delivered by Bentley, have never been published. They have been much praised for vigour of style and cogency of argument. Dr. Monk does not even know what has become of the manuscripts. We hope that they have not been sacrificed to the grocer.

Towards the close of 1693, Bentley was appointed Prebendary of Worcester and keeper of the royal library at St. James's. Shortly after this period he was engaged in the celebrated controversy upon the fables of Æsop and the epistles of Phalaris, which had its origin in a dissertation, prefixed by Fontenelle, the agreeable author of the "Plurality of Worlds," to his pastoral poetry. In that essay, he maintained that, in point of genius, the modern were infinitely superior to the ancient authors. A proposition so bold attracted the attention of most men of taste and accomplished education of that day, and among the rest, of Sir William Temple, who had been for some time living in dignified retirement from public life, of which he was so long the ornament. It was this elegant scholar's misfortune to write an answer to Fontenelle's argument. He endeavoured to shew that "the oldest books extant were still the best in their kind," and in proof of his position he particularly referred to the "most ancient prose books written by profane authors," the fables of Æsop and the epistles of Phalaris. Bentley, though not agreeing in Fontenelle's view of the original question, completely disproved this part of Sir William's argument by demonstrating, from their chronology, their

language and matter, that the epistles attributed to the Tyrant of Syracuse were spurious; and that the collection of fables, ascribed to Æsop, in fact originated with Babrius, a Greek poet, from whose verses they were transferred to prose by Maximus Planudes, a monk. This discovery, however, Bentley owed to Neveletus, who, in the year 1610, printed 136 of the fables from a manuscript in the Heidelberg library. The essay upon Phalaris is one of the most admirable pieces in the whole range of criticism. It overflows with learning, and is at the same time written in a very animated and engaging style. Besides answering Sir William Temple, it was directed pointedly against a new edition of those epistles, which was published by the Hon. Charles Boyle, under the auspices of the Dean of Christ Church. Hence, as soon as the essay appeared, it threw the whole community of Oxford into a ferment. A coterie, consisting of Atterbury (Pope's Atterbury), George Smalridge, and three or four others, was immediately formed, for the purpose of defending the labours of the patrician; and it is a curious, and by no means a creditable token of the spirit which prevailed in Oxford at the time, that these controversialists resolved not only to attack Bentley's production, but also 'to hold up every part of his conduct and character to ridicule and odium; to dispute his honesty and veracity as well as his learning, and, by representing him as a model of pedantry, conceit and ill-manners, to raise such an outcry as should drive him off the literary stage for ever.'

'Accordingly,' adds the Biographer, 'every circumstance which could be discovered respecting his life and conversation, every trivial anecdote, however unconnected with the controversy, was caught up, and made a topic, either of censure or ridicule. In short, the obnoxious scholar, whose only strength they supposed to be his learning, was to be borne down by the weight of a combined attack upon his literary, moral, and personal character.

'The principal share in the undertaking fell to the lot of Atterbury; this was suspected at the time, and has been since placed beyond all doubt by the publication of a letter of his to Boyle, in which he mentions, that in writing more than half the book, in reviewing a good part of the rest, and in transcribing the whole, half a year of his life had passed away.' The main part of the discussion upon Phalaris is from his pen: that upon Æsop was believed to be written by John Friend: and he was probably assisted in it by Alsop, who was at that very time engaged on an edition of the Fables. But the respective shares cannot be fixed with certainty; nor is this a matter of importance, since Atterbury, by his own confession, made him responsible for the faults of the whole. In point of classical learning, the joint-stock of the confederacy bore no proportion to that of Bentley, their acquaintance with several of the books upon which they comment, appears only to have begun upon this occasion; and sometimes they are indebted for their knowledge of them to their adversary: compared with his boundless erudition, their learning was that of school-boys, and not always sufficient to preserve them from distressing mistakes. But profound literature was at that period confined to few; while wit and raillery found

numerous and eager readers. It may be doubted whether Busby himself, by whom every one of the confederated band had been educated, possessed knowledge which would have qualified him to enter the lists in such a controversy. Besides, they had undertaken to maintain an untenable position: for, though opinions might differ upon parts of Bentley's performance, yet the assertion that *all* his arguments had failed to invalidate the credit of Phalaris's Epistles, was one which committed their characters both for scholarship and for judgment. Nevertheless, the confidence of wit and talent, joined with great *esprit de corps*, carried them forward; and high were their anticipations of vengeance to be executed upon the presumptuous critic.'—pp. 68, 69.

Sir William Temple also entered the lists against Bentley, but he left the young men to bear the brunt of the battle. Sir William had another powerful auxiliary in Swift, who was then living with him at Moor Park, and who inserted in his "Tale of a Tub," his first attack upon Bentley, which was shewn about in manuscript, though, for some unknown reason, not published for several years after.

The production of the confederate wits, called "Boyle's Examination," or "Boyle against Bentley," appeared in 1698. It is a book of about 300 pages, and although it obtained at the time a most extravagant degree of popularity, it has been long since forgotten. It is nevertheless 'a specimen of great cleverness and adroitness, shown in encountering logic and erudition with the weapons of sophistry: the style is elegant and scholar-like, and a vein of well-sustained humour and lively raillery runs through the whole performance.' In other respects, however, it is written in a manner that no gentleman would now venture to imitate. Charges are made of a personal nature against Bentley, sometimes upon slight grounds perverted and exaggerated, and frequently upon no grounds at all. The best part of the work is a jeu d'esprit attributed to Smalridge, on the authority of Dr. Salter, though Warburton says, upon the authority of Pope, who might have learned the fact from Atterbury, that it was the composition of "Dr. King, of the Commons." 'It supposes some critic to argue at the distance of several centuries, "should it be then in existence," that the Dissertation on Phalaris cannot be the production of Dr. Bentley, the library keeper of the king; and the author dexterously contrives to adopt every word and phrase of the Doctor's charged as being pedantic, or ill-mannered: the gravity with which Bentley's own language is copied in the parody, and he is thus made to argue against himself, becomes irresistibly laughable.' This work brought down upon Bentley's devoted head almost all the leading writers of the day, who took every opportunity that lay in their power to attack him. Dr. Garth introduced into his poem, "The Dispensary," the following simile:—

> "So diamonds take a lustre from their foil,
> "And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle."

In a collection of Latin verses, printed at Oxford, his labours are described as

"Anglo-Græco-Latino-crepundia Bentleiana,"

Bentleyan English-Greek-Latin rattles—and 'at Cambridge a caricature was exhibited of Phalaris putting the unfortunate critic into his brazen bull; and as it was thought that a member of St. John's College could not properly make his exit without a pun, he was represented saying, "I had rather be roasted than *Boyled*." But it may be said, that both these kinds of torment were inflicted upon him in Swift's "Battle of the Books,"—an effusion of wit and satire which will live as long as our language. To the substantial parts of these, and a variety of other attacks, Bentley replied in due season, and it is now admitted, we believe on all hands, that he came out of the controversy completely triumphant, although the nick-name of Bentivoglio, given to him by Dr. King in his "Dialogues of the Dead," stuck to him until the day of his death.

Hitherto we have seen the great critic on the better side of his character, indefatigable in his pursuits, and bearing down all opposition by the strength of his writings and the profusion of his learning. We are soon to behold him more studious indeed, and more learned than ever, but mingling with his labours the duties of an office which brought upon him all sorts of disgrace, turmoil, and unhappiness. It was his great misfortune to have been appointed Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1700,—a period when the discipline of the College appears to have been, from a variety of causes, greatly relaxed. It was hoped that a superior, possessed of such a mind as Bentley, would be likely to restore the Institution to its former regularity and eminence. His nomination, however, was highly unpopular. He had been educated in a different college, had long ceased to have any connection with Cambridge, and was wholly unacquainted with the feelings of the body placed under his government. The Fellows he held in utter contempt, and from the commencement of his reign, he appears to have looked upon his office merely as a source of income, and as 'a step in the ladder of advancement.' His first act was to cheat his predecessor of the sum of 170*l.*, which actually belonged to Dr. Montague: at the same time he defrauded the society of another sum of 110*l.* These were matters sufficient to create a mass of prejudice against any man. He next set about repairing his house, at an expense of about 1600*l.*, which came out of the College funds, though it would seem that the original estimate of the alterations did not amount to a fifth of that amount. Although there really was no extravagance chargeable to Bentley on this occasion, yet the mode in which the college was, as it were, inveigled into the transaction, caused loud and bitter complaint. In consequence of the absurd custom of the University, he was chosen Vice-Chancellor, 'as the senior in degree among the Heads of

Colleges who had not served that office.' He was thus called to the management of its revenues, business, and discipline, at a period when he was wholly unacquainted with its affairs. Promotion now thickened upon him, for in the middle of the year 1701, we find him collated to the Archdeaconry of Ely, a dignity which, besides being endowed with two livings, gave him a seat in the Lower House of the Convocation. As long as the synod was allowed to sit, he attended it and took a share in the debates, though with what success is not recorded.

It must be admitted, that during the first five years of his mastership, Bentley introduced several reformations of a most useful character. But here again he erred in the mode of effecting his object. He proceeded upon his own authority, whereas the statutes required that he should act with the approbation of the eight seniors. He also took it upon himself to pronounce sentence of expulsion against a student, doubtless for a sufficient cause, but in a manner not warranted by the statutes, which ordain that 'no member of the college shall be expelled, except after a full hearing of the case, by the voices of the master, and at least five of the eight senior 'Fellows.' He further offended the seniority deeply, by bringing a charge against them of having robbed the Library funds to the amount of about 360*l.*, which he caused to be restored and expended in the purchase of books. Further, the Master introduced several new measures, and revived obsolete laws, in the same despotic way, and before he was five years in office, he was the most unpopular chief whom Trinity had ever known. He was said, moreover, to be penurious, a charge founded upon his inattention to the hospitable customs of his predecessors.

At length the Master came to open war with the Fellows. The reparations of the lodge were the immediate cause of the hostilities, though many other grounds of complaint were not wanted. The seniors not only protested against the expence, but forbade the workmen to proceed. The Master reminded them of his great powers which might be used to their annoyance, and at length actually bullied them into a vote for the payment of the money.

The first intervals of leisure which his new cares allowed him, were dedicated by Bentley to the classical authors, of whose works he intended to prepare new editions for the use of the students of his college. He commenced this scheme with his celebrated Horace, the most audacious specimen of emendation, perhaps, that ever was committed to the press. It was not finally completed untill 1711. Dr. Monk's observations upon it will be approved by every scholar.

'A remarkable feature in the Preface is, that Bentley expresses his regret for more than twenty of his emendations. But he compliments himself too profusely for his candour in this voluntary confession of error; and the self-condemnation of so many of his alterations was not a favourable omen of the reception which the reformed text would experience.

'This publication had been long and anxiously expected; and its appearance excited much sensation and surprise, There was found between seven and eight hundred alterations of the common readings of Horace; all of which, contrary to the general practice of classical editors, were introduced into the text. Scholars having been familiar from their childhood with the works of this poet, were unwilling to believe that they had been all their lives mistaken in those passages which had afforded them unceasing gratification. Many, indeed, of Bentley's readings are those of old editions and manuscripts; but the greatest part are the fruit of his own conjecture, supported by arguments always plausible and ingenious, and not unfrequently convincing. A person, who at first rejects his correction and declares a preference for the old reading, will sometimes be surprised to find his opinion changed on perusing the note, and be compelled to acknowledge the justice of the emendation; and this is a result which the Doctor anticipated, not without exultation. But while some of his new readings are fairly established, a larger portion must be confessed to be dubious. Many of his changes are unnecessary, others harsh and improbable. He shows a propensity to confine the limits of poetical licence too closely, and thus to reduce the language of Horace into prose. But when he defends his corrections by analogy, he brings forth the riches of his learning as from an inexhaustible mine; and the reader, whether convinced or not respecting the particular point under discussion, is sure to find his knowledge increased; and hence it will be observed that the very errors of Bentley are instructive.

'In the notes of this edition there are several particulars justly censurable; though, perhaps, they have received more reproach than they deserve. The most prominent is the tone of authority in which our editor issues his critical decrees, as the absolute dictator of literature. Nor is this all; we find throughout the work an arrogant style, and an assumed superiority over all other commentators; which the reader is seldom disposed to concede to the pretensions of a writer himself. The Doctor is also too prone to the childish vanity of claiming merit for improvements, and plausible conjectures, in cases where the same had already been suggested by others; adding that he had discovered such a reading, before he observed that the same had been proposed by some old editor or commentator. However, neither in these instances, nor in some others where he omits to name the first propounder of his emendations, is there any reason to question his veracity, as some of his enemies have done with unpardonable asperity. A great part of his notes were composed in haste, while his attention was more exerted to confirm his readings by analogy, than to examine the writings of others; so that he could hardly fail sometimes to appropriate emendations, in ignorance that they had been made by his predecessors. But the anxious and ostentatious claim which he is for ever making to the praise of originality, being unworthy of a man of his undisputed eminence, justly exposed him to attack. There is another fault arising from his being himself the general subject of his own panegyric; his language, though lucid and perspicuous, frequently assumes an air of rhetorical flourish, by no means consistent with sound taste.'—pp. 245—247.

The learned world will regret, as his contemporaries appear to have done, that Bentley had not given that time which was spent

upon the Latin authors, to those in the Greek languages, of which his perception was infinitely more acute as well as more just. His edition of Hesychius was still expected, but in vain. It was hoped also that he would have applied his vigorous mind to an edition of Aristophanes, with whose two first plays "Plutus," and the "Clouds," he shewed himself in his three epistles to Kuster, to be so thoroughly acquainted. But, unfortunately for his fame, he devoted the time that might have been usefully spent in such pursuits to the Latin classics, or to the quarrels in which he was almost constantly engaged with the seniority. He abolished the ancient festivals of the college; he elected persons without merit to *presumed* Fellowship vacancies; he expelled two Fellows upon his own arbitrary authority; and he *discommuned*, that is, "put out of commons" other Fellows who murmured against his proceedings. For his own various allowances in the college, he proposed that he should have a composition, which would raise his share from 150*l.* to about 850*l.* annually. This was so gross a demand that it raised an universal outcry, and particularly provoked the bile of Edmund Miller, a lay Fellow and a Barrister, who henceforth appeared as the most violent opponent of the master.

Miller's first act was to obtain from the seniority a declaration against Bentley, which stated in moderate language a few of the complaints which they had to make with respect to his general conduct. In consequence of his taking this strong step, Bentley lost no time in declaring Miller's Fellowship vacant, and from that day, the 18th of January, 1709-10, until Bentley's death, peace may be truly said to have fled from Trinity College. Miller appealed to the seniority against the master's proceedings: they summoned the latter to appear before them, which he refused to do, and in his absence they reinstated Miller. A long and interminable question then arose as to the authority of the seniors over the master, and as to the right of the Bishop of Ely to the visitatorial jurisdiction of the college. Other charges of a baser nature were soon after multiplied against the master, and proceedings were taken against him in the Ecclesiastical Court and the King's Bench, for the purpose of depriving him of his office. The Vice-Chancellor's Court in the University, actually suspended him from all his degrees! Into these disputes it would be tedious and unprofitable for us to enter. It will be sufficient to say, that after having been carried on for more than twenty years with the most violent and disgraceful acrimony on both sides, they were at length dropped, leaving Bentley in possession of his mastership. The charges which we have mentioned are but a few of those which were brought in form against him. They gave rise to an endless number of pamphlets, and libels, and prosecutions, which brought the name of Trinity College into extremely bad odour with the public.

It is a curious feature of the times, that Bentley relied for his

defence rather upon his interest at court, than the merits of his case. For this reason, he made no scruple whatever of changing sides in politics, when Lord Godolphin's administration was succeeded by that of Lord Oxford. And when he found that the government could not, or would not interpose to protect him, he endeavoured, like a true tactician, to improve his reputation with the public. Hence he suddenly became very anxious about religion; he wrote an elaborate pamphlet in answer to Collins's "Discourse on Free-thinking;" he preached violently against Popery, and exposed, in angry language, the magical horrors of the celebrated Gunpowder Plot,—a part of which sermon, by-the-by, Sterne, who was a notorious plagiarist, puts into the mouth of Corporal Trim. Another of his diversions, or *ruses* de guerre, was a scheme for publishing the Greek Testament. His letter, addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, upon this subject, is characteristic of the man.

'"Tis not only your grace's station and general character, but the particular knowledge I have of you, which encourages me to give you a long letter about those unfashionable topics religion and learning. Your Grace knows, as well as any, what an alarm has been made of late years with the vast heap of various lections found in MSS. of the Greek Testament. The Papists have made a great use of them against the Protestants, and the Atheists against them both. This was one of Collins' topics in his Discourse on Freethinking, which I took off in my short answer; and I have heard since from several hands, that the short view I gave of the causes, and necessity, and use of various lections, made several good men more easy in that matter than they were before. But since that time, I have fallen into a course of studies that led me to peruse many of the oldest MSS. of Greek Testaments, and of the Latin too of St. Jerome, of which there are several in England, a full 1000 years old. The result of which has been, that I find I am able (what some thought impossible) to give an edition of the Greek Testament, exactly as it was in the best exemplars at the time of the Council of Nice. So that there shall not be twenty words nor even particles difference, and this shall carry its own demonstration in every verse, which I affirm cannot be so done of any other ancient book, Greek or Latin. So that book, which, by the present management, is thought the most uncertain, shall have a testimony of certainty above all other books whatever, and an end be put at once to all Var. Lectt. now or hereafter. I'll give your Grace the progress which brought me by degrees into the present view and scheme that I have of a new edition.

'"Upon some points of curiosity, I collated one or two of St. Paul's Epistles with the Alexandrian MS., the oldest and best now in the world; I was surprised to find several transpositions of words, that Mills and the other collators took no notice of; but I soon found their way was to mark nothing but change of words; the collocation and order they entirely neglected; and yet at sight I discerned what a new force and beauty this new order (I found in the MS.) added to the sentence. This encouraged me to collate the whole book over, to a letter, with my own hands."

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' " The western Latin copies, by variety of translations, without public appointment, and a jumble and heap of all of them, were grown so uncertain, that scarce two copies were alike; which obliged Damasus, then Bishop of Rome, to employ St. Jerom to regulate the best received translation of each part of the New Testament to the original Greek; and so set out a new edition so castigated and corrected. This he declares in his preface he did, *ad Græcam veritatem, ad exemplaria Græca, sed vetera;* and his learning, great name, and just authority, extinguished all the other Latin versions, and has been conveyed down to us under the name of the Vulgate. 'Twas plain to me that when that copy came first from that great Father's hands, it must agree exactly with the most authentic Greek exemplars, and if it now could be retrieved, it would be the best test and voucher for the true reading out of several pretending ones. But when I came to try Pope Clement's Vulgate, I soon found the Greek of the Alexandrian and that would by no means pary. This set me to examine the Pope's Latin by some MS. of 1000 years old, and the success is, that the old Greek copies and the old Latin so exactly agree (when an able hand discerns the rasures and the old lections lying under them), that the pleasure and satisfaction it gives me is beyond expression.

' " The New Testament has been under a hard fate since the invention of printing. After the Complutenses and Erasmus, who had but very ordinary MSS., it has become the property of booksellers. Rob. Stephens' edition, set out and regulated by himself alone, is now become the standard. The text stands, as if an Apostle was his compositor."

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' " I am already tedious, and the post is a-going. So that to conclude —in a word, I find that by taking 2000 errors out of the Pope's Vulgate, and as many out of the Protestant Pope Stephens, I can set out an edition of each in columns, without using any book under 900 years old, that shall so exactly agree word for word, and, what at first amazed me, order for order, that no two tallies, nor two indentures can agree better. I affirm that these so placed will prove each other to a demonstration: for I alter not a letter of my own head without the authority of these old witnesses. And the beauty of the composition (barbarous, God knows, at present), is so improved, as makes it more worthy of a revelation, and yet no one text of consequence injured or weakened." '—pp. 312, 313.

Having been, by a bold manœuvre, elected Regius Professor of Divinity in 1717, he chose the disputed verse of St. John, which has recently attracted so much notice, as the subject of his Prælection. This composition, it is feared, is not extant. His new office suspended for some years, his proposed edition of the New Testament; but he resumed it with renewed vigour in 1720. He was materially assisted in his labours by Mr. John Walker, of Trinity, who went to Paris for the purpose of collating some manuscripts. It is pleasing to observe how cordially Bentley's objects were forwarded by the Benedictine Monks of St. Maur.

' This illustrious society contained at that time the Fathers Montfaucon, Martianay, De la Rue, Juiller, Sabatier, and others, who devoted their lives to those laborious and splendid publications which have distinguished them above all other literary fraternities. Walker being introduced to their

notice, was received and assisted with that kindness and courtesy, which has at all periods distinguished the literati of France. His personal merits, his amiable manners, and his skill in decyphering manuscripts, attached them greatly to their young acquaintance; and it is pleasing to record the hearty zeal with which they promoted the objects of his mission. Besides communicating all their own manuscripts, and using their interest in procuring collations from their brethren of Angers, they accommodated him with a room and fire in their monastery of St. Germain des Prés for his work, and in order to abridge his task, several of them gave him assistance in the labour of collation. Walker's attention while at Paris was not confined to the manuscripts of the New Testament: he collated several Latin authors, partly to serve the purposes of Bentley's intended editions, and partly to gratify his curiosity: among others was the oldest and best copy of Suetonius; and I discover from a letter of our critic, that he was meditating an edition of that historian.

'A curious circumstance was near losing Bentley the co-operation of the fraternity of St. Germain's. They had been for some time preparing an edition of the ancient Latin versions of the Scriptures, in use before the time of St. Jerome, and comparing them with the Vulgate. The two editors, Sabatier and Mopinot, had long laboured in their own and other Parisian libraries, transcribing the numerous versions of an earlier date than the Vulgate, with the view of recovering that identical 'Italic version,' which St. Augustine had declared to be preferable to every other. An apprehension now occurred to them that Bentley, if suffered to have transcripts or collations of all their ancient manuscripts, would publish such a list of variations from the common version, in those copies on which they principally relied, as might in effect anticipate their own undertaking. Upon this there was a demur about admitting Mr. Walker to the use of their manuscripts: and the question was discussed at a meeting of the superiors of the monastery. Here Father Montfaucon, the most distinguished of the body, maintained the cause of Dr. Bentley with an ardour which shews that the spirit of chivalry may find its way into the regions of scholastic literature. He contended that the request of so great a scholar, from whom they had received so many obligations, ought by all meams to be complied with, even though their own undertaking should thereby be prejudiced; and that he would rather send the treasures themselves to Cambridge for Bentley's use, than by refusing the indulgence requested, bring a disgrace upon the Benedictine name. His arguments so far prevailed, that they determined to write and ascertain the precise character of the new edition, with an assurance that they would render it all the assistance in their power, consistent with justice due to their own brethren. To this enquiry, conveyed in a most courteous letter from Father Thuillier, Bentley returned a satisfactory answer, informing them that his edition, the main object of which was to recover the Latin version as left by St. Jerome, would in no respect interfere with their intended publication. But at the same time they learned an opinion of our Aristarchus, respecting their undertaking, which must have occasioned them no small surprise and dismay. Our only knowledge of the character or existence of the ancient 'Italic version,' which it was the object of the Benedictine work to recover, is found in the following sentence of St. Augustine: *In ipsis autem Interpretationibus* ITALA *ceteris*

præferatur ; nam est tenacior verborum, cum perspicuitate sententiæ. As there is no mention any where else of one among the numerous Latin versions, which was peculiarly known by the name of 'Italica,' and as it was probable that, had such been the case, St. Augustine would rather have termed it *Italica* than *Itala*, Bentley exercised upon these words of the Father his critical ingenuity; and thought he discovered the true reading to be, ILLA *ceteris præferatur, quae est tenacior verborum, &c.* accordingly, he pronounced the *Italic version* to be a chimera. This conjecture is very plausible and ingeniously supported, but the question is still open to much doubt; and nothing which I have yet seen has quite satisfied me either of the correctness of the old reading, or of Bentley's emendation. I shall, however, say no more in this place, than that a subsequent correction by Archbishop Potter, USITATA for *Itala*, which has received the approbation of high authority in our own times, appears to me somewhat less probable than that of Dr. Bentley. The Benedictines received the communication of their learned correspondent not only with good humour, but thankfulness; they instantly laid open their treasures to Walker, whose behaviour and learning speedily rendered them his personal friends; and an unreserved intercourse of good offices was maintained between the convent of St. Germain's and Trinity Lodge: Bentley sent them, among other things, a collation of the Latin version in the Beza manuscript; and when, after the lapse of twenty years, their splendid publication made its appearance, he was mentioned in a manner befitting the first scholar of the age.' —pp. 431—434.

Among the earliest, as well as the most moderate, of Bentley's opponents in Trinity College, were Dr. Colbatch and Conyers Middleton. They were afterwards the most unrelenting of his enemies. The latter, with the assistance of the former, had published a violent pamphlet against him, which he prosecuted. As soon as Bentley issued his proposals for his new edition of the Testament, Middleton attacked them, sentence by sentence, for the purpose of shewing that the Professor had "neither talents nor materials for the work he had undertaken." Middleton's object was to defeat the subscription opened for the publication. It being the famous South Sea year (1720), he called the scheme "Bentley's Bubble," and compared him to a mendicant begging charity in the streets, with a half sheet of "proposals" pinned to his breast. Bentley's reply was remarkably coarse, and chiefly directed against Colbatch, whom he supposed in this instance, as in that of the other attacks, to have supplied the materials. In this he was mistaken. Here was the ground laid for another series of controversies and prosecutions, which were carried on on all sides with a malignity that appears to be unrivalled in the history of letters. Middleton was ultimately obliged to beg Bentley's pardon for the first libel, but this circumstance did not in the least mitigate their mutual resentment. Colbatch also got himself into a scrape by publishing a work on the rights of the University, for which he was prosecuted and committed to prison, and fined 50*l.*

It was not until the year 1724 that Bentley began to enjoy tranquillity once more. Having been restored to his degrees by the interposition of the Court of King's Bench, he renewed his edition of the classics, and published his Terence and Lucan. He was still occupied with his projected New Testament, but he finally gave it up, having deferred its completion from year to year until old age overtook him. One of his last publications, and the most unfortunate of all of them, was his edition of Milton's Paradise Lost. His "emendations" of Milton's verses, upon the supposition that many false readings crept into them in consequence of the author's blindness, are perfectly ludicrous, not to speak of their presumptuousness. Nevertheless many of the notes contain useful and able criticisms. He subsequently published Manilius, and proposed to give an edition of Homer. His discovery of the use of the Digamma by the father of Poetry, must ever be considered by scholars as one of great importance. He was prevented from pursuing this work by a paralytic stroke, which was soon after followed by his death on the 14th of July, 1742, he having, in the January of that year, counted his eightieth winter.

Bentley's public turmoils were greatly relieved by the happiness which he found in his own family. Shortly after he was appointed Master of Trinity College, he married, by dispensation, a most amiable woman, who presented him with three children, two daughters and a son, all described as 'every thing that the heart of a fond father could desire.' The second of the girls was remarkably beautiful, and was the Phœbe of many a pastoral; she became the wife of Mr. Cumberland, afterwards Bishop of Kilmore, and father of the dramatist. His son, Richard Bentley, is well known by his writings and his 'intimacy with Bubb Dodington, Horace Walpole, and Gray.'

Dr. Monk, who, while this sheet was going through the press, was raised from the deanery of Peterborough to the see of Gloucester, concludes his elaborate work with what appears to us to be a very impartial summary of Bentley's personal character.

'It may be expected of a biograper that he should, at the end of his work, give a careful and well-balanced summary of his hero's character. But this is a task which I must confess my disinclination to undertake. Having spared no pains in collecting every particular which I could discover respecting the conduct and opinions of Dr. Bentley, and in comparing and weighing different representations of them; and having carefully and impartially communicated the results to my readers; I have enabled them to form as just an estimate as I can myself do, of the character of that extraordinary personage. Were I now to sum up my own opinions of his mind, his principles, disposition, and talents, it would be presumptuous to expect that they should coincide in all respects with those of a reader who has accompanied me throughout my narrative. But I have another reason for my unwillingness to descant further upon the particulars of Bentley's character: it appears to me that his passions were not always under the controul, nor his actions under the guidance, of Christian

principles; that, in consequence, pride and ambition, the faults to which his nature was most exposed, were suffered to riot without restraint; and that hence proceeded the display of arrogance, selfishness, obstinacy, and oppression, by which it must be confessed that his career was disfigured. That nature, however, had not denied to him certain amiable qualities of the heart, and that he possessed in a considerable degree many of the social and endearing virtues, is proved beyond a doubt by the warm and steady affection with which he was regarded by his family and his intimate friends.

'Upon Bentley's literary character I have already made frequent observations, which it would be superfluous to repeat. It is now sufficient to remark, that his merits have been universally acknowledged by subsequent scholars, both in this country and on the continent: the disposition to censure the faults of his writings, which we have so frequently observed, appeared to cease with his life; and the learned of all countries have joined in assigning to him the title of Prince of Scholars. Not that they have been blind to the errors of his criticism, particularly his unnecessary and tasteless alterations in Latin poetry; but they have discovered and acknowledged the signal benefit of his productions, in the information which they convey, and the exercise which they supply to the judgment.

'The reader of the foregoing Memoirs will have observed, how greatly the literary career of Dr. Bentley was affected and influenced by the extraordinary complexion of his personal history: no one can fail to regret that so large a portion of his time should have been worse than wasted in unseemly contests; or to remark that, however great and durable the reputation which he has actually achieved, his literary performances might have been still more honourable to himself, and more beneficial to the public, had he not been engaged in an incessant struggle to retain his rank and preferment. But, putting this consideration aside, I am disposed to think that he did not correctly understand the nature of his own qualifications, and that his powers were not always exerted in the field where they were most capable of benefitting the world. At the time of composing the most learned of his works, the enlarged Dissertation on Phalaris, Bentley was in his thirty-eighth year; and although he continued his literary labours to more than double that age, yet he never produced any thing equal or similar to this admirable piece. His Remarks on Freethinking, though a hasty composition, serve as a specimen of the powerful effect which he could produce when he brought the energies of his mind, and stores of erudition, to serve in the maintenance of truth and refutation of sophistry. In such a line he would, I conceive, have exercised his learning, acuteness, and powers of application, with far more benefit to mankind, than in that conjectural criticism, which should have been rather the sport and amusement, than the serious and staple occupation of a genius like Bentley's. In this favourite pursuit he displayed his ingenuity and quickness, often at the expense of sound judgment and correct taste; and his learning was too much employed in defending his fanciful alterations of the text of a Latin poet, when it ought to have been devoted to maintain and illustrate truth. Notwithstanding this frequent abuse of his erudition, such is the power of genius, and so great the preponderance of his solid and unshaken merits, that Bentley has established a school of criticism, of which the greatest scholars since his time have

been proud to consider themselves members; and, in spite of the envy and opposition of his contemporaries, has attained a more exalted reputation than has hitherto been the lot of any one in the department of ancient literature.'—pp. 661—663.

We find few anecdotes of Bentley's private life and habits in this work. From the little that is given in this way, we collect that he relaxed his mind chiefly amongst a small and select circle of friends. Amongst these were Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Samuel Clarke, and Dr. Mead, when in London; when in College, Ashenhurst, P. Walker, Wilton, Barnwell, and Whitfield, were his favourites. The greater part of each day he passed in his study, where he breakfasted alone; he joined his family at the other meals, and at ten o'clock for evening prayers; after which they retired for their night's repose. He was usually habited in his study in his dressing gown, where, also, he usually wore a hat with an enormous brim, for the protection of his eyes. At the age of seventy he began to smoke tobacco, which he enjoyed very much. He was fond of port, and despised claret, which he used to say "would be port if it could." Those who were of his familar acquaintance, he usually addressed in the Quaker style, *thou* and *thee*. His grandson, Cumberland, in the "Memoirs of his own Life," mentions several amusing recollections of Bentley, whom he knew in his old age. Dr. Monk has prefixed to this volume an indifferent portrait, which gives his hero the look of an angry pedagogue.

Art. II.—*Travels in Kamtchatka and Siberia: with a Narrative of a Residence in China.* By Peter Dobell, Counsellor of the Court of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

Whether Mr. Dobell has written his Travels in English or Sclavonian, and consequently whether these volumes are original, or merely the version of an original, together with numerous collateral questions branching from these principal topics of inquiry, are all matters on which we are left entirely in the dark, probably because an explanation in such a case was necessary and desirable. It is lucky, however, that the intrinsic evidence to be met with in the work itself is sufficient, we should imagine, to remove all suspicions, that are not reasonable at least, of its authenticity. The whole narrative, indeed, seems to us to wear that air of truth which it is one of the most difficult of arts to mimic. Mr. Dobell appears to be a man of information and of the world, with a good share of common sense, greatly divested of prejudices and narrow feelings, for a Russian; and, indeed, having nothing very peculiar to distinguish him from that mob of locomotive gentlemen consisting of men of all nations, who wander from place to place, undergoing every variety of hardship, and enduring every form of privation, as a chosen delight. He directs his course as whim and curiosity

may lead him, satisfied with the novelties which present themselves, without taxing his time or patience in searching for those that require trouble to be discovered. The wilds of Siberia, as we have been long accustomed to call that distant region, if they did not invite our traveller by the fame of their natural attractions, offered at all events a comparatively new sphere for observation; and since the object of Mr. Dobell seems to be to excite the attention of his countrymen to that neglected, though extensive and highly important part of the Russian territory, he at once awakens our best feelings in his favour.

Mr. Dobell arrived at a bay in Kamtchatka in August, 1812, and seems to have pretty well explored the habitable places of that peninsula. The moral condition of the Kamtchatdales appears to have experienced very little improvement since the time when Von Langstorff and La Perouse visited that place. The present author, indeed, dwells more on the uncommon kindness and hospitality of the inhabitants, than any other writer we are aware of; but their distance from civilization seems almost as great as it was at the time when their territory fell under the dominion of Russia. The position of a people determines very much their moral state. The Kamtchatdales have no motive to industry, fishing and the chase being the means of a sufficient supply of all that they deem necessary; and when they do aspire to such luxuries as whisky, tobacco, and tea, these they can procure at the trouble of killing a few foxes and sables in the season. It would be wonderful, indeed, that a people who have their aliment constantly heaved upon their shores —for so abundant is the fish that such is literally the case—should voluntarily exercise their patience and incur fatigue by any tedious process of procuring subsistence. The government might certainly counteract those unfortunate facilities; but its policy hitherto has been to check any little tendency of that sort discernible in the peninsula—and it has succeeded triumphantly. The climate of Kamtchatka has been always identified with a place of dreary and barren solitude. But it now turns out to belong to a very civilized class indeed. The most intense cold seldom brings down the thermometer below 22 degrees of Reaumur. Even that severe cold lasts only two or three days at a time, and never comes more than twice during the winter. But the poorgas, or snow storms, form one of the most formidable annoyances which travellers have to encounter. During the violence of one of these tempests, it is impossible to make any progress; and persons who have a considerable journey to perform rarely accomplish their object without being weather-bound several times on the road. In was in the course of one of these embargos which the poorgas so often inflicted on Mr. Dobell, that the following perilous adventure was related to him, by way of solace in his confinement:—

'The Toynne of Malka related to me a curious adventure that occurred to him and two of his friends, which, at first, I was inclined to doubt; but, as it has since been confirmed to me by several persons in Kamt-

chatka, I give it to my readers. Every spring, Spiridon and some of his friends were in the habit of going to the coast between Bolcherisk and Tigil, to kill hair-seals and other sea animals. Kamtchatdales use the fat of these both for oil and butter; and the skins serve to make boot soles and thongs, so that the hunting of the animals once a year is a matter of no small importance. Our Toynne, therefore, with his two friends, repaired in the latter part of April to their usual hunting-place, where they found the sea still covered with ice for a considerable extent. Each had a sledge and five dogs; and although the wind blew strongly off shore, they did not hesitate to go on the ice in search of seals, as it seemed firmly attached to the shore, and they observed some Kamtchatdales hunting on it further up the coast. They discovered some seals at a considerable distance out, and repaired thither to kill them. Already had they killed two, and were preparing to tie them with thongs on their sledges, when one of the party who staid a little behind, came to them of a sudden, crying out that the ice was moving, and that all the other Kamtchatdales had gone to the shore! This news alarmed them so much that they left the seals on the ice, and, seating themselves on their sankas, or sledges, pushed their dogs at full speed to regain the shore. Unfortunately, they arrived too late; the ice had already separated from the land to the extent of a hundred yards; and, as it began to break into pieces, they were obliged to return to the part that appeared to be the strongest and the thickest. As the wind now blew extremely hard, they were soon driven out to sea, where the swell being very heavy, the ice began again to break all around them, leaving them at last on a solid clump from forty to fifty feet in circumference, that was of great thickness, and kept entire. They were now out of sight of land, driven before a gale of wind and a heavy sea, and their icy vessel rolled so dreadfully that they had much difficulty to keep themselves on its surface. However, being all furnished with ostals,* they made holes and planted them firmly in the ice; and then tied themselves, their dogs, and sankas fast to them. Without this precaution, the Toynne said they would have been all thrown into the sea. They were sea-sick, weak and disheartened; but nevertheless, said Spiridon, "I had hopes, and I told my comrades I thought we should be thrown on some coast." It was now two days they had been at sea, and towards evening the wind had abated a little, the weather cleared off, and they saw land not far off, which one of them, who had been formerly at the Kurile Islands, knew to be Poromochir, and they now fully expected to be drifted on its shores. However, as the night approached, the wind changed to the very opposite direction, and blew even more violently than before. The clump of ice was tossed about in a most uneasy manner, and several times the ostals and the thongs were in danger of being broken by the violent concussion of the waves against the ice.

'All that night and all the next day, the storm continued with unceasing violence. On the morning of the fourth day, before daylight, they found that their clump had been driven amongst other cakes of ice, and was closely surrounded on all sides. The wind had abated entirely; the waves also had subsided entirely, and all was calm and still. When the day broke, how great was their joy and astonishment to perceive themselves

* The ostal is a staff about five feet in length, crooked a little at one end, and armed with an iron point, that is thrust into the snow or ice, and held before the sanka to stop the dogs.

near the land, and within about twenty versts of the place from whence they had been driven! They had suffered much from thirst, as they found the ice salt as well as the water. Not having eaten or drank during all the time, they found themselves so weak that they had the greatest difficulty in preparing their sledges, and in getting from the ice to the land. The moment they landed, they offered up their prayers and thanks to God. Spiridon charged his companions not to eat snow or drink much water at a time, although they were almost dying with thirst; as they could soon get to Ostrog that was only about twenty or thirty versts distant. They had not proceeded far, before Spiridon saw the tracks of some reindeer; he therefore made his companions stop, and taking his gun, walked gently round a high bluff on the coast, whither the deer had gone; and had the good fortune to shoot one of them. His companions no sooner heard the noise of the gun, than they came to him. They cut the throat of the deer immediately, and drank his blood while warm. Spiridon said that they felt their strength revived almost immediately after drinking the blood. Having given some of the meat to the dogs, they rested themselves about an hour, and then set off for Ostrog, where they arrived safely. One of them, who indulged too much in eating at first, died a short time after: the other two survived: but Spiridon said he had ever since been afflicted with a complaint in his breast, and shortness of breath.'—vol. i. pp. 56—60.

As a means in some measure of protection against so terrible an accident as the snow-storm, the Kamtchatdales possess an instinct of prognostication, which is almost beyond belief in the certainty of its anticipation; and the instances are not a few in which our author, distrusting the prophecy of his host for the time being, started on his way, only to feel and lament the effects of his incredulity. The common mode of travelling in Kamtchatka is in sledges drawn by dogs. They are yoked and harnessed in couples, and commanded by a rein attached to a collar. We were surprised to hear that they are far superior to the rein-deer as animals of burden. Both are used in Siberia, but the dogs do not require to be fed so often; they are more to be relied on in long journeys, for the rein-deer go well only for a short time, whilst the dog will keep up his strength unsupported for a very long time. We do not find any mention made of the custom, described by Von Langstorff to have existed amongst this people with respect to their dogs,—namely, that at certain seasons they turn them adrift to shift for themselves, well knowing, from long experience, that the kind animals, with a fidelity which shamed their masters, would return each to his proper abode with unerring certainty. It is to be hoped that a practice founded on the blackest ingratitude has been abolished. Thus then the dog may be said, much more than the rein-deer, in Kamtchatka to assume the relation to man which a horse bears to him generally in Europe. The rein-deer, along with wanting physical power, has some vices of will, and some susceptibilities of indisposition, that make him very difficult to manage. The mountain sheep is one of the most valuable peculiarities of this region.

"The argallis is not quite as large as the rein-deer, is infinitely more

agile, and climbs the highest pinnacles, walking securely over the rugged rocks which impend the steepest precipices, inaccessible to man, and in fact to every other animal. To those impregnable redoubts they repair whenever they are attacked by wolves, bears, or any beast of prey; the old rams bringing up the rear, with their enormous horns curled into a circle after the manner of the domestic sheep; only much more formidable. A single horn of a very old ram will weigh from fifteen to twenty Russian pounds. These animals are found also in abundance on the opposite shores of the Ochotsk sea; but never in the interior. The Tongusées and Koraikees make cups, spoons, and various utensils of their horns. I have been told by the Kamtchatdales, that rams sometimes kill each other in fighting, and a blow from one of them would kill any other animal immediately. They are very broad over the breast, the bones being knit together in the strongest manner; and what is called the brisket is particularly thick and firm. When pursued to the edge of a rock or precipice, they have been seen to curl the fore legs under the body, and let themselves fall on their breasts against the rocks beneath, to the distance of twelve to twenty feet, leaving their astonished pursuers on the top of the height from whence they sprung, to admire their agility, and wonder that they have not been dashed to atoms. They have a thick skin well furnished with hair that resembles the reindeer's in colour, but has none of that oily disagreeable smell belonging to the wool of our sheep; consequently, though it may touch the flesh, in skinning the animal, it never causes any disagreeable taste. The flesh may be said to have the flavour of the most delicious and delicate mutton, without any of the strong taste which that acquires whenever the wool is suffered to touch the flesh. The epicures, no doubt, will lament that such delicate food is confined to the wilds of Siberia! The argallis do not always inhabit those inaccessible places. In the autumn, especially, they are found about the base of the mountains, where the hardy hunter kills a number for his winter stock. As the place where he finds them is sometimes at a great distance from home, he hangs them up in the trees, where they are frozen, and they remain until he can go with his dogs and sledge to bring them away. He takes care, however, to cover them well with bark and branches to keep them from the crows, and he tears all the bark from the bodies of the trees, and makes them as smooth as possible, that bears may not climb them: however, the roussomak, an animal of prey, called by some the wild dog, sometimes robs the trees in spite of his best precautions.

'Reindeer also abound in the peninsula; not to mention the numerous herds of domesticated deer kept by the reindeer Koraikees. If we add hares, partridges, and black game,* with a great variety of water-fowl, and an innumerable quantity of fish of the salmon species, it is evident that none but the careless and indolent, even of that portion of the inhabitants who are totally unacquainted with the arts of civilized life, can possibly suffer for want of food.'—vol. i. pp. 70—73.

The "breadth of the breast," which our author takes care to mention, reminds us of an instance of the application of science to rural economy in this country, which is not unconnected with the

* Called in Russian, *glukhar;* in French, *coq de bruère.* In Kamtchatka there are no wood-hens *(gellinots)* or pheasants, though they abound in Siberia.

quotation before us. Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, was partly induced by the physiological observations of Mr. Cline, the surgeon, to send away all his Norfolk sheep and cows, and substitute for them the South Down in the one case, and North Devon in the other; both the breeds being remarkable for the "breadth of the breast." The experience of the great agriculturist has proved the vast difference which has been made in his fortune by this early attention to skilful advice.

Bears are very plentiful in Kamtchatka; and destructive as they are sometimes to the inhabitants, these animals are very useful to them in many respects. Their fat makes good material for the lamps of this people, if it is not sometimes converted to the more important purpose of food. Their skins form warm clothes, and covering for beds; and is sometimes rudely manufactured into leather and strong cables, both of immense value to a maritime race. The wild birds, such as geese, are in general very delicious eating, owing, it is supposed, to the circumstance of their being nourished chiefly from a species of the water-lily, which grows very plentifully in Kamtchatka.

Mr. Dobell, pursuing his journey into the interior of Siberia, visited Ochotsk, whence he proceeded to Yakutsk. Many sublime and picturesque scenes presented themselves during his route, as also tracts of cultivation, which are the more pleasing, since they are so inconsistent with all our former notions of the naked and unkindly region of Siberia. Having crossed the Aldan, from the Ochotsk side, Mr. Dobell met with a scene which will no doubt revive the pleasing remembrances of Mad. Cottin's pathetic tale.

'Behind a large body of meadows, on the declivity of a hill, exposed to the south, we saw several jourats beautifully situated, and, on enquiry, I was informed they contained a colony of banished men, sent thither by order of the government. They appeared very well off, having comfortable dwellings, cattle, &c. They certainly had few luxuries; but, with common industry, living on the banks of a river abounding with fish and game, and where there was good soil and fine pastures, they could never want for the necessaries of life, unless too indolent to procure them. Those people call themselves Possellencies, or colonists, and are styled in Siberia, Neshchastnie Loodie, or unfortunate people; no banished man, though he be a convict of the description, being ever called in that country by a name that can wound his feelings, so as to remind him of crimes for which he is already supposed to have been punished, or degrade him in the opinion of the public. This shews not only very sound policy, but a proper delicacy of the governors towards the feeling of these poor people; a delicacy highly commendable, as, by throwing a veil over their past crimes, they not only make them forget what they have been, but induce them to emulate the very many examples before them of retrieved criminals, who have become honest, industrious, good subjects.

'Banishment to such a country as Siberia, then, is certainly no such terrible infliction, except to a Russian, who, perhaps, of all beings upon earth, possesses the strongest attachment to the soil on which he grows—taking root like the trees that surround him, and pining when transplanted

to another spot, even though it should be to a neighbouring province, better than his own. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the humane system adopted by the Russian government in saving the lives of criminals without distinction, and transporting them to Siberia, to augment the population of a fine country much in want of inhabitants, where their morals are strictly watched, and where they soon become useful, good people. Death is, in fact, so transitory a punishment, that unless a man has religion and a perfect idea of rewards and penalties in the world to come, it may have no terrors for him; nor will its anticipation ever prevent the commission of crimes so well as the idea of banishment and long suffering. I would not be thought to be the advocate of cruelty: on the contrary, I warmly espouse the principle of producing a perfect contrition, and change of sentiments and actions in the criminal, ere we send him into the presence of his God. To bring about this in an effectual manner, and be satisfied it springs from a thorough conviction of his error, we must not confine him in chains, with a priest praying at his side, until the moment he is launched into eternity. He should be made, as he generally is in Siberia, so far a free agent as to have the power of again doing wrong, else his firmness and resolution are never put to the test; nor can that repentance be called sincere which springs from the imperious necessity of immediately making his peace with his offended God, before whose awful tribunal his merciless government sends him suddenly to appear, with all his crimes fresh upon him.* Having seen the good effects of the penal code of Russia, what I say on the subject is no more than what truth and justice demand; and I wish, for humanity's sake, that so bright an example, which sheds a ray of unsullied glory on her Sovereigns, may be followed with equal success by every nation of the earth.'—vol. i. pp. 333—336.

We are not disposed to find fault with sentiments so amiable as these, particularly coming from one of a country so extremely young in civilization as Russia. But we must not be understood to approve of the indiscriminate abolition of capital punishment, —which we are nevertheless happy to hear works so well,—that, it seems, has been effected in the Muscovite Empire. The fault of such a policy, and the error of Mr. Dobell's sentimentality is, that, in both instances, too exclusive an attention is bestowed on the criminal. We regard the example of punishment as its greatest end, and we have no hesitation in saying that that mode of disposing of a convict which, being not violently disproportioned to his crime, is likely to have the greatest effect in deterring others from the same violation of the law, is the best and wisest that a state can adopt. Mr. Dobell may easily believe that death is no great punishment when it comes to be suffered. But the question is, what punishment operates more powerfully on the imagination

* In Siberia there are certainly instances where convicts have again committed crimes, and some of them murder: these are confined to the mines for life. There are, however, but few examples of this sort; the majority of the convicts acquiring habits of industry and good conduct superior to the same class of people in Russia.

of the mass of mankind, and acts more diffusively on their motives and conduct in restraining them from the commission of enormous offences, than the ignominious termination of their life?

At Yakutsk, which is situated a little beyond 62 degrees of latitude, our author found much to be pleased with. The climate, however, is so extremely capricious, that vegetables seldom thrive there. But, once grown, they may be preserved in the purest possible state for a considerable time in ice, which, notwithstanding its abundance in those regions, is a certain and complete antiseptic. Mr. Dobell was fortunate enough to be invited to witness a ceremony which he describes in the following manner.

'In the evening the governor waited on me, and invited me to accompany him to a house, to see a ceremony performed, previously to a wedding that was to take place next day. We repaired to the house where we found a large party of gentlemen and ladies assembled. The bride and her attendants occupied one end of the room, near a large table on which were placed fruits, cakes, wines, &c. Tea and coffee were served. Afterwards, I was called to look at a procession from an opposite building or store, called in this country an *amber*, where every sort of provision, effects, &c. are kept. I saw several low four-wheeled vehicles, each drawn by a single ox, loaded with furniture, bedding, clothing, &c. &c. for the new married couple. Lights were carried before them—and a number of young girls assembled near the door of the amber, sang in concert as each vehicle was loaded with the effects of the bride. This ended, the party returned to the house, when dancing commenced, and was kept up with spirit the whole of the night. Before quitting the house, the parents of the young bridegroom requested me to come the following morning and witness the ceremony of his taking leave of them, previously to his going to church. At twelve o'clock on the 22d, we attended at the father's house, where a number of the friends of the bridegroom was collected: several large tables were laid for dinner, and at the principal one, near the images, which in a Russian house are always at the eastern corner of the room, sat the bridegroom and his attendants. A female relative representing the bride, was placed in a chair on the left hand of the bridegroom; and the father and mother sat at the opposite side of the table. Three dishes of cold meat were placed before the principal attendant, and wine and watki (whisky) being at the same time handed round, he cut a large cross on the first one, placing it aside; then the second—then the third in the same way; and at the cutting of each, wine and watki were handed round to the company, who rose and drank to the wedding party. Nothing was eaten, this being merely a ceremony to prepare the feast for the young couple, when they should return from church. After this, the bridegroom went round to the opposite side of the table, holding the image of the Virgin in his hand and crossed himself on his knees, and bowed his head three times to the ground, before his father, who, when he rose, took the image from him, kissed him, and crossed him with it on his head. The same homage was paid to his mother, on which he delivered the image to another person, who preceded the bridegroom and his party to the church, where they met the bride and her attendants; and the couple were then led to the altar, and united in the holy bands of wedlock, by the

protopope or chief of the clergy. The ceremony resembled that of the Catholic church, except that towards the close, the priest places a hymeneal crown on the heads of the man and woman, and they walk three times round a table, where lie the cross and the Bible. This part of the proceeding is regarded as alternately binding them in strict allegiance to each other during the rest of their lives. There are also two rings used, which are exchanged from the man to the woman, during the ceremony. The whole party now returned to the house of the bridegroom's father, where a repast was prepared for them, resembling all large entertainments of this sort. The healths of the principal persons of the place were drunk, and followed by a salute of three guns after each toast. The evening was crowned with an illumination, and a ball, at which, as a stranger, I had the honour of leading off the bride.'—vol. ii. pp. 9—12.

We can easily imagine after this, that the Yakuts are a very hospitable set of people; indeed our author, under the excitement perhaps produced by some profusely generous presents, declares that for kindness to strangers, the inhabitants of Siberia bear away the palm from all the rest of the world. It is gratifying to think, that the most successful efforts are in operation for surmounting the difficulties which nature presents to the cultivation of the soil in this northern region. Agriculture is creeping by parallels of latitude, and from what has been done already by the inhabitants of Siberia, there is every reason to believe, that the frozen sea of the north alone will limit the advance of vegetation. There is an impediment, indeed, at work, which the vigilant care of a good government would soon remove. The governors of the eastern parts of Siberia have an interest in keeping up the succession of sables and foxes undisturbed; and as reclaiming the land would be usurping the dominion of these valuable creatures, the governors naturally merge the public good in their own private interest. The meadows and pastures of Yakutsk are very fine, and enable many of the inhabitants to keep large stocks of horses for commerce. Goats are always associated with their horses. They treat the latter with kindness whilst the animals are living, and they eat them when dead. The Yakuts, who are still very numerous in the province of Yakutsk, are regarded as a sort of inferior caste by the Russians, and many of them exist in a very destitute state of vassalage. Butter seems to be the staple support of life with them, holding the same rank as the potatoe maintains among the people of Ireland. Our author was assured that at a wedding feast, sometimes, where there is a goodly collection of average butter consumers, melted butter will be drunk in the proportion of from twenty to thirty pounds per man. They use it as a medicine, and declare that it is as good as calomel in a bilious attack.

As we have yet to pay attention to our author's remarks on China, we shall not follow him through the details of his further progress in Siberia. His observations, however, we must say, have tended very much to alter our impressions as to the physical

and moral condition of that region, which, we once thought, was scarcely better than a desert, but which we now find to be, in susceptibility of cultivation, in natural resources of all kinds, almost on a par with many countries of Europe, celebrated for their fertility of soil and geniality of climate. Siberia is under the direction of two governors general, each of which has command of four sub-governments and three oblasts, or districts, each province having its governor, and each district its chief. The population is remarkably vigorous and healthy, and yields occasionally manifestations of ingenuity and penetration which claim the most extensive encouragement on the part of the government.

Mr. Dobell spent seven years in China, a circumstance that gives him an undoubted right to speak of them in a decisive manner. He attributes to the population the virtues of temperance, industry, and kindness; and says that the crafty, overreaching, and dissembling character, which belongs to them generally, is the result of bad education and worse government. He admits China to no more than the rank of a half civilized country, where the arts of life, public institutions, and social refinement are at the very lowest ebb. The poor are very badly off; those of Canton chiefly reside all the year round in boats, on the water before the town, and, strange to say, these amphibious beings lead much more active lives, and obtain a better and more certain supply of subsistence, than those on shore. The peasantry are subject to those diseases that almost every where result from uncleanliness and a miasmatic neighbourhood. Blindness, he says, is very common amongst them, and many children are born blind. If the latter fact be true, it is almost decisive that the numerous cases of blindness which are said to distinguish the Chinese, are not referable to any malignant influence connected with their employments, habits, or manners. Many of them are deformed, which may be owing to the weak state of the females generally—the result of their sedentary lives, and of that restraint which they must necessarily undergo when young, in order to acquire diminutive feet. Surgery and anatomy are not cultivated amongst the Chinese, and Mr. Dobell says, that one of the first physicians in Canton was so ignorant as to express his belief, that the circulation of the blood was different on both sides of the body. This explains why the medical men of Canton always examine the pulse in both wrists.

In general the Chinese are very economical, except in their festivals, and in giving these even misers forget their predilection.

'No people,' says our author, 'understand, better than the Chinese, the application of cookery. They make use of earthen stoves, where the heat, from wood and charcoal mixed, is conducted exactly to the centre of the pot or vessel, in which they prepare the food; consequently, a very small portion is required to cook their victuals. Economy of fuel is a matter of no small importance in a country where wood is so scarce and dear, and the mine-coal so bad that it is difficult to make it burn; in fact,

it is almost destitute of the bituminous quality that renders coal generally so inflammable, and is, therefore, quite unfit for kitchen use. You will see the inhabitants of a sampan (boat) lift up their stern sheets, make their fire, boil their rice, and dress a couple of stews of fish and vegetables, in the course of twenty or thirty minutes, and in the most cleanly manner. Even frogs, cats, dogs, and rats, which they eat occasionally, are washed and prepared, as if they were the most delicate food; and their rice is always washed a dozen times before it is boiled.'—Vol. ii. p. 216.

Who would have imagined that so sublime a people would ever give birth to a dandy? It is a fact, however, that dandyism has made its way to places in China where nothing else, in the nature of Europeanism, dare expose itself. We give Mr. Dobell's description of a Chinese petit-maitre:—

'His dress is very expensive, being composed of the most costly crapes or silks; his boots or shoes of a particular shape, and made of the richest black satin of Nankin, the soles of a certain height; his knee-caps elegantly embroidered; his cap and button of the neatest cut; his pipes elegant and high priced; his tobacco of the best manufacture of Fokein; an English gold watch; a tooth-pick hung at his button, with a string of valuable pearls; a fan, from Nankin, scented with *Chulan* flowers. Such are his personal appointments. His servants are also clothed in silks, and his sedan chair, &c. &c. are all correspondingly elegant.—Vol. ii. p. 217.

Mr. Dobell gives a very unfavourable account of the Chinese drama, of which, he says, he cannot impart a due notion without violating decency. Yet these exhibitions are attended and relished by women, who, however, are separated from the male spectators in the theatre, by a curtain. Lord Macartney and his suite were entertained frequently with dramatic performances, during their sojourn in China; but nothing objectionable seems to have been observed in them. Mr. Ellis mentions even that the parts of females were sometimes performed by boys.

The practice of polygamy has given to the social condition of the wealthier Chinese a very peculiar aspect. That it is fruitful of every species of domestic immorality, we should conclude from the very nature of the principle, had we not evidence to that effect in the case of China. The women are not allowed to mix with men in society—they even do not live on the same side of a house with the male parts of the family. They are uneducated, sometimes employ themselves at needle-work and music; and, 'to kill time,' says Mr. Dobell, 'they play at cards, and dominoes, and smoke incessantly.' The men under such circumstances are accustomed to seek amusement out of doors. Their principal pastimes are cards and dice, 'quail-fighting, cricket-playing, shuttle cock played with the feet, and tumbling, at which they are very expert.' Next, however, to quail-fighting, the flower boats occupy most of a Chinese gentleman's leisure time. These boats lie near the shore, and are of most beautiful construction. The men and women that frequent these vessels are obliged to have a

license, and they appear on the whole to be nothing more than small marine gambling houses, where every species of allurement is employed, to corrupt and plunder wealthy young men. Mr. Dobell has been told that from forty to sixty thousand Spanish dollars are expended daily in the flower boats at Canton. It is curious enough that the Hong merchants always invite those with whom they make contracts for tea every year, to a flower boat, and the bargain is said generally to be lucrative in proportion as the entertainment is splendid. Tea is the general beverage of all classes. Those in easy circumstances drink the infusion whilst it is hot on the leaves, and renew the water and drink it alternately several times. Mechanics and labourers draw their tea pretty much in the same manner that prevails in Europe. The principal meal amongst the bon ton is the dinner at six o'clock, and if it be a dinner of ceremony, a sing song or play accompanies it. Of the sing song Mr. Dobell has confirmed the account already given by Mr. Ellis, who calls it an "infernal annoyance." The dinner customs are exceedingly curious. The details which Mr. Dobell furnishes may be well abridged. The invitation comes on large red paper several days before the feast. On the eve of the day another is sent on rose-coloured paper; and lastly, on the day itself, a third invitation is brought. The guests are all placed at separate tables, and it is a point of ton that as few as possible should sit at the same board. Each table is served with exactly the same description of fare, and exactly at the same instant. When the guests are assembled, cups of warm almond milk are first presented. The dinner consists of several courses. The first is generally composed of dejeuné articles, dried fish, cold ham, livers and gizzards of fowls, salted ducks, powder of dried pork and venison, fried worms found in the sugar-cane, (a great luxury), and such delicacies. The dinner being now about to begin, the host rises, drinks to the guests, who return the compliment. The Chinese use no table-cloth; but the tables being double, the upper one is removed altogether, with the first course upon it, and then the second course is laid. Between the first and second course, dishes of all sorts are served—but all coming under a particular denomination. During the interval the guests may rise and walk about if they please. The second course being laid, the guests return to their seats when *birds-nests'-soup* is served up, with pigeons' and plovers' eggs floating in it, to each person. The nests here alluded to are literally the habitations of birds. The sea swallows of the eastern seas compose their nests of a sea-weed which possesses a very large proportion of delicate mucilage. The best comes from Batavia and the Nikobar islands. The nest is formed of three layers, the last one of which, being the inside of the abode, is the most precious, commonly fetching from forty-five to sixty Spanish dollars for about a pound and three quarters weight. After this soup, the rest of the dinner is served in large

bowls in quick succession, containing soups, ragouts, and stews of fish, meat, birds, &c. Towards the end the last six or seven bowls are formed into a circle on the table, so as that every two shall support little plates of fish and meat variously dressed. In the middle a tureen with similar food is laid. The rice is then served up in cups, and may be eaten with any of the contents of the plates or tureen, according to the taste of the guests. Lastly, tea is served up in covered cups on the leaves, without any addition, and thus the entertainment ends. During the dinner, liquors and cordials are in constant use. Chinese wine is not made of grapes; but the sort consumed is generally mixed with liqueur. The custom of drinking with one another prevails in China as much as in England; but when it is done ceremoniously, the Chinese leave us at a tremendous distance, according to our author.

'The parties rise from their chairs and proceed to the middle of the room. They then raise their cups as high as their mouths, and lower them again until they almost touch the ground—the lower the more polite. This process is repeated three, six, or nine times, each watching the others' motions with the greatest exactness: nor will one of them drink before the other, until, after repeated attempts, their cups meet their mouths at one and the same instant; when they empty them, and turn them up so as to expose the inside, and show that every drop has been drunk. After this, they hold the empty cups and salute one another in the same manner, retreating by degrees towards their chairs, when they sit down to resume their functions at the repast.'—Vol. p. 237.

As the opportunities of observing domestic manners amongst the Chinese are very scanty, which are granted to foreigners, we have dwelt the longer on the results of Mr. Dobell's researches into that part of their national peculiarities. He has supplied many curious and original details, respecting the habits of the people of China, which are all perfectly consistent with what has been recorded by travellers from our own country. He is of opinion that, under the present system of government, China never will advance in arts or morality; or, rather, will never cease to be a semi-barbarous country, inasmuch as it is a contrivance founded on the principle of self perpetuation. Mr. Dobell is a staunch enemy to the free-trade system, now so much the rage with a certain class of politicians. We are not disposed to touch this question at present, but those who wish to form a just opinion upon it, would do well to make themselves acquainted with Mr. Dobell's sentiments. We have only to say that we have been highly amused and much instructed by his work.

Art. III.—*The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*—Vol. XI., Parts I. and II. 8vo. Edinburgh: Cadell and Co.; and London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1830.

The first part of this volume, which completes the new edition of Sir Walter Scott's poetical works, is occupied by some essays on

ballad poetry, and by a series of introductions to be prefixed to the several poems, and poetical collections, respectively, which have proceeded from the prolific pen of this celebrated author. In those introductions the writer has furnished us with a connected history of his literary career, so far as it was connected with his speculations in poetry—his success and ultimate failure in that department. This portion of Sir Walter's biography places him in a very singular light, and one that is calculated to excite some very curious reflections. The narrative, it should be observed, shews all through a strong sense, on the part of the writer, of the obligation of candour. There is not the slightest partiality for his hero visible in any one page; but he sits in judgment upon himself, resolved to unfold the truth whatever be the sort of effect which it may produce. We acknowledge at once, that the impression we have received from a perusal of these Sketches is not altogether very satisfactory, so uncomfortable it is sometimes to be undeceived. We feel exactly as if, after we had been most delightfully terrified by the thunder and lightning of the stage, the manager came forth, with the rosin powder in his hand, and read us a lecture on the contemptible sources of the counterfeit electricity. The chemistry of the mind can only be admired in its results; the charcoal and crucibles of the laboratory destroy the enchantment, and bring down the most striking phenomena to the level of natural and explicable operations. But though the plain speaking of the conjuror himself may, in some degree, dissipate the pleasing spell of poetry, yet we should set a high value on confessions like those before us, inasmuch as they enlarge the authentic materials for the history of the human mind. What should we not now sacrifice to have such revelations from the pen of Shakspeare? to be told by himself who the old lady was that delighted his young mind with the melancholy story of Hamlet; or who was the Jew of his acquaintance that stood for Shylock; or what blessed name did she bear on earth, whom he canonized under the name of Miranda—or of Imogen— or of Jessica? Yet, ardent as we should be for those details, we doubt if, even in the case of Shakspeare, our admiration would not lessen in proportion as our curiosity would be gratified; and perhaps after all, the dim and mysterious object which Shakspeare personally appears in the distance of years, has tended not a little to perpetuate the veneration which we feel for his works. However the truth may be on this subject, we can have no doubt that the partial autobiography before us, along with being very curious, is very instructive; and though it may not tend to raise the poetical character of Sir Walter Scott, it will certainly afford some lessons to be prized for their practical and general utility.

Our common notions of poetical temperament are, that it drives a man, whether he will or no, to blacken paper; that it is irresistible, like the power of intoxication; and that it is as easy for one under the latter influence to walk upright, as it is for a poet to re-

frain from making verses. But this is not the case in the instance before us. Whilst all other bards that we ever heard of have been governed by their impulses, it has been the singular fortune of Sir Walter to be able, from the very outset, to command *his*. He hoarded up his poetical faculty, as if he imagined that to keep it idle until it attained in some measure a state of maturity, he could then employ it to more advantage. Few there are that can get over fourteen years without incurring the guilt of a pair of verses at least,—poets surely never. Sir Walter, however, is perfectly spotless on this point. Neither an eye, nor a cheek, nor a ringlet, provoked his youth to a single offence of the kind, and Cœlias and Ianthes unfolded their charms in vain before his eyes. In truth, the history of the bard of Scotland presents us with the uncommon spectacle of a young man starting in the career of a poet with all the thrifty calculations of a merchant; submitting his inspirations to the control of arithmetic, and even in his finest phrenzy steadily attending to the sagacious maxims of poor Richard. Sir Walter took up verses as another man would a profession or trade; and to hear his account of how he set out in his calling,—how well he appreciated the qualities of industry and honesty in a boy,—how he rose betimes, and took pains to avoid improper company,—to hear this, one would think that it was the story of a Lord Mayor of London that one was reading, or of some very prosperous liveryman, who wanted to edify us by the example of his early attention to business. Is it not curious, that one who treated poetry as an occupation of life, as a pursuit of profit, to be followed like the law, like physic, like the selling of merchandise, should himself have so admirably succeeded as a poet? We should have supposed that an estimate of poetry so unworthy of it, would argue an incapacity to cultivate the art at all. Yet such is the fact. Sir Walter went to work like a tradesman, and he performed like a poet. It would be amusing at least to trace the young bard's feelings during that critical part of his career when, having adventured some poetical publications before the world, he was balancing against each other the probable advantages that would arise from adhering to the profession of the bar, on which he had entered, on the one hand, and on the other those that would accrue from an exclusive devotion to the muses. Many circumstances had contributed to turn his attention to poetry early in life. He had been an eager student of ballad lore when yet very young; and his propensity to this description of literature was very much stimulated by his intimacy with Monk Lewis, who introduced into this country a taste for that wild romance which the Germans had cultivated with such success. But charmed as the youth was, with such poetry as was to be found in *Percy's Reliques*, he was not stimulated, he confesses, to attempt any imitation of what gave him so much pleasure.

'I had, indeed, he continues, tried the metrical translations which

were occasionally recommended to us at the High School. I got credit for attempting to do what was enjoined, but very little for the mode in which the task was performed, and I used to feel not a little mortified when my versions were placed in contrast with others of admitted merit. At one period of my schoolboy days, I was so far left to my own desires as to become guilty of verses on a thunder-storm, which were much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprung up, in the shape of an apothecary's blue-buskin'd wife, who affirmed that my most sweet poetry was stolen from an old magazine. I never forgave the imputation, and even now I acknowledge some resentment against the poor woman's memory. She indeed accused me unjustly, when she said I had stolen my brooms ready made; but as I had, like most premature poets, copied all the words and ideas of which my verses consisted, she was so far right, that there was not an original word or thought in the whole six lines. I made one or two faint attempts at verse, after I had undergone this sort of daw-plucking at the hands of the apothecary's wife; but some friend or other always advised me to put my verses in the fire, and, like Dorax in the play, I submitted, though "with a swelling heart." —pp. 56, 57.

The great success of Lewis, however, was such as to induce Sir Walter, who, whatever was the difference between him and his master in poetical powers, certainly exceeded him in general information, to attempt his style. The execution of this essay was completed in the production of a metrical version of Burger's "Leonore," with some other German ballads. The publication was a failure; but, as Sir Walter says, that he wrote then for amusement, his ill success brought no great disappointment. He continued to translate from the German without intermission; and at last began to imitate what he so much admired. "Glenfinlas," he tells us, was the first original poem which he composed. This, with other original pieces, were handed round in manuscript amongst his friends, and from the applause which he met with, the persevering candidate resolved to make another appeal to the taste of the public.

"At last, after thinking seriously on the subject, I wrote out a fair copy, (of Glenfinlas, I think), and marked all the various corrections which had been proposed. On the whole I found that I had been required to alter every verse, almost every line; and the only stanzas of the whole ballad which escaped criticism, were such as neither could be termed good nor bad, speaking of them as poetry, but were of a mere common-place character, absolutely necessary for conducting the business of the tale. This unexpected result, after about a fortnight's anxiety, led me to adopt a rule from which I have seldom departed during more than thirty years of literary life. When a friend, whose judgment I respect, has decided, and upon good advisement told me, that a manuscript was worth nothing, or at least possessed no redeeming qualities sufficient to atone for its defects, I have generally cast it aside; but I am little in the custom of paying attention to minute criticisms, or of offering such to any friend who may do me the honour to consult me. I am convinced that, in general, in removing even errors of a trivial or venial kind,

the character of originality is lost, which, upon the whole, may be that which is most valuable in the production.'—vol. xi. part ii. pp. 74, 75.

Glenfinlas and some other "trifles," were printed in a collection entitled "Tales of Wonder," which was published by Lewis; but which, in consequence of the sordid conduct of the bookseller to whom it was entrusted, was consigned to oblivion amidst the ridicule of the public. Sir Walter was now animated with greater boldness than ever, and collecting all his energies, he ventured to appear by "himself alone," as a claimant for general approbation. The publication by which his merits were to be thus set before the world was the celebrated one, entitled the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. The work was printed in Kelso, and was regarded by amateurs of typography with wonder, when they considered the beauty of the printer's work, and the obscure town where it was produced. The experiment succeeded; but a second edition proved, in the language of the trade, a heavy concern.

Sir Walter had now waded into the current of authorship to that point from which it would have been as difficult to recede as to advance. When he began his course by the publication of Leonore, he was an insulated individual, having only his own tastes to gratify, and his own interests to care for. But in 1803, when the second edition of the Minstrelsy was produced, he had some experience of the comprehensive duties of a husband and father, and it became a grave question with him which he should choose—literature or the bar. But as it sometimes happens, when a lover is vacillating between two mistresses, one of the ladies takes umbrage, and by retiring from a competition with her rival, leaves the gentleman without any power of selection at last. It so happened to Sir Walter, who confesses that the discouragement which he received at the bar was attributable to his avowed devotions to the muse, and that with the lady of the law he soon established nearly the same sort of footing as subsisted between Slender and Anne Page—there was no great love between them at the beginning, and it pleased heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance. Sir Walter was fortunate enough to obtain the reversion of a comfortable public office, which, with his patrimony, he deemed sufficient for securing a respectable livelihood; and with this foundation to go upon, he finally resolved to adopt literary pursuits as the principal object of his future life. One of the first resolutions which Sir Walter made upon his onset, was derived from a consideration of the errors of some illustrious men who had been engaged in a similar occupation. He saw that it was a mistake which still shed its blighting influence on their fair fame, that they should have allowed themselves to enter into petty contests with unworthy assailants, who too often provoked them to the unconscious exposure of their bad passions. These weaknesses Sir Walter, without arrogating to himself the powers of those men, was determined to avoid.

'With this view, it was my first resolution to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language, which, from one motive or other, ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were, indeed, the business, rather than the amusement, of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and luscious draughts, until he is unable to endure wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast, and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library.

'My second resolution was a corollary from the first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself with the triple brass of Horace, against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh if the jest was a good one, or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep.

'It is to the observance of these rules, (according to my best belief,) that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties.

'I adopted, at the same time, another resolution, on which it may doubtless be remarked, that it was well for me that I had it in my power to do so, and that, therefore, it is a line of conduct which can be less generally applicable in other cases. Yet I fail not to record this part of my plan, convinced that, though it may not be in every one's power to adopt exactly the same resolution, he may nevertheless, by his own exertions, in some shape or other, attain the object on which it was founded, namely, to secure the means of subsistence, without relying exclusively on literary talents. In this respect, I determined that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch, and that the profits of my labour, however convenient otherwise, should not become necessary to my ordinary expenses. With this purpose, I resolved, if the interest of my friends could so far favour me, to retire upon any of the respectable offices of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge, when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher offices and honours. Upon such an office an author might hope to retreat, without any perceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavours to please, or he himself should tire of the occupation of authorship. At this period of my life, I possessed so many friends capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly overrate my own prospects of obtaining the moderate preferment to which I limited my wishes; and, in fact, I obtained, in no long period, the reversion of a situation which completely met them.'—vol. xi. part i. pp. 13—17.

Sir Walter was wise enough to see that he had as yet to make a

character with the public—and, still wiser, he concluded that ballad writing, although it was his favourite pursuit, would never ensure his fame with the world. The chief objection to it arose from the peculiarity of the measure. It now struck him that the employment of the octosyllabic line—the line of "fatal facility" as Lord Byron observed of it would answer. To this description of measure our poet attaches the title of Romantic Stanza: he thinks that it is so natural a one to our language, that the very best of our poets have not been able to protract it "into the verse properly called Heroic, without the use of epithets, which are, to say the least, unnecessary." We have the utmost respect for the authority of the writer in all matters of literature—but we confess that a more hazardous and apparently less justifiable doctrine was never broached than this. The way in which Sir Walter attempts to exemplify his remark is not less to be wondered at. He quotes the first six lines of Pope's Iliad, and marks the superfluous epithets, which happen in each case to be two syllables.* Take away the epithets, according to Sir Walter, and we shall have only eight syllables, *therefore* the octosyllabic is the most natural verse! The error of such an argument as this scarcely requires to be exposed. Sir Walter must have well known that Pope was a translator, bound to walk in the footsteps of his principal, and that if he could not render the meaning of the original he must not distort it by ideas of his own. Had Pope the power of varying the import of Homer's text, he certainly would not have employed adjectives that add little or nothing to the sense—and we are led to this conclusion by a reference to Pope's original pieces in hexameter, where the number of expletives can scarcely be compared to the few blades of corn that reward the patient labour of the gleaner. We are not about to discuss the 'congeniality' of the octosyllabic measure to our language—but it is just that we should shew how Sir Walter may be met with his own weapon. The Homeric measure is so long, he says, that our best poets in using it must avail themselves of senseless or superfluous words, an assertion which we unconditionally deny. But even were it the case, we should prefer too many words to too few, and that too few is often allowed by the procrustean limitation of the octosyllabic measure, we need only refer to Sir Walter's own works to prove. We will venture to say, that by the process of amputation, clipping, and maiming the parts of speech which the eight-syllable phrenzy introduced into this country, a more violent innovation in our language was committed than had occurred for a century before.

* It is very singular that poets in general commit the grossest injustice whenever they quote from each other. In three of the six lines cited by Sir Walter, there are no less than *four* words substituted by him for those of Pope. This is scarcely fair upon an occasion when the dispute is concerning the value of words.

Whatever the Homeric line has accomplished in increasing our store of elegant and copious expression, the severe and cropt octosyllabic has certainly tended very considerably to thin our language—and as for the primitive family of the "articles," Sir Walter may be said to have banished them as far as he could from our poetry.

Sir Walter having satisfied himself in the choice of his verse, had next to select a subject, the difficulty attending which process was very auspiciously abridged for our author.

'The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband, with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs. All who remember this lady will agree, that the intellectual character of her extreme beauty, the amenity and courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence, gave more the idea of an angelic visitant, than of a being belonging to this nether world; and such a thought was but too consistent with the short space she was permitted to tarry among us. Of course, where all made it a pride and a pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore; among others, an aged gentleman of property, near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the story of Gilpin Horner, a tradition in which the narrator, and many more of that country, were firm believers. The young Countess, much, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined it me, as a task, to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey; and thus the goblin story, objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written.

'A chance similar to that which dictated the subject, gave me also the hint of a new mode of treating it. We had at that time the lease of a pleasant cottage, near Lasswade, on the romantic banks of the Esk, to which we escaped when the vacations of the Court permitted so much leisure. Here I had the pleasure to receive a visit from Mr. Stoddart, (now Sir John Stoddart, Judge-Advocate at Malta,) who was at that time collecting the particulars, which he afterwards embodied in his Remarks on Local Scenery in Scotland.* I was of some use to him in procuring the information which he desired, and guiding him to the scenes which he wished to see. In return, he made me better acquainted than I had hitherto been with the poetic effusions which have since made the Lakes of Westmoreland, and the authors by whom they have been sung, so famous wherever the English tongue is spoken.

'I was already acquainted with the "Joan of Arc," the "Thalaba," and the "Metrical Ballads" of Mr. Southey, which had found their way to Scotland, and were generally admired. But Mr. Stoddart, who had the advantage of personal friendship with the authors, and who possessed a strong memory with an excellent taste, was able to repeat to me many long specimens of their poetry, which had not yet appeared in print. Amongst others, was the striking fragment called Christabel, by Mr. Coleridge, which, from the singularly irregular structure of the stanzas, and the liberty which it allowed the author to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed

* Two volumes, royal octavo. 1801.

to be exactly suited to such an extravaganza as I meditated on the subject of Gilpin Horner. As applied to comic and humourous poetry, this mescolanza of measures had been already used by Anthony Hall, Anstey, Dr. Wolcott, and others; but it was in Christabel that I first found it used in serious poetry, and it is to Mr. Coleridge that I am bound to make the acknowledgment due from the pupil to his master. I observe that Lord Byron, in noticing my obligations to Mr. Coleridge, which I have been always most ready to acknowledge, expressed, or was understood to express, a hope that I did not write a parody on Mr. Coleridge's productions.* On this subject I have only to say, that I do not even know the parody which is alluded to; and were I ever to take the unbecoming freedom of censuring a man of Mr. Coleridge's extraordinary talents, it would be for the caprice and indolence with which he has thrown from him, as if in mere wantonness, those unfinished scraps of poetry, which, like the Torso of antiquity, defy the skill of his poetical brethren to complete them. The charming fragments which the author abandons to their fate, are surely too valuable to be treated like the proofs of careless engravers, the sweepings of whose studies often make the fortune of some pains-taking collector.'—vol. xi. part 1, pp. 20—25.

It was not, however, until a year elapsed that Sir Walter was incited to any practical experiment. He composed a few stanzas on the plan that he had already approved of; they were seen by some judicious friends; they met with applause from Mr. Jeffrey; and with this encouragement, the author soon expanded his few stanzas into a splendid poem. This is the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was published in 1805. As its success was but speculative at first, the usual terms of a division of profits were adopted by the author and bookseller. The latter, however soon agreed to give 500*l.* for the copyright, to which 100*l.* were afterwards added; a pretty plain indication that the work did not at all events fail. Thirty thousand copies of the poem were sold; and what seems to have been matter of just pride with Sir Walter, its merits procured him the smiles of Pitt and Fox. Marmion was his next publication, and of that we shall allow Sir Walter to speak himself.

'The publication of my next poetical attempt was prematurely accelerated, from one of those unpleasant accidents which can neither be foreseen nor avoided.

'I had formed the prudent resolution to endeavour to bestow a little more labour than I had yet done on my productions, and to be in no hurry again to announce myself as a candidate for literary fame. Accordingly, particular passages of a poem, which was finally called "Marmion," were laboured with a good deal of care, by one by whom much care was seldom bestowed. Whether the work was worth the labour or not, I am no competent judge; but I may be permitted to say, that the period of its composition was a very happy one, in my life; so much so, that I remember with pleasure, at this moment, some of the spots in which particular passages were composed. It is probably owing to this that the Introductions to the several Cantos assumed the form of familiar epistles

* Medwyn's Conversations of Lord Byron, p. 309.

to my intimate friends, in which I alluded, perhaps more than was necessary or graceful, to my domestic occupations and amusements—a loquacity which may be excused by those who remember, that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

"The misfortunes of a near relation and friend, which happened at this time, led me to alter my prudent determination, which had been, to use great precaution in sending this poem into the world; and made it convenient at least, if not absolutely necessary, to hasten its publication. The publishers of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," emboldened by the success of that poem, willingly offered a thousand pounds for "Marmion." The transaction being no secret, afforded Lord Byron, who was then at general war with all who blacked paper, an opportunity to include me in his satire, entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." I never could conceive how an arrangement between an author and his publishers, if satisfactory to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party. I had taken no unusual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value of my merchandise,—I had never higgled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once what I considered the handsome offer of my publishers. These gentlemen, at least, were not of opinion that they had been taken advantage of in the transaction, which indeed was one of their own framing; on the contrary, the sale of the poem was so far beyond their expectation, as to induce them to supply the author's cellars with what is always an acceptable present to a young Scottish housekeeper, namely, a hogshead of excellent claret.

'The poem was finished in too much haste, to allow me an opportunity of softening down, if not removing, some of its most prominent defects. The nature of Marmion's guilt, although similar instances were found, and might be quoted, as existing in feudal times, was nevertheless not sufficiently peculiar to be indicative of the character of the period, forgery being the crime of a commercial, rather than a proud and warlike eye. This gross defect ought to have been remedied or palliated. Yet I suffered the tree to lie as it had fallen.'—vol. xi. part i. pp. 8—11.

Up to 1825 the sale of this poem amounted to thirty-six thousand copies.

The "Lady of the Lake," in our belief the most finished of all Sir Walter's poetical performances, was certainly the most successful. The cause of this prosperity is explained in the circumstance of the task having been a labour of love. Our author observes—

'I may now confess, however, that the employment, though attended with great pleasure, was not without its doubts and anxieties. A lady, to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived, during her whole life, on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me at the time when the work was in progress, and used to ask me what I could possibly do to rise so early in the morning, that happening to be the most convenient time to me for composition. At last I told her the subject of my meditations; and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. "Do not be so rash," she said, "my dearest cousin. You are already popular—more so, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or than even I, or other partial friends, can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high—do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a

fall; for, depend upon it, a favourite will not be permitted even to stumble with impunity." I replied to this affectionate expostulation in the words of Montrose :—

'"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."

'"If I fail," I said, for the dialogue is strong in my recollection, "it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life; you shall see no change in my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse. But, if I succeed,

'"Up with the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk, and the feather, and a' !"

'Afterwards I showed my affectionate and anxious critic the first canto of the poem, which reconciled her to my imprudence. Nevertheless, although I answered thus confidently, with the obstinacy often said to be proper to those who bear my surname, I acknowledge that my confidence was considerably shaken by the warning of her excellent taste and unbiassed friendship. Nor was I much comforted by her retractation of the unfavourable judgment, when I recollected how likely a natural partiality was to effect that change of opinion. In such cases, affection rises like a light on the canvass, improves any favourable tints which it formerly exhibited, and throws its defects into the shade.

'I remember that about the same time a friend started in to "heeze up my hope," like the minstrel in the old song. He was bred a farmer, but a man of powerful understanding, natural good taste, and warm poetical feeling, perfectly competent to supply the wants of an imperfect or irregular education. He was a passionate admirer of field sports, which we often pursued together.

'As this friend happened to dine with me at Ashiesteel one day, I took the opportunity of reading to him the first canto of "The Lady of the Lake," in order to ascertain the effect the poem was likely to produce upon a person who was but too favourable a representative of readers at large. It is, of course, to be supposed, that I determined rather to guide my opinion by what my friend might appear to feel, than by what he might think fit to say. The reception of my recitation, or prelection, was rather singular. He placed his hand across his brow, and listened with great attention through the whole account of the stag hunt, till the dogs threw themselves into the lake to follow their master, who embarks with Ellen Douglas. He then started up with a sudden exclamation, struck his hand on the table, and declared, in a voice of censure calculated for the occasion, that the dogs must have been totally ruined by being permitted to take the water after such a severe chase. I own I was much encouraged by the species of reverie which had possessed so zealous a follower of the sports of the ancient Nimrod, who had been completely surprised out of all doubts of the reality of the tale. Another of his remarks gave me much pleasure.'—vol. xi. part i. pp. 5—9.

Sir Walter very candidly declares, that he never was a partizan of his own poetry, even when it was in the highest fashion with the public; nay, he even doubts if the "continued scribbling," as

he calls it, was consistent with either his own interest of that of the public. However as his audience did not think proper to express their disapprobation, he did not think it prudent to anticipate an unfavourable decision, and so he continued to write on. The Lady of the Lake was the culminating point of Sir Walter's poetical reputation. "Rokeby" and the "Lord of the Isles," his two succeeding and last poems, being regarded by him as comparative failures. In accounting for this reverse, our author lays great stress on the consideration that his style or manner having pleased chiefly on account of its novelty, began to lose its charm when it lost that novelty. He was followed, too, by a crowd of imitators, whose unlucky industry at length succeeded in fastening upon his style associations the most ridiculous. So that Sir Walter is well justified in observing that his poetical character was destroyed nearly in the same way as the famous huntsman of old, who was devoured by his own dogs.

'Besides all this, to have kept his ground at the crisis when "Rokeby" appeared, its author ought to have put forth his utmost strength, and to have possessed at least all his original advantages, for a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that of attracting popularity, in which the present writer had preceded better men than himself. The reader will easily see that Lord Byron is here meant, who, after after a little vilitation of no great promise, now appeared as a serious candidate, in the "First Canto of Childe Harold." I was astonished at the power evinced by that work, which neither the "Hours of Idleness," nor the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," had prepared me to expect from its author. There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possessed; and there was some appearance of that labour of the file, which indicates that the author is conscious of the necessity of doing every justice to his work that it may pass warrant. Lord Byron was also a traveller, a man whose ideas were fired by having seen, in distant scenes of difficulty and danger, the places whose very names are recorded in our bosoms as the shrines of ancient poetry. For his own misfortune, perhaps, but certainly to the high increase of his poetical character, nature had mixed in Lord Byron's system those passions which agitate the human heart with most violence, and which may be said to have hurried his bright career to an early close. There would have been little wisdom in measuring any force with so formidable an antagonist; and I was as likely to tire of playing the second fiddle in the concert, as my audience of hearing me. Age also was advancing. I was growing insensible to those subjects of excitation by which youth is agitated. I had around me the most pleasant but least exciting of all society, that of kind friends and an affectionate family. My circle of employments was a narrow one; it occupied me constantly, and it became daily more difficult for me to interest myself in poetical composition:—

'"How happily the days of Thalaba went by!"

'Yet, though conscious that I must be, in the opinion of good judges,

inferior to the place I had for four or five years held in letters, and feeling alike that the latter was one to which I had only a temporary right, I could not brook the idea of relinquishing literary occupation, which had been so long my chief employment. Neither was I disposed to choose the alternative of sinking into a mere editor and commentator, though that was a species of labour which I had practised, and to which I was attached. But I could not endure to think that I might not, whether known or concealed, do something of more importance.'—vol. xi. part I. pp. 12—14.

It was with a dispirited mind that Sir Walter went to work on the Lord of the Isles; and the reception of that volume was such as to induce the author to relinquish the arena, amply consoled with the recollection and the profits of his former achievements, and with the prospects which awaited him in a new and untried region of literature.

The details of his literary life, which Sir Walter Scott has now given us, are undoubtedly very satisfactory as regards their abundance, as well as the good faith which pervades them. But whether or not they will raise the character of the man in the esteem of his discerning cotemporaries, or of more impartial posterity, it is not for us to decide. Persons who take sober views of the relative duties of men to each other, may be apt to inquire if one so unusually endowed as Sir Walter Scott, with the qualities that are most fitted to command an extended and durable influence over the minds of his countrymen, should have wasted his powers in the manufacture of mere gew-gaws for the eye, and that he should have persevered in producing those glittering but valueless and evanescent creations, for no other reason than that he had succeeded in adulterating the public with a taste for such unsubstantial pleasures. With all his invention, with all his elegant fancy, with all that refined sagacity which enables the poet to perform the beautiful task of the painter, what has Sir Walter Scott, regarding him in the former capacity, accomplished for our literature? Taking him, as he himself suggests that he should be estimated, as a poet, Sir Walter, instead of using his intellectual resources to reform the public taste, took advantage of its distempered condition, and consulted more immediately the inclination than the interests of his readers. The consequence is that he has made by his poetry no national impression. At least, his influence is now scarcely felt in our poetical literature. His system of verse was founded on an assumption of the poverty of our language,—an assumption which would, under his sanction, have been likely to receive great credit, were it not so triumphantly overthrown by the example of Byron. And when we hear Sir Walter chuckle over the remembrance of the exercise of that tact which enabled him so well to define what was most suited to the public appetite at a given time, we cannot but lament that worthier and higher motives had not influenced his pen. Few have gained an

illustrious name in any country, whose writings have not been always above the level of the intelligence of the period in which they lived,—few men, even poets, have been remembered with credit after their death, that did not by their labours endeavour to leave society something better than they found it.

These are amongst the considerations which give rise to the pleasure we feel that Sir Walter has directed his genius from poetry to another department of literature; and if we have urged them with freedom, it is because in his subsequent labours he has earned a character of usefulness and philanthropy, which will enable him easily to afford to have his poetical sins run down.

Art. IV.—*Four Years' Residence in the West Indies.* By F. W. N. Bayley. 8vo. pp. 693. London: Kidd. 1830.

Our readers will perhaps recollect the pleasant little work entitled "Six Months in the West Indies," written by Mr. Coleridge, which we introduced to their acquaintance about four years ago. The volume now before us treats of the same regions, and almost of the same persons and subjects; and although the author had the advantage of a more lengthened acquaintance with them than Mr. Coleridge, yet it is much to the credit of the latter that his reports and reasonings mainly agree with those of his successor; that no error of any importance has been discovered in his statement of facts, and that most of his anticipations turn out to have been well founded. Mr. Bayley has, indeed, to speak of the West Indies at a later period than Mr. Coleridge, and in this respect alone may be thought to possess an advantage; for the improvements that appear to have taken place in several of the islands within the interval of two of two or three years, are neither few nor unimportant. But in point of style and true vivacity, Mr. Bayley's work is infinitely inferior to the other. He mistakes mere verbiage for merriment, and triviality for wit. Sometimes he attempts to be poetical, and becomes more prosy than ever. He sets out from England either in love with a lady, whom he calls Laura, or pretending to be in love with her, and we have sundry mawkish exclamations addressed to his ever-faithful mistress in the course of his travels. The first newspaper he reads upon his return, informs him of her marriage, which he bears like a philosopher. The story is a silly one throughout, and evidently an invention for the purpose of giving an air of romance to his production. We suspect that he owes to his fancy, also, the idea of giving descriptions of some of the islands which he did not visit, in the form of letters, supposed to be addressed to him by different friends. The dandyish style which pervades the acknowledged portions of his book, shews the letters also, though they affect variety, to have proceeded from the same hand.

No person can write about the West Indies without stumbling forthwith on the eternal subject of slavery. Mr. Bayley swears, that he is an anti-slavery man; that he detests the traffic quite as much as Mr. Wilberforce himself; that he has no interest at stake on one side of the question or the other; that he is a most impartial judge; but that, nevertheless, the slaves are very happy in their present condition, and that freedom would be to them no boon whatever. This seems to be his real opinion, and yet he says that he is an advocate for gradual emancipation. So are the parliament and government of England; so is every rational man in the country. Mr. Bayley takes a great deal of unnecessary trouble when he endeavours to shew, that the sudden emancipation of the slaves in our West Indian colonies, would be equally injurious to the negroes and the planters. Nobody, arrived at the years of discretion, doubts it. He combats a phantom of his own creation, if he thinks that there is any body at this side of the Atlantic, excepting a few old women, who desires that the slaves in any of the islands should be all emancipated on the same day. The true object of such arguments as Mr. Bayley uses, notwithstanding his fair professions, is to perpetuate the system of slavery, under, perhaps, an ameliorated form, in the West Indies. Hence it is that he repeats the stories, which we have been hearing for years, of the happiness which the enslaved negroes enjoy, of the humanity of their proprietors, overseers, and drivers; of the kindness with which they are treated in sickness and health, and of the affluence which reigns among them compared with the peasantry of the United Kingdom. That the discussions which have taken place in Parliament upon this subject have, in many instances, procured considerable improvement in the condition of the slaves in the West Indies, we do not doubt. We have Mr. Bayley's favourable testimony on this point, and we believe it to be essentially correct. But either he was himself cajoled, or he wishes to cajole his readers, when he tells us that the negroes do not wish for freedom. He heard as much from one or two individuals of the race, and concludes, from these solitary cases, that they are all of the same way of thinking. Such reasoning as this is too shallow to produce any other effect than this,—that it shews the real object of such a statement to mean more than strikes the ear. If the slaves are happy now, they would be so, *ceteris paribus*, to the end of time; their families would inherit the same notions, and, therefore, nothing need be done towards their emancipation. This is the drift of all that Mr. Bayley says upon the subject, and having thus briefly adverted to it, we shall pass to those parts of his volume, which, when compared with Mr. Coleridge's work, appear to us to have novelty to recommend them.

Our author went out with his father, a commissary in the army, to the Leeward Islands, towards the end of 1825, and arrived first at Barbadoes, concerning which island Mr. Coleridge has left

nothing to be said. We find that the prejudice which in his time prevented the children of the free coloured from being taught to write, is still continued. Codrington College, however, which, when that gentleman was at Barbadoes, stood much in need of reformation, appears, since then, to have engaged serious attention in the proper quarters, and to have undergone considerable improvement in every respect. From Barbadoes our author proceeded to St. Vincent, and thence to Grenada, these being the only islands in the West Indies which he visited. Of several of the other islands he speaks from the reports of others, or from books. With respect to Barbadoes and Grenada, Mr. Coleridge had left little for him to say, though he has devoted to them five or six chapters. His description of St. Vincent is too scattered to be brought within a reasonable compass. It is generally considered, next to Grenada, one of the most beautiful islands in the West Indies. From his chapters upon this island, we shall extract a copy of verses which were presented to him by J. C. Smith, Esq. of the 27th regiment, which are worth all his own poetry, and his prose too, put together.

I

'My heart is with my Father land,
Though far from its fields I roam,
On hills where the breezes soft and bland
Waft the scent of the bright flow'rs home:
By tropic gales are my temples fann'd,
Yet I sigh for the breath of my Father land!

II.

'Though nature does all her pomp unfold,
To catch my wandering eye;
I turn from her charms with feelings cold,
Or pass them unheeded by:
While the light of memory's magic spell,
Hallows each scene in my native dell.

III.

'The birds flit by in joyous flight,
On wings of the rainbow's hue;
Or glittering round like gems of light,
Sip from each flower the dew:
But no warbling sweet from their throats arise,
Like the wood notes wild of my native skies.

IV.

'The lofty palm with its shadowy plumes,
Waves in the sun-bright air;
The earth is rich with gorgeous blooms,
And starlight flowers are there:
But a sweeter breath the flow'rs exhale,
That drink the dews in my native vale.

V.

'Though each mountain path is arched across,
By the Ferntree's feathery spray;

And the verdant hues of the velvet moss
Gleam bright in the rock-hewn way;
O'er each craggy slope of my native dells,
The purple heath shakes its fairy bells.

VI.

'Though from the foliage-shaded hills,
The sparkling waters rush,
And gleaming round a thousand rills
In the rays of the morning blush!
There's many a torrent rainbow spann'd,
Glides over the rocks of my native land.

VII.

'Though the midnight skies are burning bright,
With many a dazzling star,
The softer gleam of my own moonlight
To me is dearer far,
When its faint and silvery hues are cast
O'er hills where the days of my youth were past.

VIII.

'For what are these scenes so soft and fair,
The gales that sweetly blow—
The blossoms of earth, or the birds of air,
Or the skies in their moon-bright glow;
If the lovely heart must at distance pine
From those on whom all its hopes recline?

IX.

'The grass that springs on our fathers' graves,
Full many a thought endears—
There's a spell in the humblest shrub that waves
Near the home of our infant years.
Yea, the simplest leaf does our fondness share
If its parent bud expanded there.

X.

'Oh, thus! though far on a foreign strand,
My lonely lot is cast;
Still, still for thee, my Father land,
The pulse of my heart beats fast;
While many a vision, soft and bland,
Bears me back to thy shores, my Father land.—pp. 296-298.

Considering that Mr. Bayley actually visited only three of the principal islands of the West Indies, it seems to have been rather adventurous in him to give his work so comprehensive a title. It is, in fact, chiefly made up from publications long known to every body who feels interested about those regions. Some of his observations, however, though not new, are dressed up in an interesting form. He thus speaks of the diseases of those climates:—

'I do not tell the reader that people go to balls night after night, or even week after week, in the tropics with impunity. Many a man by dancing, drinking, and dissipation, has provoked the attack of that which has effectually prevented him from dancing, drinking, or dissipating more.

Many a young and fairy being, many a lovely, innocent, and smiling creole, has gained in the merry dance, in that exhilirating whirl, which fills her eye with animation, and her heart with joyousness, that which has borne her, in her beauty and her bloom, away to an early grave.

'The diseases of the Western Isles leave the invalid but little time for penitence or reflection.

'In the short space of three days the fever which rages in the brain, and burns in the blood of the victim, is either defeated and defied by the hardy vigour of a young and healthful constitution, or extinguished by the cold and clammy touch of death. To-day I dine with the strong and healthy; to-morrow I follow him to his home of homes. The grim skeleton, however, is usually more lenient to the old inhabitants than to the new comers. It is the seasoning fever that does the work of death. It is this that the afflicted father curses with the curse of bitterness; over this does the mother mourn in the tenderness of her grief.

'But I have seen a hundred of the aged who have passed their grand climacterics. Sixty, seventy, eighty years, have rolled over their hoary heads, and they are now on the high road to a hundred; and yet they shew no signs of dying. They live on in the hardihood of their health, in spite of the sighing of their relatives, and the impatience of their heirs.

'And I have seen the young too, the young, the beautiful, the brave; they came in the pride of health, they were flowers that promised long to blossom in their beauty: they were gay, and innocent, and joyous; wild as the air they breathed; unthinking as the earth they trod on; beloved by their relatives, admired by their friends, and triumphing in the prospect of happiness; and happiness was theirs, and they enjoyed it. And a week passed away, a week of pleasure, the dissipated pleasure of the world; but it passed soon in its blissfulness, and then came fever, and it seized them with its burning grasp; and disease, and it breathed upon them the breath of corruption; and a phantom, a grim, gaunt, gloomy, grinning phantom, and it touched them with the withering hand of death. So the flowers were blasted in the loneliness of their bloom, and the young in the elasticity of their youthfulness, and the beautiful in the pride of their beauty, and the brave in the vanity of their courage. They were conveyed to their last homes, and their parents wept for them a season, a short season, and their relatives mourned for them a while, a little while, and their friends missed them for a day or two. After this came pleasure, hand in hand with oblivion; and the dance and the festival were resumed, and the worms feasted on the buried, and the men forgot them in their gaiety.

'In all this there is a deep and impressive warning, but it is a warning that is not heeded. I was in Grenada, when the scarlet fever was pursuing its ravages; and there such scenes were of every-day occurrence; indeed, I believe their frequency deprived them of their effect. In the West Indies custom reconciles us to the sight of death, as it does in England to the sight of misery. And yet, that same fever, I mean the scarlet, is a terrible enemy to wrestle with, and there are few who survive the combat.

'In the West Indies, however, any fever is bad enough, and I think the "seasoner," is as bad as any. I had one in Barbadoes, that thinned and weakened me; another in St. Vincent, that nearly *kilt* me, and a third in Grenada, that nearly killed me.

'This fever attacked me one morning after a dance of my own, and two

or three after the entertainment I have already spoken of, given by the Governor. It was the dissipation of these two nights, and two more besides, that had fairly knocked me up; and it was my father who in a great fright sent for a doctor to recover me.

'Now, next to the approach of death and the devil himself, I do shudder at the forthcoming of a doctor. Let him be physician, surgeon, apothecary, or apprentice, equally doth he terrify me with his prescriptions. My fancy teemeth with pills, and the payment for the same; with visits, (guinea visits), vexations, and vital air; with blisters, boluses, and the bile; with hot waters, bleeding, and Gil Blas-isms—the very thought of the remedy is to me worse than the disease.

'But the doctor came though, and there was no help for it; and he felt my beating pulse, and said it went very quick; and my burning forehead, and pronounced it very hot; and my palpitating heart, and told me there was a lady in the case; whereat I muttered, God forbid! and gave him a guinea for his pains and his penetration.'—pp. 468—471.

The distinctions and shades of society in the West Indies, are scarcely intelligible to an European who has not visited those regions. There is first the samboe, who is the child of a mulatto father and a negro mother, or vice versa; next in order of remove from the black is the mulatto, who is the child of a white man and a negro woman; the third is called the quadroon, being the offspring of a white man and a mulatto mother: supposing the quadroon to have a child by a white man, it would be called a mustee; a mustee by a white man, it would be called a mustiphini; a mustiphini by a white man, it would be a quintroon. This is the last shade of slavery, for the child of a quintroon by a white woman is free in the eye of the law. All the grades, however they may be mingled, pass under the general appellation of coloured people, amongst whom, especially the ladies, our author finds abundant charms.

'If I accord the palm of female beauty to the ladies of colour, I do not at the same time deteriorate the attraction of the fairer creoles; the stately and graceful demeanour which calls upon us to admire the one, does not forbid us to be fascinated by the modest loveliness of the other; yet I will acknowledge that I prefer the complexion that is tinged, if not too darkly, with all the richness of the olive, to the face which, however fair in its paleness, can never look as lovely as when it wore the rose-blush of beauty which has faded away.

'I know no prettier scene then a group of young and handsome coloured girls taking their evening walk along the moonlit avenues of mountain cabbage trees, which are generally found in the vicinity of the West India towns. They are extremely fond of dress, and make their toilet with much taste and extravagance.

'A sort of many coloured turban is twisted gracefully about their heads; their dresses of spotless silk or muslin are fastened with a flowing sash of ribbon, of the brightest hue (for nearly all of them are fond of dashing colours); their pretty ancles are ornamented with gay sandals, tied over *le bas de soie blanc*, and the *tout ensemble* is adorned with bracelets, and broaches, and ear-rings, which only doubloons can procure, but which they cannot resist buying, *parce qu'elles sont si jolies.*

'I do not, however, think their love of dress would yield to their love of pleasure, for though the climate inclines them (and every body else) to be lazy and languishing to a miracle, yet they have a high flow of spirits, and a natural liveliness of disposition, which enables them to dance, and play and romp, and enjoy themselves with as much gaiety of heart as their fairer sisters on the hills of Albion.

'With all this, they have much to answer for, for I do wisely opine, that they are the grand cause of much of the immorality that prevails in the West Indies; although I will endeavour to lighten the load of blame that lies upon their fair (or rather dark) shoulders to the best of my poor ability.

'All the world know (and it would be well if they did not) that many (for the sake of charity and chastity, I will not say all) of the managers on estates, and residents in the towns of the tropics, have sacrificed all their national morality at the shrine of a deceased philosopher, and formed a very improper *liason d'amour* in lieu of that very proper *liason de mariage*—

"That binds so firmly and that wears so well,"

with various olive coloured divinities, who "love them for themselves alone," and take the greatest possible care of their legitimate homes and of their illegitimate children.

'Now, all this is a great bore, and causes more trouble to moral authors and respectable clergymen than the reader has any idea of; and while the practice exists (and, God knows, I think it will exist for ever in *some* places), there will be little chance of reforming the morals of the worthy inhabitants of the Antilles.

'The custom I have alluded to arises from three causes, first and principally, from slavery, which has a bias upon every thing connected with it. Secondly, from the attractive powers of the male buckras—British, Scotch, and Irish; and thirdly, from the proud and haughty spirit of the coloured ladies themselves.

'Generally speaking, they look down (and very unjustly) with a feeling of contempt on men of their own colour, who are in rank, wealth, and situation of life, fairly on a level with themselves, and rather than live with them a virtuous and inoffensive life, they prefer dwelling with a white man in a state of moral degradation: again, the mulatto, finding himself despised by women of his own colour, is obliged to seek a companion among those of a darker hue; and he, in his turn, deeming her unworthy to be his wife, will only maintain her in the condition of a concubine. It is thus that profligacy and immorality, beginning in the dwelling of the proprietor, descend to the hovel of the slave, and are everywhere practised though they are everywhere condemned.

'The change in this system, which it would be so desirable to effect, must be, like emancipation, gradual; and yet I think the method is simple, and will do its work rapidly, although it will have to contend with strong and established prejudices, and the mighty influences of long custom and habit.

'In my opinion, it is to be effected by that liberal spirit, in the minds of those who compose the legislature of the several colonies, which will induce them to grant to the coloured men those privileges (many would term them rights) which they are anxious to enjoy, and certainly not unworthy to obtain.

'The coloured man is a being essentially differing from the slave: proud of heart, independent in spirit, valuing freedom, if it be possible, more than Englishmen value it, because he is living in a land of slavery; ambitious, industrious, anxious to acquire knowledge, and often self-educated to a surprising degree, tenacious of his rights, decided in his character, loyal to his king, looking with a jealous eye upon his white brethren, seeking to be elevated to the same level, and desirous of moving in the same rank; fierce when stimulated to action, but too peaceable to attack without an injury; looking down with scorn, often a cruel scorn, upon his dependents and inferiors, and hardly acknowledging, even to himself, the superiority of those above him; firm in his principles of religion, willing to receive instruction, and to listen with attention to precepts that may tend, either to enlighten his ignorance, or increase his knowledge; striving to maintain, always, a respectable appearance, and to gain, by honest industry, that which will enable him to vie, in point of exterior, with the whites.

'Such a character fits him for the enjoyment of many privileges; and, provided his ambition be limited within proper bounds, to grant him those privileges would be to make him a good citizen, and give him an importance in the eyes of women of colour, which would go far towards effecting a most desirable object; I mean the encouragement of marriage between them, and the weakening of those motives which induce the coloured women to live in immorality with a white protector.

'If from religion she were to learn the impropriety of such a connexion, and from experience the happiness of a legitimate union with one of her own rank, (provided that rank were elevated, and rendered more important by the privileges I have alluded to), she would hardly, I think, when her vanity was once satisfied, sacrifice the advantages of the latter to the disadvantages of the former state.

'With her white protector, her situation can be any thing but enviable; she lives with him as a concubine, not as a companion; she feels herself his inferior, she cannot mingle with his guests, she may not be introduced into society, she does not dine at his table; her situation is degraded, though, from habit, many view it in a less hateful light; her children are illegitimate, and her attachment to their father (sincere and constant as it may be, and generally is) resembles the attachment of an old and faithful servant, rather than the love of a fond and affectionate wife.

'A connexion with a respectable man of her own colour would be the very reverse of this:—she would be his wife, his equal, his companion; their children would be legitimate, their friendships mutual, their society the same, and their pleasures shared together; their union would be sanctioned by religion and morality, and held respectable in the eye of the world.

'Therefore, to encourage the marriages between coloured people,—which would, assuredly, take place oftener, if the men possessed those privileges which would give them an importance sufficient to satisfy the vanity of the women,—and to discourage those connexions which custom has established, and which the principles of religion must overthrow, must, I think, be the first object of those who really seek to lay the foundation of something like a moral system in the West Indies.

'I do not deny that the task is difficult, or that the undertaking is great,

but still I think it may be gradually accomplished if properly begun. The grants to the coloured people of Grenada have already produced good effect. In that island, the class to which I allude are a most respectable and estimable body of men, and eminently deserving of all they have obtained.

'They are looked upon with less prejudice, their grants are more numerous, their wealth more considerable, their privileges more extensive, and their usefulness more perceived, than in any other island. Several of them are merchants, and have extensive stores in the town, and nearly all of them have received (or given themselves, which sufficiently proves their ambition to know) an education little inferior to that of many men who have been brought up in the public schools of England; and, at all events, greatly above that of one-half of the white overseers, and even managers, on estates in the country.

'The public papers, in one or two islands, are conducted by persons of this class, and the proprietor, and sole editor, of the "St. George's Chronicle" is a worthy young man of colour; yet I do not hesitate to assert, that his paper (with the exception of the "St. Vincent Gazette," not that *by authority*, and perhaps one of the journals of Barbados) is, for the spirit of its leading articles, as well as for the general arrangement of its matter, the best paper printed in the Leeward Islands. His almanack, also, stands unrivalled for the elegance of its typography, and the usefulness of its contents.

'In Grenada, too, the ladies of colour have not shown themselves behind the men in their progress in civilization: they are, generally speaking, better educated than their sisters in the other colonies, and many of them can play on the piano, and sing with very fair execution.

'They have also, to their credit, acquired a better character for morality and religion; they are regular in their attendance at church, and are not unfrequent guests at the communion table: they already discourage the immoral connexions, of which they are themselves the offspring, and seek a more legitimate union—marriage, with white men it is true, but still marriage.

'Many of my countrymen have been induced to enter with them the temple of Hymen, and I shall marvel not to hear that more have followed their example.'—pp. 493—500.

Mr. Bayley, with the assistance of those who have preceded him, in treating of the West Indies, has favoured us with several chapters upon the earthquakes and hurricanes which have occasionally desolated those islands; upon their productions, soil, climate, and natural history. These subjects having been so often discussed, and our author having added nothing to the series of facts which have been already recorded concerning them, we shall prefer listening to what he has to say of the creole ladies.

'A young creole—for creoles, like other ladies, are always young—is a being whose languid beauty in the oppressive heat of the morning will captivate you as much as her lively gaiety of heart in the brilliant *soirée* of the evening; but if we turn to her domestic qualities, to her industry, her activity, (except in the dance), her economy, and the fulfilment of her household duties, I think we must accord the palm to the ladies of Great Britain. In every thing that is beautiful she excels—in every thing that

is useful—*voila une autre chose.* Yet this is partly the effect of climate, partly of education, and partly of circumstances. Slavery, too, which, as I before said, has a bias on every thing around it, influences this as well as other questions. Creole children pass the first ten or twelve years of their lives in their native island; during this period they receive little or no instruction, and can barely read and write; they are nursed and taken care of principally by their own slaves; and, as it may be easily supposed, they spend much time in their company. Childhood is the age of imitation; the age when example has more effect than precept; it is not therefore to be wondered at, that creole children, like all others, should imbibe the tastes and gain the language of those by whom they are surrounded. The slaves, also, are not backward in teaching the picaninny buckras all that is most pernicious of their prejudices and their superstitions. The old black women of the tropics have their *jumbees*, and their evil spirits, just as the ancient nurses of the colder regions have their ghosts and goblins; and the effect produced by a nancy story on the minds of the young creoles, is precisely similar to that caused by the narration of Old Bogie tales in England, and by no means so innocent as the Arabian Nights or the Gesta Romanorum.

'Therefore, with strong superstitious notions in their minds, with the same love of plantains, pepper-pot, and calliloo that is manifested by the offspring of the slaves; with the spirit of idleness which would lead them to call a servant up stairs to pick up their pocket handkerchief if it chanced to fall; with the drawling tones with which, instead of saying, "Susan, where are you going?" they would ask, "Aunte Suse, where you do go dis morning?" and with a total ignorance of every thing but their names and their alphabet, they are sent (and very prudently) home for education.

'They remain a few years in England, and at the age of sixteen or eighteen return to the Antilles, altogether altered beings. They are now not only fair and beautiful, but clever and accomplished; they dance gracefully, sing divinely, play charmingly, they talk French, *comme les Françaises mêmes;* they work fancy work, and have read all the best authors, with the exception of Byron and Moore, and these last are poets whose productions the boarding-school ladies do not allow their pupils to read till after they are married.

'All these accomplishments, however, have not made them industrious; in a boarding-school they have not learned the principles of domestic economy, and certainly that knowledge will not be attained in the West Indies.

'To those who expect to be united to the wealthy and the great, it may not be deemed necessary; they may have their slaves about them, ready to attend to all their wants, and to anticipate all their desires; but this cannot be the case with all; some will form an union with men, who, though they may be competent and independent, are only enabled to maintain that competency and independence by a proper management and skilful economy. Such men will expect to find useful and domestic qualities in those who have charmed them with their accomplishments, and captivated them with their beauty; and if they find them not, though they may adore the charms and graces of their youthful figures, the sweet and unsophisticated purity of their hearts, the mild and yielding gentleness of

their manners, their love, their innocence, their affection, their guileless spirits, and their romantic enthusiasm, they will mourn in secret over the inactivity of spirit and the inability for exertion engendered by education, and rendered resistless by the oppressive influence of a relaxing and enervating climate.

'Look at the life of a creole; she rises at an early hour, earlier, perhaps, than her sisters of the same rank in Europe; she repairs, *en dishabille*, to her breakfast, and after this she passes her morning either in reading some light production, or in practising those sweet and simple airs which charm her hearers in the evening, or in the execution of some fancy work. The two hours that precede her appearance at the dining-table, are devoted to sleep and dress, and the evening is spent in gaiety. Thus do the years roll away in the tropics, thus do the lovely inhabitants of the Antilles pass their mornings in inactivity, and their evenings in pleasure; thus do they--

"Gather May flowers while 'tis May,"

while the attendants that surround them perform for them the domestic duties which may devolve on their situations as wives or mothers.

'This is the custom of the country; the system of education may be blameable, but the fair beings educated should not partake of the blame: and even if the idleness of the lovely creole were deserving of censure, yet there is so much to admire in her character, so much purity in her heart, so much affection in her spirit, so much gentleness in her manner, that it were impossible not to lose all memory of her faults in the pleasing contemplation of her many virtues.'—pp. 572—575.

Far from being surprised at the apparent depression under which literature languishes in the West Indies, we rather rejoice to learn that it engages so much attention beneath so warm a sun.

'LITERATURE in the West Indies is at a low ebb. Booksellers are hardly known, and books little patronized. Reading is by no means a favourite amusement among the inhabitants. Many of the planters and private gentlemen have tolerable libraries, and superb book-cases to contain them; but I am inclined to think that the valuable volumes, cased, as they generally are, in gilt calf or Russia, are more for ornament than use; they contribute to furnish the rooms, but very little to improve the understanding of the West Indians; the fact is, the climate is too hot for study, and their minds are too much fatigued with the cares of business, to lead them to seek for relaxation in any but very light reading, and very little even of that. Were I asked, I should give it as my opinion, that the coloured people read more than any other class of inhabitants in the Antilles. They have an innate desire for information, and a wish to acquire knowledge, which is always most praiseworthy, and is very often most successful.

'The publications printed in the West Indies are seldom any other than newspapers and almanacks. Of the former there are usually two published in each island; though in Jamaica, Barbados, and the larger colonies, there are perhaps more. In these the leading articles are some of them well written, the political remarks strong and independent, and the general arrangement of matter often considerable, and seldom uninteresting. The standard of talent, however, varies greatly in the different islands; and

there are a few that display a vast superiority over the rest. Among these I think I may mention the St. Vincent Gazette, by Drape, in which the articles are generally as well written as they are badly printed, exposing vast talent but little care; and the St. George's Chronicle, in which both care and talent are mingled to a very creditable degree.

'The almanacks are commonly of two kinds; one printed on a sheet for pasting up in the counting-houses of the merchants, and one in a small volume, containing a good deal of useful information,—for the pocket.

'The almanacks published in Grenada are the most perfect that have yet appeared both for the elegance of their typography and the usefulness of their contents: that printed by Baker is illustrated by a neat lithographic drawing, and he deserves great credit for having been the first to produce one with such an embellishment.

'I have often thought that a good monthly periodical would do well in the West Indies, but I have been told, that where the attempt has been made, it has usually proved unsuccessful, from having fallen into personalities, so generally disliked, and yet so difficult to be avoided in a small community.

'I believe there are a few book societies in the Antilles, founded for the very laudable purpose of procuring from England, for the amusement of the fair creoles, *all* the new novels of the day; but I apprehend that the vast numbers monthly poured forth by those giants of the publishing world, Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, and others, will reduce those ladies to content themselves with choosing only the *good ones;* par exemple, "The Man of the World," the "Exclusives," the Manners of the day," "Paul Clifford," and a few others. In the West Indies, though, as I have before said, the field open to the talented is not a wide one, yet there are many persons of first rate ability, whose productions are perhaps little known, and therefore little valued.

'"There's many a flow'ret born to blush unseen;"

and there is many a sweet and plaintive poet in the tropic isles, whose merit would win for him, in England, the fair wreath of fame. In the island of Grenada, there is an author whose abilities are of the first order; the following sonnet, quoted from the St. George's Chronicle, is no bad specimen of his powers:

SONNET.

'"Two wretched years have pass'd, since by thy side,
Over yon river's rugged bank I hung,
And saw thy fair face in its lucid tide,
And heard its echoes woo thy tuneful tongue;
No more on life's smooth current I rejoice,
For never shall thy beaming eye again
Gild its smooth lapse, nor thy melodious voice
Bid friendship, love, and mild affection reign!
Yet on this mournful day, though years have flown,
Still in her magic mirror fancy views
Thy beauty's semblance, still the silver tone
Of thy sweet voice her varied pow'r renews,
And even in my sad heart's inmost seat
Shall that lov'd voice responsive echoes meet."

'Who after this shall deny that there are poets in the Antilles?'—pp. 577—580.

Our English ladies are, without comparison, the genteelest dressers in the world, particularly when they contrive, as they now do, to mingle a spice of the coquetry of the French with their own nature, modesty, and grace. We regret to find that their example is not preferred in the West Indies to the whimsical fashions of Paris, which obtain universal dominion not only in the Antilles, but over the whole South American continent.

'DRESS in the West Indies is seldom studied by any but the fairer sex. The young gentlemen of the tropics do not imitate the beau ideals of dandyism who are daily wont to stroll in Regent-street, the Quadrant, the Burlington, and the Bond. They are content to be dressed plainly and well. White is the standard suit, being lighter and cooler than any other, and more adapted to the climate. The ladies, however, are, I think, fond of a variety of colours, and the ribbons which arrive from France, vià Martinique, furnish them with "numbers numberless." A great fancy for *bijouterie* is also the foible or the forte of the fair creoles, and they show much taste in their choice of these

'"trifles which cost no trifle."

'The slaves and free blacks have a great rage for dress, and will scruple at no means to obtain it; but, in my opinion, the ladies of colour excel all the rest in taste and tact, and stand unrivalled in the art of adorning their persons.

'*Les modes de Paris*, and *le petit Courier des dames*, are as much studied by the ladies of the tropics as by the fair daughters of Albion, and large sleeves, large bonnets, and fringe flounces are as much in vogue in the Antilles as in this city of cities. The dressmakers are all very clever and very extravagant, but I believe that *les petits modistes* of Barbados and Trinidad are deemed superior to those of the smaller islands.'—pp.580—581.

Mr. Bayley has very properly suggested, that the scenery of the West Indian islands would furnish highly diversified and interesting subjects for the panoramic painters, who have produced such wonders in the Strand and Leicester-Square. The landscape views, which they present also in great numbers, might usefully employ some of our young artists. Our author seems to have very little talent, or rather of exertion, in this way. The three or four lithographic prints which are scattered through his volume are decidedly the most execrable specimens of "views" we have ever beheld. His written descriptions are generally very meagre; and yet we recollect one little attempt at scenic painting which shews that with a little more industry, and more reliance upon his own powers, he might have produced a book ten times better in every respect than that which he has partly very loosely written and partly compiled. We allude to the commencement of the thirty-fifth chapter, where, as if by mere accident, he writes—'The bells of the estates were ringing, to call the negroes to their work; the sound of the merry conch shells struck upon my ear as the drivers blew the sonorous blast that summoned their gangs to the field; the bland breeze of the morning passed softly through the trees; the sun was peeping over the eastern hills of St. Vincent,

and darting his splendid beams into the green vallies below; the dew was updrawn from the wild flowers that grew by the road side, and the negroes were driving to the rich pasture lands, when, returning from my morning ride, I beheld the signal for the packet,' &c. Not only landscape but portrait painters, would find abundance of work in the Antilles. Their public amusements are remarkably scanty.

'There are few places of public entertainment in these islands, and the societies are usually obliged to seek for amusement among themselves and in their own gay parties. In some of the colonies there are amateur theatres, but the acting, though tolerable, is seldom brought to any degree of perfection.

'I saw an attempt made by the coloured people to get up a little theatre in Grenada, and the amateurs performed one or two farces in a very creditable manner. One of Shakspeare's tragedies proved less successful, and was not so much in unison with the popular taste as a more lively piece. The persons deserved to succeed, because they displayed an enterprising spirit, and made some exertion to get on; but I do not think the receipts could have paid them for the expenses they incurrred.

'I was also once present at a concert given by Kean the vocalist, who visited nearly all the islands for that purpose, and met with great encouragement.

'A sort of physioramic exhibition, little better than a puppet-show, and some sleight of hand tricks by a juggler, attracted many visiters; and these three diversions were all the public amusements I heard of in the West Indies.'—pp. 581—582.

Water drinkers, it seems, have little chance in those regions.

'These are a class of people by no means numerous in the Antilles, and yet there a few who arrive in these hot islands with a determination to drink no wine. This is a resolution which I would recommend to none. Living too low is almost as bad as living too high; and in the enervating and weakening climate of the West Indies, it is highly necessary to take sufficient to support nature, and keep up the strength of the constitution, without going to excess. The wine is generally good, especially the Madeira; and when taken moderately, cannot produce bad effects. Water drinkers in the tropics are usually obliged to change their habit: they find that their beverage, even though it may have passed through a dripstone, which has made it very pure and very cool, is nevertheless of a nature likely to engender dysentry, cholera morbus, and other tropical diseases.'—p. 584.

The superstitious practices known under the general appellation of Obeah, are now nearly extinct.

'Obeah, or the detestable practice of spells, formerly existed to a great degree among the negroes, but it is now fast disappearing, and, I have no doubt, will shortly be extinct. It was first introduced into our colonies by the Africans, who have their minds filled with superstition. The many who once executed these spells were called Obi people, and pretended to be able to cause the death of all those who offended them by catching their shadows. Had they only pretended, it would have been well, but their pretensions were often fatally put into practice, and the

number of negroes lost on the various estates, in the different islands, rendered it necessary that the legislature should take it into consideration.

'There is no doubt but that the *catching the shadows* of their victims, or holding them spell-bound, was only a false pretence invented by the Obi men for murdering them by sinister means. Mr. Barclay, who was present at the trial of a notorious Obeah man on a plantation in Jamaica, tells us that "one of the witnesses, a negro belonging to the same estate, was asked, 'Do you know the prisoner to be an Obeah man?'—'*Yes, Massa; shadow catcher true.*' 'What do you mean by a shadow catcher?' '*him ha coffin*' (a little coffin produced), '*him set for catch dem shadow.*' 'What shadow do you mean?—'*When him set Obeah for summary*' (somebody) '*him catch dem shadow and dem go dead;*' and too surely they were soon dead when he pretended to have caught their shadows, by whatever means it was effected."

'When this practice was found to be attended with such dreadful consequences, the governments of the several islands, after disencouraging it by every means in their power, made it punishable by death. This salutary law has effectually limited the occurrence of Obeah: the yearly decrease of Africans in the colonies lessens the prevalence of superstition; and the light of religion, which is every where dispelling the gloom of ignorance, among many other evils will remedy this.'—pp. 585—587.

Mr. Bayley has given a few words of advice to out-goers, with which we shall conclude these extracts.

'Most persons who go to the West Indies are at a loss to know what are the best means for preparing their constitutions for a change of climate; what are the most necessary things to take out, and how they should comport themselves on their arrival, in order to maintain their health. On these subjects, to future outgoers, I will give a word or two of advice.

'First,—be sure to lay in a sufficient stock of light summer clothing, unless, indeed, you prefer paying cent. per cent. in the Antilles.

'Secondly,—carry with you a reasonable proportion of English pickles and preserves; you will otherwise find the want of them, as they are very rare in the tropics.

'Thirdly,—do not take a servant with you on any account; by so doing you will incur great expense and trouble, and what is more, you will never be able to keep your domestic: for if she be a woman she will get married and leave you; and if he be a man, he will either desert you to speculate for himself, or to obtain some situation in the country, or he will become discontented with the life which he must of necessity lead. Add to this, on board ship, instead of being able to attend on you, there are a thousand chances to one but that your servants are themselves sea sick and require attention.

'Fourthly,—obtain letters of introduction to one or two of the principal inhabitants of the island you are going to, and you will find a ready passport to the best society.

'Fifthly,—during your voyage, take a dose of Epsom salts once a week, but when you arrive, do not gain the habit of taking too much medicine, it will only weaken your constitution.

'Sixthly,—when you have passed the line, do not expose yourself too much in the heat of the day, by walking in the sun on the deck of your vessel.

'Seventhly,—when you reach the West Indies, and begin to enter into

the gaieties of the place, live moderately, and, if possible, regularly. Ride or bathe in the morning, and walk in the evening; for exercise, when not carried to excess, is good. Do not venture out in the heat of the day more than you can help. Drink a fair proportion of sangaree, and do not be afraid of it, or make it too weak. Buy a box of sedlitz powders, and take one in a glass of water every day before breakfast. Rise at gun-fire, and, when you can, go to bed at the same sober time.

Eighthly,—Wear flannel; you will find it devilish hot, but very good for the health.

'Ninthly,—never check the perspiration by going into a draught when you are hot; do not drink cold water, and avoid catching cold, which is a serious thing in the tropics.

'Tenthly and lastly,—Bear the bites of the musquitos and sand-flies like a philosopher.'—pp. 587, 588.

Although this volume cannot boast much of originality, yet it contains a very complete view of the present state and past history of the West Indies.

Art. V.—1. *Papers relative to the Affairs of Greece.*
A. *Protocols of Conferences held in London.*
B. *Protocols of Conferences held at Constantinople.*
C. I.—*Convention of Alexandria.*
II.—*Blockade of the Dardanelles.*
III.—*Raising of Greek Blockades.*

2. *Communications with his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, relating to the Sovereignty of Greece.*
Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of his Majesty, May, 1830.

3. *Observations on an eligible Line of Frontier for Greece as an independent state.* By Lieut.-Gen. Sir Richard Church, late Generalissimo of Greece, *With a Preface,* by the Right Hon. R. Wilmot Horton, M.P. 8vo. pp. 22. London: Ridgway. 1830.

The century in which we live has witnessed many surprising novelties, not only without precedent in history, but without a parallel in the wildest of those fictions which range under the name of romance. Of these, the rise and fall of Napoleon have been, and will probably continue to be, the most astonishing wonders of all. But not much inferior in interest, and scarcely second in singularity to the fortunes of that soldier, is the story of the resuscitation of Greece, from the thraldom of nearly four hundred years, and of the combined exertions which have been made by the three most powerful states in Europe to reward her insurrection and her bravery, by giving her a new, and not an undistinguished, place among the nations.

Since the last general peace, the system of the great powers of the continent has been not to interfere in the domestic concerns of their neighbours, except for the purpose of repressing rebellion, extinguishing ideas of liberty, and fortifying what is called the

legitimacy of established thrones. Thus Austria quelled the rising spirit of constitutionalism in Naples and Sardinia; and France, morally assisted by Austria and Russia, overthrew the cortes government of Spain. But for the last ten years we have seen the subjects of the Porte, in the Morea and the northern provinces of ancient Greece, as well as in the islands, arrayed in arms against their "legitimate" sovereign, sustaining a sanguinary struggle for the recovery of their freedom, and not only cheered from the commencement of their resistance by the liberal voice of Europe, but secretly, and latterly in the most open and undisguised manner, assisted by Russia and France, in direct opposition to the principles which they had sanctioned, or carried into execution, in other parts of the continent. England, who has since the peace uniformly avoided interfering in the domestic interests of foreign nations, excepting Portugal, which she was bound by solemn treaties to protect from invasion, has even been seduced to advance beyond the usual line of her phlegmatic policy, and to take a conspicuous, if not a leading part in the settlement of Greece.

There is something new, and to the friends of freedom much that is cheering, in all this. Hitherto, when the chances of war, or the consequences of civil commotion, gave to powerful monarchs an influence in the regulation of territories that owned no master, the rule was to make a partition of the spoil between them. But in the case of Greece we see a perfect absence of self interest on the part of the powers who have interposed in her behalf. Not only do they repel the idea of appropriating to themselves a single foot of land, or a path on the sea, but when a Prince was to be chosen for the new state, their first resolution was that he should not be taken from any of their three reigning families. The history of their proceedings on this occasion possesses, therefore, all the charms of novelty, and all the benefits of a magnanimous example. In its details some mistakes may have occurrred; but in its principle it is full of the most unfading glory for the sovereigns under whose auspices, and for the statesmen through whose instrumentality, the negociations, of which it is composed, were carried on.

In the papers before us, referring particularly to the reports of Count Bulgary, the Russian resident in Greece, and of Admiral de Rigny, one of the best informed men in the French service, we have a clear and authentic account of the state in which Greece was, about the period when Mr. Canning resolved to interest himself in her fortunes. It is of importance to contemplate her then condition for a moment, as we shall have reason to conclude that it has not since materially altered, and that its evil ingredients have exercised but too fatal an influence upon the events which have, we trust only for a short season however, postponed the consummation of her independence. It is remarkable that we have no despatches from Mr. Dawkins, our own resident, on this important subject. Indeed the contributions of that gentleman to the stock

of information which these papers contain, are confined to one or two dry short official communications, which tell us of nothing more than the mere execution of a routine duty. From Count Bulgary we learn, that about the period in question, Greece exhibited a spectacle of devastation and misery. The Provisional Government, 'notwithstanding the acknowledged wisdom of its chief,' was attended with embarrassment, and calculated only to aggravate the evils of her situation, and 'perhaps even to render them irremediable.' Her finances were in ruin, her internal administration wholly disorganized, and no prospect seemed likely to offer itself of any amelioration in one case or the other. Her influential classes, oppressed as they had been during three ages of slavery, when the virtues and the knowledge which are necessary to uphold a political society were fatal to those who possessed them, became, upon her revolution, the greatest impediments to her prosperity. Those classes are headed by the Primates of Greece, who have long been the mere minions of the Turkish satraps, and the most ready instruments of their tyranny. 'They form,' says the Count, 'a caste of men, whom no advice, or benevolent effort, will be able to recal into the paths of order, and to whom every regular government becomes a motive for exciting trouble and anarchy.' 'They see,' adds the same intelligent observer, 'a principle of oppression in the wisdom of a government, which becomes to them the more odious as it forbids rapine, punishes the guilty, and protects the oppressed.' It was to be expected that such men as these would grasp at every opportunity of continuing their lawless power; hence they very readily joined with the numberless constitution manufacturers who, from time to time, flocked from France, Germany, England, and other parts of Europe, to Greece, in order to turn to their own profit the chances of the revolution.

It is very remarkable, and highly honourable to the mass of the Greek people, that, notwithstanding the efforts of the Primates and their foreign associates to produce fresh agitations, upon the arrival of Count Capo d'Istria amongst them, they, on the contrary, cheerfully and eagerly resumed, at his voice, the peaceable habits of industry. Both in insular and continental Greece, tranquillity has, since then, continued to prevail. This is clearly seen in the security of the roads, and in the absence of those disorders and crimes which are so common to a people just liberated from oppression, and from the turmoil of a long and sanguinary contest.

As soon as the Treaty of the 6th of July, 1827, signed in London—a Treaty, the terms of which need not be repeated—became known in Greece, we have the evidence of M. de Rigny, that it found at once numbers of opponents. It is, perhaps, to be lamented, that the boundaries of the future state were not in the first instance fixed upon, and indicated in that instrument. This question has been, throughout, the great source of irritation, and, finally, the stumbling block of the negotiations. And when we say that

the boundaries ought to have been decided upon, before the Treaty was signed, we must add our humble opinion, that they ought to have included all those territories in which the Greeks form a majority of the population, and in which they successfully contended for a reasonable period of time against the authority of the Porte. There is no good reason (assuming the policy of interference at all) why the independence of those who fought in the Morea, should be established exclusively of those who had earned equal titles to the same reward in the fields of Thessaly and Epirus. At least some provision ought to have been made for giving the Greek patriots of the north a suitable habitation in the new state; and if the native provinces were not to be included within its confines, that at least they should be offered an exchange of territory.

No prospect of any arrangement of this kind was offered in the Treaty, and hence, M. de Rigny informs us, that the Roumeliots, both in and out of the Assemblies, resolved to withhold their assent from it. 'They think that, because their prospect of being included within the boundaries is uncertain, they have little risk to run by opposition.' But we must give the able report of the Admiral more in detail. He observes,

'I think that the mass of the population, if they could be consulted by some other intervention than that of the Greek Chiefs themselves, would gladly accept any arrangement whatever. Ask the unhappy inhabitants of the Morea,—harrassed, despoiled, and plundered alternately by the Turks, and by the Palicari! Ask the islands of the Archipelago,—in every one of which a band of land and sea pirates gives the law! Examine what is passing at Syra, at Tinos, at Naxos, at Paros, at Milo, where bands of Candiots, of Caxiots, of Sphactiots, come and establish themselves as rulers, and leave nothing to the inhabitants, sometimes not even the liberty of complaining. But, at the same time that the greater part of the population of the continent and of the islands suffer from this state of things, it must be remarked that these calamities are inflicted on the Morea by the Primates and Chiefs:—on the islands, by the supremacy which the Hydriots have arrogated to themselves, in sending their own people to form the local Authorities; by all those, in short, who, sometimes with an order from Government, and sometimes without one, come and levy contributions, of which no part comes to the Government. And what is this same Government? Nobody obeys it. The Generals in chief whom it has appointed, almost hold it in derision. The Commissariat, when it has a few thousand piastres to distribute, would be the real Government. But no sooner is the money gone, than those who have not participated in the distribution, exclaim that the Government is guilty of favouritism,—that it excites intrigues. Cochrane puts in his claim;—Church his;—Fabvier has equal pretensions, since his portion is set down in the special allotment of the Committees. The Roumeliots, of whom one party under Botzaris, directed by Mavrocordato, consents to obey Church, constitute also a separate band, over which Coletti has some influence. We find there, as in other places, the traces of the pretended French and English parties, because Mavrocordato and Coletti, who are sworn enemies, mutually act as spies over the camps into which each has thrown himself.

'At Hydra the effects are the same, though resulting from different causes. There, as you know, the populace lord it over the Primates; captains without ships, sailors without pay, and the host of shopkeepers who traffic in the daily piracies, are there the governors. The families of some of the principal Primates, such as the Conduriotti on the one hand, the Tombasi and Buduri on the other, form separate factions. The one remains at Hydra, the other has established itself at Paros, and I suppose that they mutually designate each other as the French and English parties. There, as at Spezzia, I should think the Primates well-disposed to welcome any order of things which would render the population less turbulent, and which would re-establish their authority; but there also, the ties of clanship and patronage, which, before the insurrection, formed the only political bond, being broken, and the taste for piracy, and its practice, having increased by impunity and the concessions granted to privateers, I am by no means certain that the re-establishment of any order of things would be agreeable to a population who would find it difficult to conform to the usages of a regular maritime system, of which, moreover, it is by no means certain that it will again find, either in the Black Sea or in Egypt, or even in the Archipelago, the elements by which it has been created and enriched.'—B. pp. 150, 151.

Such is a brief but clear view of the state of feeling in Greece, about the period when the Treaty of London was promulgated. That compact, it is well known, was the result of conferences which were held at Petersburgh, between the representatives of England, France, and Russia. It would appear that the representatives of Austria and Prussia took a part in those discussions in the first instance, but that they eventually dissented in opinion from their colleagues. The motives which actuated Prussia, probably arose from an unwillingness to vary her relations with Turkey, as well as from a feeling that her position in Europe would not enable her Minister to take a very dignified part in the subsequent conduct of so important an undertaking. But the motives of Austria's dissent are apparent. That power has exercised her sinister influence since the peace, only in resisting openly or secretly in every country, the slightest approach to liberal institutions. She whose exertions have been uniformly expended in putting down insurrection, how could she become the protector of it in Greece? This argument, indeed, applied with equal force to France; but this power saw, or thought she saw, in Greece an exception to the general rule and not an instance of it. She believed that the only way of quelling the revolution in Greece, in consequence of the weakness of the ruling sovereign, was to give it a proper direction, and she was right. But France must have understood also that England would have done the thing without her, if allowed to do so, and this was, no doubt, a main ingredient in the motives of her conduct. As to Russia, it was clearly her policy to assist in any measure that would tend to weaken the strength of Turkey, at a time when the imperial armies were preparing to pass the Pruth. Besides, it was the hope of Count Nesselrode that the invasion of

Turkey might thus become, not simply a Russian, but an European measure. The liberation of Greece was doubtless an object of ambition with Mr. Canning. But it is apparent that that great statesman carried his views farther than this. It was his intention, by concluding the Treaty of London, to form a barrier against the aggrandizement of Russia by any accession of Turkish territory. By making the pacification of Greece an object common to the three powers, an alliance would be formed which would bring the separate designs of Russia within the reach of our peaceful influence, and restrain her, as it were, within the bounds of good behaviour. But, however selfish were the motives of the three powers, it must not be denied that the common object to be attained was one highly creditable to them, and that the negotiations for securing that object were marked at every step by increasing solicitude for the stability and welfare of the Greek nation.

The first step of the conference at London, which met on the 12th of July, 1827, six days after the signature of the treaty, was to offer to Turkey their mediation in behalf of Greece, and to propose to both an armistice by sea and land. The latter object they were resolved on obtaining at all events; for whatever other considerations might have actuated the Powers with respect to Greece, they must all have witnessed with horror the sanguinary deeds of which Greece had been so long the theatre, and England and France had peculiar reason to complain of the interruption which their commerce with the Levant experienced from the proceedings of the belligerents. If the Porte did not, in one month (afterwards reduced to fifteen days) from the day of delivery accept the proposed mediation and armistice, the Powers were to enter into relations with the Greeks, and to enforce the armistice by means of their squadrons in the Mediterranean. If the Greeks, who had already solicited the mediation, agreed to the armistice, they were to be treated as friends, but still the Powers were to preserve a complete neutrality between the two parties.

We confess that the neutrality thus proposed, was of a species somewhat new in diplomacy. We are not surprised that when the propositions of the conference were conveyed by the ambassadors to the Reis Effendi at Constantinople, he found it difficult to comprehend the meaning, at least of his friends and allies, England and France. The manner in which the declaration of the ambassadors containing those propositions was received by the Turkish minister from the three dragomans, is extremely characteristic.

'"The Reis Effendi asked in a jocose manner, if the three dragomans were come upon some matter of congratulation. The answer was: "No, —upon business. We are ordered to present this declaration to your Excellency."

'"What," said the Reis Effendi, "all three together, and what is that paper? Is it a letter, or a note? Is it signed by the three ministers?"

'"It is a declaration," was the answer. "Every diplomatic paper has

a name—this is called a declaration. It is signed by their Excellencies General Count Guilleminot, Mr. Stratford Canning, and M. de Ribeaupierre. We are desired to leave it in the hands of the Reis Effendi, and we shall return for an answer."

'"But what are the contents of this writing?" asked his Excellency. The answer was: "Our orders are to give it to the Reis Effendi and no more." The Reis Effendi insisted upon knowing what the paper treated of. The same answer was given:—"Our only orders are to deliver it."

'"What!" continued the Reis Effendi, "you don't know its subject? How can you be ignorant of it? The paper is not sealed?"

'The declaration was then placed on the sofa by the side of the Reis Effendi. "As you will not speak," said his Excellency, "I am going to send for the dragoman of the Porte." "Very well," was our answer. The dragoman of the Porte was immediately summoned; he entered the room at the same time that the undersigned were leaving it.'—B. pp. 116, 117.

The declaration was communicated to the Austrian Internuncio and the Prussian Envoy with the view of their supporting it in such manner as they might think most efficacious. The answer of the former was, that he must wait for instructions. That of the latter was cordial and even zealous in favour of the step which had been taken, and which he did every thing in his power to forward.

The Reis Effendi could not have been ignorant of the object of the declaration; for the Protocol of the 4th of April, 1826, signed at Petersburgh by the Duke of Wellington, and upon which the Treaty of 1827 was founded, had been already communicated by the ambassadors to the divan. He pretended, however, not to understand what was meant, and it must be confessed, that there is a great deal of shrewdness and dexterity in the observations which, at a subsequent interview with the dragomans, his excellency made upon particular passages of a note in further support of the declaration.

'1. *The refusal of the Porte would place the Powers under the necessity of having recourse to the measures which they should judge to be the most effectual.*

'"What mean these expressions?" said the Reis Effendi; "the Dragoman of the Porte had, in fact, given me in substance, and pretty nearly, the sense of your note. I remarked these same words in it; and for the last fortnight I have been in vain endeavouring to understand them."

'2. *The Allied Powers will exert themselves in every way which circumstances shall suggest to their discretion.*

'"But what do you mean by exert? How? What? What exertions? Tell me, I say, what are these exertions, these means?" "We are only directed," replied M. Desgranges, "to transmit to your Excellency the very expressions of our Ministers, and it does not appertain to us to comment upon them. We are the channels of communication between their Excellencies and you; when we repeat to you, word for word, what they have said, it is for you to understand it." "But for that purpose it is necessary," said his Excellency, "that I should be able to do so. What

are these means?" "Their Excellencies tell you, themselves, when they add, *the means which circumstances may suggest to their* discretion." "But that means nothing," urged the Reis Effendi. "Nothing can be clearer," replied M. Desgranges; "you have only to wait in order to know the means. If you ask me in what boat I shall go up the Bosphorus to-morrow, I shall answer, we shall see to-morrow, according to the weather; if it is stormy, instead of two pair of oars, I shall take three; and if it blows a tempest, I shall take seven. This is what circumstances and prudence would suggest to me, for a simple water excursion."

'3. *To obtain the immediate effects of the armistice.*

'"What are these immediate effects?" "They are," answered M. Desgranges, "the return of a state of things which, above all, shall put a stop to the effusion of blood, and restore order, tranquillity, and general security." "Of what effusion of blood do you speak?" said Perter Effendi. "If it is that of Mussulmans, what does it signify to you? We do not ask your aid. You mean then to speak of the blood of rebels?" 'Blood flows on all sides," exclaimed at the same time Messrs. Chabert and Franchini.

'4. *The Representatives declare, that in taking this step—*

'"There again," said his Excellency, "are the same words void of sense. I am compelled to repeat it to you. What does this mean? In short, what does this expression signify? Or do your Ministers themselves not understand it? Tell me what is this step?" "We can only," answered Mons. Desgranges, "refer your question to their Excellencies; we have no power to answer it."

'5. *By the firm resolution to put a stop to hostilities, the allied Courts have no intention of disturbing their friendly relations.*

'"I have already asked." said Perter Effendi, "if your Ministers themselves understand their own meaning? For my part, I find in their language things so obscure, passages so contradictory, that my reason loses itself, and refuses to understand any thing. How will they be able to put a stop to hostilities, on one side, without causing, on the other, an interruption of friendship? Hostility! Friendship! What a confusion of terms in all this! Can you explain to me how water and fire, or cotton and fire, can exist together?"

6. '*His Highness, yielding to the suggestions of his own wisdom.* "He has yielded to them," sharply interrupted the Reis Effendi, "in rejecting all your unjust propositions; and never can he assent to them."

'7. *The disinterested counsels.*

'"If they are disinterested, why do you give them? The Powers never do any thing without being interested in it;—such a thing was never seen!" "Your Excellency is perfectly right," replied M. Desgranges; "but here it is necesary to distinguish between general interests and particular interests; and the Powers, in the language which they hold collectively, mean by the word disinterestedness, the renunciation, by each of them, of all personal advantages."

'8. *It may render unnecessary the employment of the measures.*

'"There, again, we have the same expression," exclaimed the Reis Effendi, with the strongest emotion. "We must positively have an explanation of it, that we may know what we are about. If it is a declaration of war that you have to make to us, say so." '—B. pp. 125, 126.

Some of these questions were, it must be owned, extremely difficult of solution by parties who professed at the time to be upon friendly terms with the Porte. The consequences of the refusal were forthwith carried into effect. The squadrons were directed to impose the armistice, which was freely acceded to by the Greeks, and the alliance lost no time in entering into relations with them, by sending residents and other agents to the Morea. In the mean time, however, the Russian Plenipotentiary in London, before the answer of the Porte could possibly have been known in England, that is to say on the 10th of September, proposed to the Conference the adoption of stronger measures, namely, 'a resolution to convert into a *blockade* (of the Dardanelles) at the expiration of a certain period to be determined upon, the operations of the squadrons of the three powers then cruising in the seas of the Levant.' To this proposition the plenipotentiary of France acceded in principle, but Lord Dudley after taking it for reference to his cabinet, ultimately declined agreeing to the blockade, although he proposed that fresh instructions should be transmitted to the officers commanding the combined squadrons, desiring them 'to intercept all ships, whether of war or merchants having on board troops, arms, &c., for the use of the Turkish force employed, or intended to be employed against the Greeks, either on the continent, or in the islands.' Force was not to be used for such interception, 'unless it should become absolutely necessary.' This passage alone would be sufficient, we apprehend, for Sir Edward Codrington's defence of the conflict at Navarino. The proposition of the Russian plenipotentiary, and the adoption of it in principle by his colleague of France, are in the spirit of the approbation which both their governments subsequently gave to the officers engaged in that battle. And considering the terms of the instructions sent to Sir Edward Codrington, and the circumstances in which he was placed by the attempt of the Turco-Egyptian fleet to violate the armistice, we cannot understand why it was that for a rigid compliance with his orders, and no more, he was subsequently recalled.

The battle of Navarino produced, at first, a violent effect at the Porte. Upon reflection, however, the Divan seemed disposed to overlook it, provided that the Greek question were given up. Such a concession could not, of course, be made: the Ambassadors quitted Constantinople, and, what seems to us very unaccountable, the arrival in London of the intelligence of their departure, became to the conference the signal of preparation for war. On the 12th of December, 1827, the Plenipotentiaries assembled, and after reading the despatches of the Ambassadors, they resolved that, 'according to the information contained in these documents, it appears that the moment is arrived at which, notwithstanding their wishes and their efforts, the three allied powers may see themselves involved in a war with the Ottoman Porte; and in consequence it has been judged expedient, on the eve of a crisis of such import-

ance, to renew the solemn declaration of the principles which have guided them in the transaction of London.' Why they should have imagined that so soon after the destruction of her fleet the Ottoman Porte was about to declare war against England, France, and Russia at the same time, is a political mystery which we confess ourselves unable to comprehend. Whether the resolution sprang from feeble and timid minds, or from the superior address of the Russian Plenipotentiary, who all along endeavoured to embroil England and France in the war which his Imperial master was then about to commence for the vindication of his separate rights, is a question which we are not in a situation to answer. The resolution is a very remarkable one, and speaks pretty plainly as to the character of the Goderich ministry.

This resolution was soon after followed by an important communication from the Court of Russia, dated the 6th of January, 1828, which is drawn up, as are indeed all the Russian papers, with singular ability. The object is to shew that, in consequence of the departure of the Ambassador from Constantinople, it would be impossible for the Emperor to allow things to remain as they were. In other words, as war was not declared by the Porte, Count Nesselrode proposes that it should be declared by the allies. The Russian army was to pass the Pruth, to occupy the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, and not to stop until the Porte should consent to the arrangements required by the Treaty of London. All this was to be done in the name of the Allies; and the three squadrons were to intercept all supplies intended for Constantinople. Every idea of conquest was earnestly disclaimed by the Russian minister. Nor was it 'an abstract maxim of generosity, or a vain desire of glory, which dictated this policy to the Emperor; *it was the interest of Russia well understood.*' 'Russia has *no interest*,' again observes the Count, 'in aggrandizing herself, or in overthrowing the Ottoman empire.' And a few lines further on we meet with these remarkable sentences. 'Besides, even if, notwithstanding our intentions and our efforts, the decrees of Divine Providence should have predestined us to be witnesses of the last day of the Ottoman Empire, the sentiments of his Majesty, with regard to the aggrandizement of Russia, would be still the same. The Emperor would not enlarge the limits of his territory, and he would only ask of his allies the same absence of ambition and of exclusive designs, of which he would give the first example. Resting upon such principles, the arrangements to be made in such a case (the probability of which, however, we are far from admitting) could not experience any serious difficulties.' Here was a pretty broad hint for the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. It was manifestly a feeler put out to try the sentiments of the allies upon such a project. We cannot but believe, after the solemn declarations here made and repeated, 'even to satiety,' that Russia had no designs of conquest upon Turkey; but it is clear

enough that she meditated the overthrow of the dominion of the Sultan, and the substitution of a Christian sovereign at Constantinople. It is a very striking passage in the history of the negotiations for the independence of Greece.

It is a forcible proof of the vacillating policy by which our government was, at that period, influenced, that although in December 1827, the conference unanimously raised their voice for war, yet in the month of March following, our plenipotentiary resisted the project for the invasion of Turkey by the Russians, and made a series of proposals for operations confined exclusively to Greece, much after the half neutral, half hostile plans already acted upon. The principal object of these operations was the expulsion of Ibrahim and his troops from the Morea, which was finally carried into effect. In the meantime Russia found many separate causes of complaint against Turkey, and passed the Pruth on her own account. The justification of this measure is to be found in a despatch from Count Nesselrode dated the 26th of February, which is one of the most eloquent and manly compositions in the whole series of these papers.

As we had already, under the singular guidance of our statesmen, been on the eve of a war with Turkey, our allies being France and Russia, now that Russia thought fit to avenge her own quarrels with the Porte by force of her own arms, our country was, it seems, about to take a different part of a very extraordinary character. The scheme proposed was no less than this, to detach France from Russia, and to form a new alliance consisting of the former power, Austria, Prussia, England, and possibly the Porte itself, in order to oppose the gigantic projects which were then imputed to the Emperor. France was sounded upon this project by Lord Dudley, in the first instance, in a cautious and covert manner. He suggested that the warlike proceedings of Russia formed no reason why the treaty respecting Greece should not be executed; that France should co-operate with England for that purpose, and that Austria and Prussia should be invited to become parties to it. But a little reflection must have shown that if Russia were to be no longer an executing party to the compact which she had signed, it was no longer a treaty; it fell at once to the ground. France, who did not look upon the designs of Russia in the same way that we did, refused to act without the aid of that power, and thus not only cut short the manœuvres of our statesmen, but, to all appearance, prevented them from plunging this country and all Europe into a war, a calamity which now for the second time within a few months impended over us, so nearly that our escape from it was almost miraculous. It is an odd coincidence, that just about the same period the scheme of a similar alliance against Russia was fondly cherished at Constantinople, and some steps, which ultimately proved abortive, were taken for that purpose. The result of all these transactions was, that the conferences in London were altoge-

ther suspended until the ascendency of the Duke of Wellington became complete in the cabinet, and the Earl of Aberdeen was appointed secretary of state for foreign affairs.

Down to this period the proposed independence of Greece was in fact of little better than a nominal character. The Porte was to enjoy the suzerainty; Greece was to pay her an annual tribute, and the Mussulmans, who should wish to emigrate from the new state, were to be compensated for the loss of their real property. In the course of the subsequent negotiations which were resumed on the 15th of June, 1828, all these ideas were, one after another, abandoned; a course of good fortune which the Greeks owed, no doubt, partly to the events which took place upon the theatre of war,—partly to the firmness of the alliance in urging the settlement of this interesting question. The Porte, after endeavouring in vain to impose several inadmissible conditions, gave in its absolute adhesion to the treaty of July, and left it wholly to the conference of London to arrange the details. Hence sprang the protocol of the 3d of February, 1830, which, in some respects, may be called the great charter of Greece, though,—like a celebrated instrument so called in our own annals,—necessarily full of imperfections. The principal articles are as follows:—

'§ 1. Greece shall form an independent State, and shall enjoy all the rights, political, administrative, and commercial, attached to complete independence.

'§ 2. In consideration of these advantages granted to the new State, and in deference to the desire expressed by the Porte to obtain the reduction of the frontiers fixed by the Protocol of the 22d of March, the line of demarcation of the limits of Greece shall take its departure from the mouth of the river *Aspropotamos*, ascend that river as far as the latitude of lake *Angelo Castro*, and traversing that lake, as well as those of *Vrachori* and *Saurovitza*, it shall strike the Mount *Artolina*, from whence it shall follow the ridge of Mount *Oxas*, the valley of *Calouri*, and the ridge of Mount *Œta*, as far as the gulph of *Zeitoun*, which it shall reach at the mouth of the *Sperchius*.

'All the territories and countries situated to the south of this line, which the Conference has marked upon the Map hereunto annexed,—Lit. F., shall belong to Greece; and all the countries and territories situated to the north of this line shall continue to form part of the Ottoman Empire.

'There shall likewise belong to Greece the whole of the island of *Negropont*, with the *Devil's islands* and the islands of *Skyros*, and the islands anciently known by the name of *Cyclades*, including the island of *Amorgo*, situated between the 36th and 39th degrees of north latitude, and the 26th degree of longitude east of the meridian of Greenwich.

'§ 3. The Greek Government shall be monarchical, and hereditary according to the order of primogeniture, It shall be confided to a Prince, who shall not be capable of being chosen from among those of the families reigning in the States that signed the Treaty of the 6th of July, 1827, and who shall bear the title of Sovereign Prince of Greece. The choice of that Prince shall form the object of subsequent communications and stipulations.

'§ 4. So soon as the articles of the present Protocol shall have been conveyed to the knowledge of the parties interested, peace shall be considered as established *ipso facto* between the Ottoman Empire and Greece; and the subjects of the two States shall be reciprocally treated, in regard to the rights of commerce and navigation, as those of other States at peace with the Ottoman Empire and Greece.

'§ 5. Acts of full and entire amnesty shall be immediately published by the Ottoman Porte and by the Greek Government.

'The Act of amnesty of the Porte shall proclaim, that no Greek in the whole extent of its dominions shall be liable to be deprived of his property, or in any way disturbed, in consequence of the part which he may have taken in the insurrection of Greece.

'The Act of Amnesty of the Greek Government shall proclaim the same principle in favour of all the Mussulmans or Christians who may have taken part against its cause; and it shall further be understood and promulgated, that the Mussulmans who may be desirous of continuing to inhabit the territories and islands allotted to Greece, shall preserve their properties therein, and invariably enjoy there, with their families, perfect security.

'§ 6. The Ottoman Porte shall grant to those of its Greek subjects who may be desirous of quitting the Turkish territory, a delay of a year, in order to sell their properties and to depart freely from the country.

'The Greek Government shall allow the same power to the inhabitants of Greece who may wish to transport themselves to the Turkish territory.

'§ 7. All the military and naval forces of Greece shall evacuate the territories, fortresses, and islands which they occupy beyond the line assigned in the second section, for the limits of Greece, and shall withdraw behind that line with the least possible delay.

'All the Turkish military and naval forces which occupy territories, fortresses, or islands comprised within the limits above mentioned, shall evacuate those islands, fortresses, and territories; and shall, in like manner, retire behind the same limits with the least possible delay.'—A. pp. 307, 308.

Whether from the solicitation of others, or from their own spontaneous choice, it appears that during the celebrated siege of Missolonghi, the Greek government transmitted to Prince Leopold a memorial requesting that he would be pleased to assume the sovereignty of their country. It is understood that this memorial was not unfavourably entertained by the Prince, although he probably saw at that time little prospect of the Greek question being brought to a fortunate issue. It is not surprising, perhaps, that the first trace we find in these papers of a proposal for the establishment of a monarchy in that country, appears to have originated with Austria. The idea was recognised and embodied in the well known protocol of the 22d of March, 1828, and when the choice of the sovereign came finally to be made, the allies unanimously fixed upon the Prince, whom the Greeks were the first to nominate. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that this circumstance was not put forward more conspicuously in the conferences which related to the selection of the sovereign. It would have given to the Greeks

something like a voice on a subject of the first importance to them, and would have got rid of some of the difficulties which tended to embarrass, and ultimately to frustrate the negotiations relating to this essential point, in the settlement of the new nation.

It is, perhaps, further to be regretted that when Prince Leopold united in his person the suffrages of the Greeks at Missolonghi, and the Allies in London, he was not encouraged, in the first instance, to appoint some one or two persons of known ability and experience to act for him as his advisers on an occasion of such great delicacy. It was rather too much to expect that an individual of his rank and pursuits, who has hitherto been little more than a spectator of the busy world, should have been able to conduct, on behalf of the monarchy of Greece, and without assistance from any responsible person, arrangements necessarily productive of consequences, all of them important, and some, perhaps, capable of seriously perplexing him in the fulfilment of the mission which he had undertaken. His Royal Highness complains in one of his notes of the disadvantageous situation in which he was placed in this respect, and we must admit that he was not properly treated, when he was personally summoned to conferences at which he ought to have appeared only by his representatives.

At the same time, conceding to his Royal Highness all the benefit of this admission, we do humbly conceive, that having been nominated the sovereign of Greece, and having been promised such pecuniary supplies as would abundantly suit all his present and future exigencies for a reasonable period, it became his duty at once to repair to the new state, where his presence would have been in itself a tower of strength. He ought not to have waited in this country to settle every petty detail. The question of boundary particularly, he might have safely left over for his consideration until he should have ascertained, by his personal inspection and inquiries, whether there was real weight in the objections that have been brought against the determination of the alliance. We have little doubt that, if he had undertaken to repair without delay to Greece, he would have obtained from the conference a postponement of the definitive treaty, until he could be in a situation to afford them solid data for their decision upon this question, and that if he should maturely entertain an opinion in favour of the larger boundary, the alliance would not be found inflexible. By lingering at Claremont,—by remaining to negotiate when he ought to have been employed in acting; by writing, in bad English, notes of complaint or entreaty, when he ought to have been preparing on the spot the materials for a dignified remonstrance, and gathering to his aid the opinions of the most enlightened of his new subjects; and, finally, by renouncing his election in a pet, he has almost persuaded us that he wants the energy, the enterprize, and the magnanimity necessary for the foundation of a new dynasty.

A word or two upon the question of boundary. We have already

inted that we should be glad to see Greece enjoying the largest possible circumference of dominion; at all events that the territories of those families who have been most conspicuous in fighting for her liberation should be embraced within the new state. It is obvious indeed that the alliance acted upon a principle of generosity towards the Porte, when, giving to Greece, as they did, so many other unexpected advantages, they, in order to adjust the balance as it were with an impartial hand, reduced the extent of Greek rule within limits narrower than those which were first proposed. It would be uncandid not to do justice to the motives which actuated the alliance upon this occasion. Nor can we reflect without pity upon the miserable state of impotence to which the Ottoman sovereignty was reduced, at the period when that question was latterly arranged. Nevertheless it certainly would appear to our very humble judgment that the line of frontier described in the protocol of February, 1830, is not the line which would be most advantageous either to the Turks or the Greeks. It would preserve to the former several portions of territory in which the most unrelenting of their enemies will continue to have possessions. It would deprive the Greeks of some of the bravest of her defenders, and be attended with several serious disadvantages which are forcibly pointed out by General Church.

'If this supposed line of frontier is to be given to Greece, she will be left without a single port beyond the Gulf of Lepanto, as Missolonghi has no port, (it has but a roadstead,) and the ports of Dioni, Dragomestre, Mitica, and various others, are on the other side of the Aspro-Potamos or Achelous. Can any person pretend that the Aspro-Potamos can form a defensible frontier?—a river that can be walked through in nearly every part for at least eight months in the year? Greece, in becoming an independent country, will be supposed to maintain on her frontier a vigilant police, to save her and to save Europe perhaps from the plague, should that frightful malady break out at any time in Roumili. With the line of her imaginary frontier this will be impossible. I am endeavouring coolly to point out the disadvantages of the frontier with which it is said Greece is to content herself; whilst I confess that the agitation of my feelings, from the persuasion of the miseries to be entailed upon her, if this line is persisted in, almost prevents me from holding the pen. Lulled into a fatal security by the protocol of the 22d of March, the Greeks were unanimous in their gratitude to the Allied Powers, and saw before them a fair prospect of becoming an independent country, in the supposition that their frontier would be that of the line from Volo to Arta, or (more properly speaking) the frontier defended on one side by the Thermopylæ and on the other by the Macrin-Oros. This is the only line, not merely of security as a military frontier, (I speak from experience,) but which will enable the new state to prevent all prohibited communication between Greeks and Turks. This line, and far beyond it, the cantons of Agrapha and the province of Aspro-Potamos, are in the peaceable possession of the Greeks; and before I left the camp of Macrin-Oros we had fortified its passes on the high roads leading from Tricala, Arta, Previsa, and Joannina, to Vonizza, Missolonghi, Salona, and Livadia, &c. &c. The left of this line is washed by the Gulf

of Arta, near Coprena, and the nearest Turkish camp to my advanced posts was Comboti, an hour's ride from Arta. This line is strengthened by the strong Castle of Carvassara: the next position along the Gulf is that of the fortress of Vonizza; and directly opposite to Prevesa, on the point called Punta, (the promontory of Actium,) the passes are defended by redoubts built for that purpose by the Greek troops. Such is the line of frontier which Greece at present holds; and I doubt if the Turks themselves wish to come again within that line, for they were never masters of Acarnania *de facto*, and they have a proverb which says, "All Roumili is for the Turks, but Karlili—no." Those that are acquainted with this country know that Karlili is Acarnania, and part of Etolia.

The population of Karlili or Acarnania amounted to about thirty-five thousand souls before the war in Greece; that population has been reduced during the war to about two and twenty thousand souls; but as soon as the protocol of the 22d of March was known in Greece, numerous families from Epirus, the men of which had nobly fought for Greece, have established themselves there, exclusively of the Souliotes. This is the country also from which Greece can supply herself best with timber for building ships of war.

'I must now speak of the people themselves, I mean those of Acarnania and Etolia. From these provinces Greece has drawn her best soldiers; it is unnecessary to mention the different fields in which they have fought; I will merely say that the army with which I had either the good fortune or the misfortune, (according to the future fate of these provinces,) to liberate Western Greece, including Missolonghi, Lepanto, Anatolico, Carvassara, &c. &c., was, with very trifling exceptions, composed of the inhabitants of Acarnania and Etolia; and every Greek, of whatever part of Greece he may be a native, will readily admit that, to the warlike inhabitants of these countries, Greece has more obligations than to any other. The traveller through Acarnania, a few months ago, would not have found a single habitable house, owing to the effects of the war. But on the suspension of hostilities, and subsequently to the arrival in Greece of the protocol of the 22d of March, all the families of that country which have survived the war are returned to it; and, grateful to God for their liberation from the government of the Turks, they have commenced, as far as their moderate means allow them, to rebuild their houses and towns, and to enjoy the blessings of freedom. Are these people again to be given up to the Turks, after having fought for their liberty for nine years, and being ever the foremost in every glorious exertion for the general emancipation of their country and of Greece in general? Will they submit to the Turks as their masters? From the knowledge that I have of their character, and from what they have suffered, I think they never will. Can the other Greeks, or ought the other Greeks, to abandon them to their miserable fate? I doubt it; and what may not be apprehended from the desperate resolution of five or six thousand determined and veteran soldiers? Blood will, doubtless, flow before these men give up their country, their families, and their honour, into the hands of the Turks. Must they be compelled by the bayonets of the Allied troops to put on Turkish chains? Forbid it, God, for the honour of England and of Christianity! That would not be to decide the question according to the generous intentions of the Allies, but as Lysander threatened to settle the dispute about boundaries with the people of Argos.

The principal families of Acarnania and Etolia are those of Kara-Iscaki, Varna-Kiotti, Tehonga, Vlacopulo, Chélio, Griva, Cazzicojani, Staïco, Macri, Manghina, Verres, Iscos, Rango. Among these names we find the chief military leaders of Greece. Some of these chiefs, overpowered at times by the armies of the different Pashas, particularly of Kioutahi, have been occasionally obliged to submit or to fly, seizing, however, always the first opportunity of rejoining the standards of their country; and it was to the union of these chiefs to the few troops with which I landed in Dragomestre in 1827, in November, that Greece now owes the liberation of the greater part of continental Greece.'—pp. 3—7.

With respect to Candia we do not see what claim the new state could have upon it, since in point of fact the Turks have, during the late war, always preserved their power in that island. This point we should give up, but the friends of Greece will, we hope, continue to contend for the line from Volo to Arta, although we confess, considering the complicated and unfortunate situation in which Prince Leopold's renunciation of the sovereignty has left the affairs of Greece, our own expectations on the subject of a larger boundary are at this moment by no means sanguine.

After all, we suspect that the question of the boundary was not the only one which created difficulties in the mind of the Prince. The Greeks manifested a decided wish that he should embrace their religion, to which his Royal Highness is understood to have invincible objections. How little must his Royal Highness have known of the parties who at present form what may be called the influential classes of Greece, when he desired that their wishes should be consulted upon the choice of him for their sovereign. We should recommend the Prince to read the reports of Count Bulgary and Admiral de Rigny. If he waited until the estates of Greece assembled, and gave him their votes, his Royal Highness might wait until the arrival of the Greek Kalends. The Count Capo d'Istrias, a Greek in every sense of the word, has appeared very anxious, for some reason or other, to exaggerate the difficulties which the new sovereign would have to encounter. Unquestionably the Count is a man of great ability, and we should not be surprised if in the end he should be allowed to retain, under a less dignified name than that of Prince Sovereign, the real supremacy which the want of funds alone now prevents him from exercising with unbounded sway.

Art. VI.—*The British Naturalist; or, Sketches of the more interesting Productions of Britain and the surrounding Sea, in the scenes which they inhabit; and with relation to the general economy of nature, and the wisdom and power of its Author.* Volume second. The Year—Spring, Summer. 12mo. pp. 383. London: Whitaker and Co. 1830.

The first volume of this little work deserved and obtained from us a favourable notice some months ago. We praised the amiable spirit in which it was written, the lively and accurate pictures of

nature which it exhibited, and the familiar diction in which subjects, usually obscured by technicalities, were rendered intelligible to the most moderate capacity. The present volume is equally worthy of the author. It pursues a plan, indeed, somewhat different from its predecessor, for instead of going on with the history of natural objects in connection with the scenes in which they are found, it takes them up according to the seasons which witness their production. This change of method may injure the completeness of the work, as a whole, but at the same time it gives to it a variety which most readers would, perhaps, prefer to greater unity of design.

In following the seasons as the index to his topics, the author also runs the risk of confusion. For instance, beginning with the spring, he relates all that is necessary to be known about the pairing of birds, the birth of their young, and their escape from the nest. But after describing the most remarkable of those which are seen in Great Britain, if he pursues his subject in all its extent, he will have to travel out of the spring to the summer, the autumn, and the winter. He must either do this, or he leaves off his natural history at the preface. If he make it perfect, then have we in the section entitled spring, descriptions of plumage or habits which belong only to the summer or either of the other seasons, and thus the classification of his chapters by the seasons becomes a source rather of perplexity than gratification. A similar imperfection constantly occurs in Mr. Rennie's "Insect Architecture" and "Transformations." Under the former head he gives us all that relates to the construction of the habitations of insects; and under the latter, all that relates to the changes which they undergo. But the anatomy of those interesting beings is necessarily either left untouched, or slightly glanced at, as also are their habits of feeding, although both these topics enter essentially into the two other parts of the general subject, without which they cannot be understood. This unsatisfactory result is the consequence of the taste which prevails for giving attractive titles to books, with the hope of rendering them popular.

We have often thought that a very delighful, as well as consecutive, method of treating natural history would be to take the more interesting objects, just as they might happen to present themselves to the view, in a series of excursions into the country. We should, by all means, prefer walking on such occasions, and should like that companion the best who should really shew that he was an enthusiast on the subject, not passing unnoticed the appearance of the heavens, whether in rain or sunshine, the feeling which the evening, or the noon, or the morning begets, the meanest insect that is met on the path, the wildest flower that grows near it, the scenery, the trees, the streams, by which it is adorned. From the plan of the first volume of the present work, we expected that a design not remote from this would have been followed by the

author; but he has chosen otherwise. What we desire to see, in a word, is a book upon nature that reflects the ever-varying enjoyment, the freedom, the knowledge, and happiness, which occupy the thoughts of a natural philosopher, and give a musical tone to his mind, while he is abroad among the sublimities or beauties of the universe. There is truly nothing in this scheme which would cut any particular subject short at the moment when it becomes most interesting and curious, nothing to postpone our gratification to a future time and a different volume. It would follow the plan of nature itself, in which there is nothing more remarkable than the infinite variety which it combines with the most perfect unity.

Although the volume before us does not entirely coincide with our own view of the general subject, yet we must allow that it has great merit. It is addressed to every class of readers; its whole aim is to be easily and clearly understood. It speaks of some of the most engaging operations of that wondrous Power, which, because unseen and unheard in its own movements, is not distinguishable from its works, and is called nature. Such a work can hardly be read, even in the most cursory way, without improvement and benefit, for it teaches, or rather induces us to make acquaintance with the tenants of the field and the forest, and to make ourselves at home every where.

The first part of the volume very appositely presents an abridged and popular account of the heavenly machinery, by which this globe of ours is illumined and fertilized, and moved perpetually through its orbit of seasons. Without such a glimpse at astronomy, the immediate causes of the seasonal changes could not be comprehended. The author then proceeds to the spring, the opening of which he thus happily describes:—

'Spring is the season at which every man that can get abroad into the fields (and who would live and not inhale the vernal air?) is a naturalist. It is the dawn of life, the emblem of creation. The creatures rejoice. Those which man has domesticated and protected during the inclement months, are affected by their first visit to the fields as if by magic. The horse, even though worn by labour and pinched by dry and scanty food, canters around and around the field, with arching neck and nostrils distended, as if he would inhale the whole atmosphere at a breath, snorting aloud and shaking from his lungs all the impurities of his confinement. Even the steer is a wanton; and the cow, at other seasons the dullest creature that lives, gambols and gallops with all the sportiveness of the kid. Long, indeed, before there is any thing that can please their appetites or satisfy their hunger, there comes upon them a balm in the gale, a breathing of freshness and vigour, which proves that, even with the lower creatures, life is preferable to the means of living; and that, to all the productions of nature, the first and best of blessings is the air in which "they have their being," tempered by those restless breezes, which make it, at all places, ever new.

'And when the proper temperature does come,—however transitory it may be, and how much some men may fear that the early making of the

sunny day will be marred by those dense masses of *stachen-cloud* which, rearing their castellated volumes in the horizon, with the semblance of a ridge of massy mountains, portend that the young year shall yet be swathed in snow,—how rapidly the energies of nature come out to meet it. In January, in February, or March, as it may be, according to the latitude and the elevation above the level of the sea, when the air begins to relent, by the snow's throwing back the whole heat of the sun into the lower stratum of the air, when the water begins to trickle from the cottage thatch, and drip from the loaded pine; when the sunny slopes begin to reek with the earliest evaporation, and little pools to cream and mantle in the hollows of the trodden snow, how jocund the most tiny things in nature come forth to enjoy themselves, as if even the deceptive sunbeam of a January noon were too precious to be lost to a world dependent on the sun. Under the shelter of the dark wall, or the leafless bush, where direct, reflected, and radiated heat combine, and mimic rainbows sport in the rising vapour, the little *tipulidæ*, and *culices*, bring out their mazy phalanx, and as they flit, now up, now down, now right, now left, their wings are little points of prismatic hues, as if the rising rainbows were consolidated; and there they wanton, till a cloud passes over the sun, or a gust of wind passes over the place of their sporting, and then they go, no one knows where. Sometimes an insect, of a little more volume, will try its solitary path,—the winter moth (*geometria brumaria*); or the earliest moth of the spring (*geometria primaria*); but if these shall escape the birds, of which even some granivorous kinds hawk for insects at this season, they are soon laid lifeless upon the snow. Even a solitary wasp or bee which had taken up its hybernating retreat in a southern chink, or crevice, exposed to the ready action of the heat, will buzz abroad in fond expectation of the expanded calyx, and the luscious nectary. In situations where the cold air does not settle down till the night be well advanced,—and where there is no diurnal transfer of air from land to land this is apt to be the case, especially after the middle of January,—the common bat (*vespertilio murinus*) leaves its winter retreat, and twitters about night-fall. What may become of these premature children of the year it is not easy to say. The gnats are but beings of an hour at any season; and, so that they have sun during that hour, then the enjoyment may be the same in January as in June. As for the bee and the bat again, the returning cold may send them back to the retreats which they have left. The only part of the economy of its being which the early gnat may not accomplish, is the preparation of a new brood, but that can make no more blank in nature than the barrenness of some of the very early flowers. The water, too, and, in all probability, the ice and snow, are filled with countless myriads of the tiny race, all ready to come forth, when the temperature of the places where they are shall become such as to waken them out of their nidus.'—vol. ii. pp. 91—94.

The musical distinction between the winds of winter and the vernal gales, are worthy of the nicest attention of the naturalist. They are here very well defined.

'But though reflection can find abundant scope in nature under any circumstances, the stillness of creation in the winter months has less of fascination to the senses; and that fascination is, after all, the charm by which we are enticed to the study of nature. There is a calmness, but a melancholy calmness, in the serene winter's day, and there is a great

deal of sublimity in the winter's storm. It is not, however, the kind that is most pleasing. The very sound of the wind is harsh, and "howling" is not at any other period so expressive of the voice of the storm. It is harsh and grating, and the sound of a winter tempest in a naked forest is more like the rattle of innumerable pebbles than of a sweeping flood. Ground, mountains, every where that it alights, it has the same harsh rattle, and amid the frost and snow the wind will not sing: those who have heard winds in upland countries, where the seasons are marked and the winters severe, know full well, as they hear the sound of the wind at night, whether that wind be the harbinger of the spring, or the bringer of an accession of winter. At such places all winds come in gusts; but the wind of winter wails alone, as it were. There is no resonance, and every gust comes with a grating thump, as if a tree were uprooted, or a hillock overturned. The windows rattle and shake, but they have no sympathy with the under tones of the gale. But the gale of spring is very different; and nothing is more delightful than to hear it before daylight, on a morning early in the year. There are generally some signs of its coming, though they often pass unheeded. The clouds that surround the setting sun are higher, more fantastically shaded, and tinted with richer colours; and the heavy lump of clouds which is seen in the east when there is to be a snow-storm, is not found: in its place there are light streaks of the same cloud, by which the sun is surrounded, and which fade from golden orange, through all the tints, to the russet and the gray, as they recede from that luminary; and one may often trace a sort of polarity in streaks of light *cirrhi*, higher up. Just about sunset, there are light gusts from the east and the west, as if the wind were "trying for a point," and such is the fact; the currents from the north and south, or from the mountain and the plain, or sea, as it happens, have come in contact in the great mass of the Atmosphere, and thus loosed the little winds that play upon the surface of the earth. Momentary as is their duration, and feeble as are their gusts, those little winds are well worthy the attention of every one who aspires to be a naturalist. They are, perhaps, the most certain indications that we know, of changes of weather, either in respect to moisture or temperature. The more completely that the one atmospheric current is opposite to the other, the more complete must be the stagnation, the quiescence, as it were, throughout the whole mass; and when that is the case, the different temperature of a wood and a lawn, or a farm-yard and a field, will be quite enough to occasion a little local wind. When the surface is free from snow, and the bare places, such as roads, and commons, and little sand banks by the sides of rivers, greatly heated, these natural barometers are always in action; and when the season is advancing, and the fields and trees covered with vegetation, they whisk about in all directions, cross each other's paths, and mix dust and straws in whirlwinds upon the land, or the water in columnal clouds, called water spouts, upon the sea. That opposition or collision of different currents of air which lets loose those little winds, is also one of the causes of rain: and, in summer, they are almost certain indications of a shower; though, in the early spring, that, though not an unfrequent, is by no means a necessary result. If both currents of air are saturated, or nearly saturated, with humidity, some of that is deposited when they unite: but the one current is always rather above the other; and the lower one is often able to dissolve

the moisture as soon as it collects. Indeed, the experiments that have been made with rain gauges, would lead to the conclusion, that the air, near the earth, always re-dissolves a part of the rain that falls through it.

'When the sun sets, and the cold air settles down, the clouds which were gathered round the setting sun are carried into a stratum that dissolves them; and the atmosphere is left without a cloud. But if it be moonlight, there is a gummy haze around that luminary, often with a breach or opening in that part of it which is directed toward the point whence the new current of air is coming,—that is, in most parts of Britain, towards the south. There are often auroras, beams of light, and shooting meteors, though the connexion of these with the weather be not so well made out on account of the obscurity of their nature and causes. Whether the sign may be general we pretend not to say, but in elevated and woody tracts, we have often found "the break of the storm" preceded by little sheets of lightning in the lower atmosphere, without any thunder or any cloud. *Ignes fatui* they cannot be, for the gases of which those are composed are quite shut up when there is snow upon the ground. The beautiful azure reflection, in the bottoms of hoof prints and other holes in the snow, has sometimes been mentioned as one of the signs of thaw; but it is a sign *after*,—a sign that the heat has been at work for some time, and that the snow is, in consequence, softened in its mass, and become partially transparent. This is not the only instance of the effect of a natural event being put for a cause,—of the sign that a change has already come, being mistaken for a sign that it is coming; a species of mistake, against which those who wish to inform themselves of the true causes, should be constantly upon their guard.

'As the spring air gets the mastery, which is aided by the condensation that takes place during the night, it rises to a wind, the sound of which cannot be mistaken. The rigidity of trees, window frames, and other wooden fabrics, through which it passes, is relaxed; the withered grass and reeds where these are exposed, moisten, and the rattling and thumping are succeeded by murmuring and harmony, in which, compared with the others, there is a good deal of music; and as the morning advances, and the animals come abroad, and man begins to be active, the hard metallic sound is gone, and there is a softness about nature. There is also a delightful transparency in the atmosphere, because the little *spiculæ* of ice are gone; and the heat of the air is too much occupied in converting the snow and ice into water for changing much of that into vapour.' —vol. ii. pp. 99—103.

We confess that we were much surprized and disappointed on finding, that our author passes over in almost total silence those productions by which, more tastefully and more decidedly perhaps than by any other, nature indicates the progress or decay of the year. 'Of the flowers and fructifications,' he says, 'we need hardly speak, as they do not fail to attract every body's attention.' Why so do birds, so do trees, and mountains, and rivers. All these 'attract attention,' but it is the business of the naturalist to make us acquainted with more than the superficial aspect which strikes the eye, and passes from the retina without reaching the memory, unless the mind be prepared to examine farther. What,

in a chapter on spring, to forget the snow-drop and the crocus, the violet, the primrose, the daisy, all those sweet harbingers of the promise which is to crown the year! This was, indeed, a blunder of the first order. Assuredly, flowers and fruits are just as capable of being treated in a popular style, as larks and nightingales. The little that the author says with respect to the former, only makes us regret that he did not try his hand more extensively and more boldly. After a few general remarks upon the immediate *utility* of several minor productions, and after acknowledging how little is known upon this subject, he observes—

'Still the little that we do know about it is very delightful, and never more so than when the breath of spring first wiles us into the field, wondering at everything around us. There is a richer tone of colour in the sky, and certainly in the clouds; the air as it fans the newly loosened earth, is all perfume, without any of the heaviness of that which comes from particular substances. The turned sod shows us that we have not in all our chemical apparatus an alembic like the earth. The perfumes that the finest of our art can distil, have always something sickly about them, and though they please the sense for a little, they pall upon it in the end. It is thus with the rich perfumes of the summer, in the production of which, as well as in some of the glowing tints of colour that then make nature so gay, there may be more of the action of *prussine* than has been detected; and that may be at least one of the reasons why there is a trace of sickliness in them. That principle has been found abundantly in some seeds, such as the kernels of peaches and bitter almonds, and there is a trace of it in many others. From the energy with which it acts upon the carbonates, it is obviously well fitted for being an efficient agent in the vegetable economy; as we know that the separation of carbon from the compounds in which it exists, is the principal action of vegetable; and whether that is taken in by the roots or the leaves, it must be in a state of exceedingly minute division, as the pores in the roots of plants are remarkably small, smaller than the orifices of the absorbents in an animal; and though carbon in the finest powder that art can produce has been applied directly to the roots, and a copious supply of water given, the most microscopic particle of it in substance has never been detected in the plant. When plants begin to decay, we have abundance of chemical decompositions that we can understand, irritate, and apply to many useful purposes in the arts, though many of them are neither very pleasant nor very healthful, and the action of the mature plant is, as we have said, of a very doubtful character; but the air that comes from the infancy of vegetation is always healthy and invigorating.

'And then there are so many associations connected with it: we are to have architecture and music, and a number of arts, with many displays of affection, from which it might not be amiss to take lessons. We catch the first flower of the season too, the little snow-drop (*galanthus nivalis*,) haply rearing its tiny bell through the lingering snow, under some hedge or bank, and as that has now become soft and covered with the fine mould, which it is to have as a return to the spot upon which it has lingered the longest, the flower has the advantage in whiteness. Though the snow-drop has got the credit, on account of its extreme beauty, and the delight-

ful little glades and grassy banks in which it delights, it is not the earliest even of those wild flowers which are independent of culture. The everlasting groundsel (*senecio vulgaris*), which dogs man over every field that he can cultivate, and sows when he sows, be the season when it may, is as diligent in the winter as in the summer; so that, if the goldfinch can but scrape down to it, it is sure of a meal, even in the time of the deepest snow. That little plant however, has no beauty, and it keeps us employed, so that we have no need to admire it, and yet these very weeds have their uses to us; they compel us to hoe the soil and keep it loose; which, were it not for them, we would be apt to neglect. By hedge sides too, where the soil is of too light a nature for the snow-drop, we are sure to meet with the henbit dead nettle (*lamium amplexicaule*,) with its thick heart-shaped leaves hiding the stem, and its little rose coloured flowers scarcely peeping out of their calices, and perishing before they come to maturity. The common furze also (*ulex europæus*) will sometimes put on part of its golden livery, for the adorning of the heath or the common, at the early dawning of the year; but the season must be more than usually mild, as after severe winters there are few plants that show a more mingled character than furze bushes. When April comes, however, they make amends: they are exceeded by a few plants in beauty, and there is a wonderful healthiness in the breeze that wafts their odour.'—vol. ii. pp. 106.—108.

From this tempting subject, which we shall never forgive the author for touching so briefly, we must follow him to the more animated productions of nature, of which there are few so sprightly and so interesting as the lark.

'Those who have amused themselves in making imaginary scales of the notes of birds, have hardly done justice to the lark in giving even the nightingale the preference to it. The matter is, of course, one of mere taste, in which no two persons can be of exactly the same opinion; and the different times at which the birds are heard, make them not easily compared. The nightingale is also a local and temporary bird, and thus it is something of which the inhabitants of those places to which it is confined can boast as being exclusively theirs. The nightingale, too, sings against silence, and the lark against the hum of all nature, and the advantage of that contrast is very great. To a person unaccustomed to it, the serenade of Christmas "waites," with their "hoarse pipe and broken tabor," is wonderfully musical; while, if it were heard during the day, it would not come up even to Dr. Johnson's definition of music, and be of all noises the most tolerable;" the sound of a bagpipe, the lowing of oxen, nay, even the cackling of geese and the braying of asses, have something of melody in them when heard at a distance at night. The whole earth is then, for reasons analogous to those that act when the wind sings, a musical instrument, and wonderfully fills and mellows every sound that passes over it. Labour is suspended, too, and people have begun to enjoy themselves by the time that the nightingale sings; the evening also, is peculiarly delightful at that season, as the drought and heat of the day to which it succeeds are often oppressive. The poetry of the evening, too, with its soft shades, its sighing leaves, and all the fables about the nightingale itself, as if the song were the lamentation of a hapless female, instead of a merry-making by the other sex, these have conspired, with the natural advantages above mentioned, to unsettle this part of natural history.

'By these observations it is not intended in the least to disparage the nightingale (which has been singing while they were made); but it has too often been the custom to seek the elevation of one part of nature by depreciating other parts; just as some people imagine that, if they can take away the merit or character of others, they will have the more to themselves, instead of following the wise course of enjoying the whole. The conduct, as to man, is wicked; and, as to nature, it is not wise: whether its time be the night or the day, and whether it come in silence or in song, there is always abundance both to admire and to learn in her productions. Nor can any thing be more in harmony with the situation in which we find it, than the song of the lark. The bird is the very emblem of freedom, floating in the thin air, with spreading tail and out-stretched wings, and moving its little head, delightedly, first to one side and then to the other, as if it would communicate its joy around, it at last soars to such an elevation, that, if visible at all, it is a mere dark speck in the blue vault of heaven; and, carolling over the young year, or the young day, while all is bustle and activity, the airy wildness of the song makes its whole character more peculiar and striking. But its joy is sometimes checked by the terror-striking approach of a bird of prey, when the descent of the soaring songster is instant and rapid; and it is fortunate that the little trembler often thus escapes the ravenous beak of its enemy.

'The bird is remarkable for its gracefulness, whether on the ground or on the wing. Though, when singing, the lark generally, if not always, moves its wings,—probably to assist in the music as well as to give buoyancy,—there is much ease and grace in its flight. In the ease with which it sails along, and bends its course into any curve, whether vertical or lateral, it proves a remarkable contrast with many of the other birds, which get through the air with a succession of leaps, as if they were not in their proper element. Of these, the greatest contrast is found by the pipits, birds which have been considered as larks, though they have neither the air nor the manner of the sky lark. The structure of the lark, as has been said, adapts it for a smooth and graceful flight, and the peculiar formation of the feet, give it a great facility in running along a rough surface. The legs are long and strong, and the toes are detached from each other throughout their whole length; the outer and middle ones not being united as far as the first joint, as is the case with the pipits, thus the lark can walk among much ranker herbage. The dignity and firmness of its slow march, and the velocity of its running, in situations where it is like a man running among reeds or short osiers, and the ease with which it takes the wing from a surface apparently so ill adapted for mounting, are all worthy of observation. When in confinement, the lark does not feel at home if placed on a hard or smooth surface, and it cannot perch, so that it will not sing till its cage be carpeted with a bit of turf. The lark is *digitigrade*, or walks on the toes, and the grass, which has the effect of a snare to some birds, is to it a continual succession of elastic cushions. When we look at the long and straight claws with which the toes, more especially the hind toes, of the lark are armed, and consider them with reference to walking, with the freedom of which we are always apt to associate a smooth surface, we are apt to think that a bird is but awkwardly adapted for loco-motion; but when we examine the action of the bird (and it is one that allows a near approach), we find that no organization

could be better: the three front toes and claws are spread wide, and the posterior one projects far in the rear, so that the extent of the foot ranges over a number of blades of grass, and the bird can run upon that without ever touching the soil; and, as the weight is thrown alternately upon each foot, the elasticity of the grass aids, not only in the lifting of the other foot, but in the progressive motion. The same formation assists it very much in vaulting perpendicularly into the air; and it can spring clear of the grass, though tall enough for concealing it when running, without touching a blade with its wings. To do that, it first contracts the tibia and tarsus, and extends the toes over the largest possible surface; then it stretches the whole joints of the leg, and compresses the toes, so that the elasticity of the muscles of its body and that of the grass together, project it into the air like an arrow, the head being erected and the tail depressed, in order to lessen the upward surface as much as possible. In this way we have often observed it to vault a foot and a half clear of the ground, even of the tops of grass, before the wings began to flutter.'—vol. ii. pp. 112—116.

The woodlark, the pipit, and the cuckoo next attract our notice. The author combats the popular notions which suppose an eternal friendship between the two latter birds, and make the peculiar herald of spring an enemy to the other small tenants of the hedge or the shrubbery. The common idea is, that the cuckoo lays her eggs in the nests of other birds, to whom she leaves the trouble of hatching and rearing her young. How far this idea is consistent with the fact, is a matter that still remains to be satisfactorily ascertained. The cuckoos are so shy, that it is extremely difficult to discover their general habits, although near the time of their departure from England, when their notes have ceased, they may be seen flying in small flocks. From birds, the transition to trees is natural; we can afford room, however, only for a few remarks on *evergreens*, the natural history of which, though very imperfectly known, is curious.

'Evergreens are altogether a very curious part of the economy of nature, and they somewhat perplex those physiologists that make plants the mere creatures of a given temperature. The surface from which the leaf of a laurel, or the spine of a fir, falls in May or June, when the young shoots and tender leaves have come into vigour, and the plant is in the state of greatest activity, is no more a wound than that from which the leaf of the mulberry is separated by the very first frost of the season, or the leaf of the apple and the peach is dropped at a more advanced stage of the cold. The leaf of the deciduous tree falls when the annual action of the tree ceases, and that of the evergreen when the plant is in the full height of vegetation; and each of them equally cicatrizes the wound by a coating of natural varnish. From the differences in the circumstances under which those two analogous operations are performed, we must infer that there is a difference in the mode of operation; and that, though a certain state of the air and the matter with which the air is loaded, be necessary to bring about the fall of the leaf, whether in the cold season or in the warm, it is always accompanied by some particular action in the plant, the nature of which is not well understood. Some say that the cold reduces the little stratum of gluten which lies between

the deciduous leaf and the plant to a solid consistency, by which means the vessels of the leaf are strangulated, and the circulation ceases. But that, like many other things that have been said in natural history, may be only putting the effect forward as the cause; and, at all events, it does not explain why the leaves of evergreens fall only in the warm months, when the plants are active. There is another difficulty about the matter. There are some leaves that do not fall, though they certainly die, until they are, as we commonly say of the leaves of the evergreens, forced off by the young ones of the next season. The beech is a familiar instance of this; and it is only so while it is young and deserves the name of a bush, rather than that of a tree. Though the leaves turn to that russet, which with the untorn form of the leaves, and their firm texture, makes the young beech a sheltering and far from an unhandsome tree in the inclement season, they resist the wind, and are as difficult to pull as if they were alive. There is, however, no vegetable action in them, nothing that can be killed, as is the case with the leaves of the evergreens, many of which are in whole, or in part, withered by the frost; so that, in the case of the leaves of the beech, we have the suspension of the action and circulation, without any of that tendency to separate, which is said to be anterior to the suspending of the circulation, and the cause of it. The safest way, therefore, is to conclude that the fall of the leaf in any particular plant, is not the particular action of any single external cause, such as a particular temperature upon the junction, but an action of the whole plant. Yet in the whole plant it may be modified by other circumstances. The beech that wears the russet livery of winter, and that through the bare twigs of which the wind howls, are not different varieties; for any one who has the opportunity of examining beech woods may find the aged tree quite bare, and the sucklings around the root clad in their hard and lifeless foliage. And even those lateral branches that form upon the trunk of the beech by the accumulation of a ganglion in a cell of the bark, at the termination of one of the radiating plates or filaments that extend from the centre of the tree, may be seen with its leaves on, after the greater part of the head has been denuded. The formation of those woody ganglions is, in itself, a curious matter. They are peculiar to trees that have well defined radiations, though they are not found upon all of these; and they are never found upon trees the wood of which has only concentric rings, such as the pine. There is a medullary thread from the pith of the tree to the ganglion; and the latter, even when not the size of a small pea, is hard and fibrous, the fibres being wound round centres from which the future branches are to issue. Though covered by the epidermis and external bark of the tree, those little knobs are surrounded by a liber of their own, at every point, except that by which they are attached to the medullary thread. Wood of this kind is always much more easily split upon a radius than in any other direction, and that which wants the rays is always most easily split in the lines of the concentric rays. By dexterous management, a portion of young pine may be divided into a series of tubes like those of a pocket telescope, and there are always some parts in which the division can be made with the greatest facility; but whether those be the production of warm summers or protracted winters, has not been determined. That the rings in pines do register the qualities of the seasons, there is not the least doubt; and some very useful conclusions

might be drawn from a careful comparison of them with observations made at the places where they grow.

'That, however, is a work of time, and so are many of the desiderata that have to be supplied before we can settle the curious question as to why of two plants, that are in many respects like each other, the one should shed its leaves and the other be an evergreen. The fruit, as well as the leaves, of the evergreens, at least the greater part of them, appear to have the same power of resisting the cold as the leaves; and the boles of them are also less liable to be covered with parasitical plants. All vegetable substances, indeed, when they are in a state of decay, are apt to become covered with other vegetable substances, and the dead bark of pines, when exposed to damp, is encrusted with lichens; but they are by no means so common as on deciduous trees. There is very rarely moss upon a yew or a juniper, in those situations where the latter plant will thrive.

'Though we cannot completely understand the physiology of that part of the vegetable kingdom, we can see some important uses of evergreens in the general economy of nature. As has been said, they lessen the violence of the winds which, when the herbaceous plants have died down, would sweep the most valuable parts of the soil into the beds of the streams; and they afford both shelter and food to the birds. The berries of the holly, and, after they are gone, those of the ivy, preserve a very great number of the feathered tribes, in those early times of the year when the eggs of insects are not hatched, and the slugs and shell-snails have not come out of their hiding places; and even in the deepest storms, the little tenants of the woods may be seen under the pine branches that are loaded with snow, hopping from twig to twig, and dexterously raising the scales of the cones so as to get at the seeds.'—pp. 147—151.

Since Moore's Almanack has been eclipsed by the Englishman's, we have felt ourselves often at a loss to know the sort of weather which we might expect in a week, a month, or half a year from a given time. During the reign of that happy physician, we might have indulged the pleasing hope that June (not such a wintry June as that in which we now write, sitting by a large fire) would present clear and warm days, with "light thunder showers occasionally." To be sure, the reality sometimes taught us that the good Doctor napped now and then while making his calculations; but what of that? The hope lived for a while, and gave the pleasure that hope always bears on her angel wings. Now, alas! we are driven to inquiries into the nature of the atmosphere, and a thousand questions connected with astronomy, before we can get even a misty glimpse of the kind of weather we may expect to-morrow. The flight of birds formerly came to the assistance of Dr. Moore in warning the husbandman of the approach of rain or storms; but even that innocent mode of diving into futurity is now discountenanced as a mere superstition. Nevertheless, our author shews that there is more truth in it than people generally imagine.

'It is the smaller birds that mark the seasons with the greatest distinctness; and even they are not a general or a serviceable kalendar. The

season of the year is first indicated by a few mid-day notes, by the red breast, the wren, and the thrushes; and that often happens before the summer strangers come, or the winter ones retire. In different parts of the country the strangers arrive at times so different, that the noting of the days is no guide to the first seeing or hearing of them. The appearance and first song of birds, are, like all other seasonal phenomena, part of the history of the year, and of value retrospectively in telling what has been, though not of the smallest use in telling what is to be. So little, indeed, is known of the true philosophy of the year, that the character of one month, or in the mountainous regions, the character of one day, throws very little light upon that of the rest. And yet there should be nothing in this matter itself that should render it more difficult and uncertain than many other matters of which our knowledge is very accurate. Perhaps the cause may be that, with all persons, it is still made too much a matter of prophecy;—that we draw the inference without having consulted the series of facts that would warrant us in drawing it. If we were on the surface of a wide plain, with uniform regions all around us, the matter would be easy; but the corn-field, the moor, the forest, and the mountain, are all so many difficulties to us; and even the sea, at the same time that it enriches and defends us, confounds our knowledge of the weather. A storm in the Arctic regions, of which we have no note, may send thence a surface current of cold air, which, opposing and mingling with the previous one from the south-west, may drench us in rain, wither our vegetation with frost, or even cover the earth with snow, in the most advanced and promising season. Snow upon the secondary mountains, after they have been once cleared, may, by the cold that it produces, nip the buds over an extensive district. Indeed, there is hardly any thing that does not make, to some extent at least, an element in the estimate of the weather; and thus he who would be "weather wise," must know the contemporaneous state of all places. It is there that true knowledge lies; but unfortunately it is not there that it is most frequently sought. Our information may be accurate, but it is all in scraps; and the average for a country that is diversified almost to infinitude is taken from a very few places, and very frequently a few places similarly situated; whereas to have a result of any, even the smallest, value, we should contemporaneously observe the whole, in order that we might be able to see how the one affects the other. Those local registers of states and changes are merely memorial scraps;—they tell us, "what," but they never tell us "why!" and there is no principle upon which we can combine them, other than the general progress of the year; and thus, though meteorology be really the science in which we all have the deepest interest, because the atmosphere is the substance most immediately conducive to our health, there is no certainty in it beyond that which is founded upon astronomy.

'It is by no means improbable that the chief cause why there has been more superstition and error on the subject of the weather than on any other subject, is the number of illiterate persons that are deeply interested in it. Those whose object it has been to "unship the rudder" with the great body of the people, so that they might require to be "taken in tow," have always made the changes of the atmosphere one of their grand subjects. These and the aspects of the celestial bodies are, indeed, the two, and they have been so mixed up with the destinies of human beings, (matters in

which the untaught and unoccupied mind is most anxious to pry), that science has always found them much more obstinate than any other species of folly.

'Natural appearances, as has been said, are in themselves proofs of what has been, and not of what is to be; though man may, by careful and continued observation, make them such, if he does not, which we are all but too apt to do, connect the consequent with the wrong antecedent. This is apt to be the case both with the thoughtless and the thinking. The thoughtless join in the order of cause and effect those events that make the deepest impression upon themselves, in all cases where they are not familiar with the connexion; and the thinking too often come with some theory, which as they find, or fancy, is of great use in what they are acquainted with, they use as a sort of talisman for opening the unknown. Even those very superstitions and mistakes are, as has been hinted, however, double inducements to examine. We should do it to get rid of the superstition, and we should do it for a higher reason. The field where neglect produces the rankest weeds, is always that from which culture may obtain the most valuable crop. If ignorance or cunning fix a superstition upon any thing, there must be something attractive about it, and therefore some professional naturalist, who had the requisite information and leisure, could not render a greater service to society than by drawing up a "Philosophy of Popular Superstitions," as connected with the seasons and their productions, and disentangling the facts from the fables, which would be at once eradicating the evil, and eliminating the good.'—pp. 240—243.

We must not devote all our attention to the spring, particularly as it is to be hoped that we are now somewhat nearer to a summer than we were last Christmas. Let us hear what our naturalist has to say upon this inviting season.

'As in the spring, we feel the freshness of young existence, and, while every thing is awakening into life around us, involuntary wonder and wish to know what may be the nature of that singular principle which, after having lain as still as though it had been dead for a season, is beginning to mould creation into so many forms, and elaborate out of the same common store, and by the agency of the same stimulating sun, plants and animals in all their tribes, amounting, probably, in the whole, in Britain and the surrounding sea, to more than twenty thousand species, and certainly more than twenty thousand millions of individuals, in the course of one season; so, in the summer, when the catalogue seems full, and the earth, the air, and the waters are literally alive,—when, before we have had time to give one object the slightest attention, another comes in to claim the preference, we feel disposed to throw ourselves under the shade, suspend our inquiry, and devote the whole of our time to admiration.

'And the summer is so transcendently rich in being and in action, that, if it were to come upon one all at once, it would be almost too much for the mind. It comes, as we have said, more rapidly in those regions where the winter holds its dominion for the greater part of the year; and those who have noted the conduct of the people there, have seen that the breasts of men are thawed and warmed as well as the fields and the floods: that the peasantry of Lapland sing in chorus with the birds; and that when the Esquimaux quit their habitations of ice, and their messes of seal's fat, and betake themselves to the cranberry swamps and pine forests, even they feel

a blitheness and hold a jubilee. And amid all the arts, the elegancies, the information, of the most polished and happy artificial life, there is a feeling of restraint when the summer comes, a wish to leave those inanimate fabrications of man, which, however curious or costly they may be, the same energies that are giving life and growth to the whole rural world, are mouldering and consuming. That which is a fact with the rest of living nature, may always be in some manner found as a feeling with man; he wishes to hybernate in the cold months, but to have "free range" when they are gone; but fashion stifles the voice of nature, and rules that the first day of partridge shooting should also be the first of the summer.

'In Britain, at least in the southern and more genial parts of it, the progress towards summer is so gentle, that it steals upon us before we are aware, and the first fruit is ripe before the last blossom be gone—the early cherry before the mulberry be completely in leaf. The progress, though thus slow, and therefore to many imperceptible, is not on that account the less extensive, or the less worthy of study. It is from the small spiculæ of ice which, whether they ride firm and solid upon the mountain blast, and strike like so many needles, or dissolving in the warm stratum of air over the city, form a literal "paste of fog" with the floating particles of charcoal contained in the smoke, to an atmosphere of living rainbows that are all in motion and in music; from the single chirp of the little wren, as feeling the influence of an occasional mid-day glimmer, it hops out of the heap of withered sticks to hop in again whenever the cloud comes, to that full chorus of nature which swells, and rings, and reverberates from field to hedge, from hedge to coppice, from coppice to forest, from forest to wild, and from wild to the sea-beaten promontory—where the voice of the angry waves is lost in that of the ten thousand water fowl that nestle on the rock; and from that first effort of the returning sun which just softens the surface of the snow, or blackens the southern side of the furrows' ridge, to the full beam and blaze which drinks a rain-storm in a day, and sickens or fatigues, by the very excess of its bounty, those creatures which it has called into life. This wonderful progress, this production of myriads which no man could count, and yet the most minute or the most common of which has a beauty of structure, and an adaptation of parts, that no art of man can imitate, is begun and completed in the short space or three or four months, without noise or without effort, but what appear to be the song and sport of the creatures themselves.'—pp. 257—260.

In the description of an 'evening walk' during this fragrant portion of the year, our author has made an approximation towards the plan which we took the liberty to sketch out for a commentary on the volume of nature. The reader will regret that a greater number of the pages of this work have not been written in the following engaging style:—

One of the most favourable places in England for hearing the song of the petty chaps, and, indeed, the songs of those birds, generally, that frequent the richer districts, is the left bank of the Thames, from Hampton Court to Richmond Bridge; and it is not very easy to imagine a finer treat to the lover of freshness, and sound, and evening scenery, than a walk (wheels and hoofs jar mightily in a concert of birds) between those places on a fine night in the end of May; and if moonlight, so much the better. Until the

sun be down; there is a great deal of noise and chirping, but not much music; but when the evening softens the air, and the lime and the walnut take the lead among the perfumes of the evening, as you pass the lee of them in that gentle motion of the air which wafts sweetness, but does not wave leaves, the song of the night—the real vesper of nature begins; and though broken in upon at times by the baying of a watch dog, the bellowing of an ox, the bleating of a sheep, or the tinkle of a sheep bell, it is none the worse; nor do the monitor sounds of the clock, as they come muttered through the trees, at all diminish the interest, but rather mingle with it the melancholy momento, that, fine as it is, you can enjoy it but for a time; or the more useful one, that you should seize the phenomena of every moment for instruction, according to the mood you may be in. The freshness, the chequered light through the trees, the occasional glimpse of the river dancing in the reflected moonbeam, like living silver, put you in mind that it is not a pond that stagnates and mantles, and scatters *miasma* and infection, but a rolling flood which wafts riches, and scatters fertility and health; the lights from palace, and villa, and cottage, and those joyous sounds which come ever and anon, to remind you that for all that has been done and suffered, it is "merry England" still; the dark shadow of some thick and stately tree that throws you, your path, and all around, into a momentary eclipse, or the trailing mark of some limber poplar, as though it were the tail of a comet, lustreless and flung dark, yet unsubstantial upon the earth:—But you are in no humour to look even at the half-revealed beauties of one of the richest districts in the world, rendered doubly rich by the Rembrandt shades of the greater masses of matter, in contrast with the "silver orb," seen at intervals, through the upper sprays and leaves, or its more retiring reflection from the water, in the openings among the thick stems and dark foliage below; for the nightingale is on the topmost bough in the coppice, and small as he is, his voice is heard as far as that of a muezzin from the top of a minaret. There he does not sing alone, for in that thickly-wooded and well-watered district—a district which is the land of Goshen to the insect-devouring birds—he has a rival in every coppice, and, in some places, almost upon every tree; and as though the note of each comes to the ear of a listener differently pitched and toned, according to the mass of air through which its pulsations have to be propagated, the two which are in strife which shall "win the dame," or charm her the most after she is won, are equally loud to each other. No combination of the letters of the alphabet can give even a notion of the song of the nightingale—of any of the songs, for he has not only more notes than any other bird, but has absolutely a cabinet of music; and though there be a wonderful melody in them all, some are so unlike the others, that one could with difficulty believe that they are uttered by the same bird. It is vain, however, to attempt describing the music of that minstrel; those who are familiar with it, would, of course, laugh at the most laboured delineation; and to those who are not, description is little better than playing an air to the deaf, or painting a rose-bud to the blind.

'Each strives with the other, and if foiled in one key or in one expression of notes, he instantly strikes into another, till all the trees around are in one musical contest. The females, too, come in with their murmuring notes in the pauses, as if they were eulogizing the victors; and at this the whole take courage, and repeat the competition. Nor do they sing alone;

the petty chaps roosted for the night in the tree nearest to the home of his family, catches the alarm. He, too, won his mate by song, and may lose her in the same way. Accordingly he flies to a higher perch, and contributes all that he can to the melody; and that is not a little, for though his notes be few as compared with those of the nightingale, there is a native wildness in them which the nighitingale cannot equal, and which is exceeded by no bird but the lark. The nightingale is an instrument of great compass, and volume, and tone; but in all its varied notes and cadences, it is but one instrument. The petty chap's is but a note or so upon each, but it is a whole band. One note shivers in the ear with all the piercing sharpness of the fife, and the very next, which is prolonged and drawn out with a swelling modulation, is as soft as could be breathed from flute or flageolet. Then there is the expanse and richness of the orchestra, heard in the soft hour, when the mind is tuned to meditation.' —pp. 336—339.

In a similar vein is the too brief notice which our naturalist takes of the hay-field.

'We have no space for visiting the hay-field, which is so joyous in rustic life; or, indeed, any of the localities of man in this delightful season. Yet the hay-field is one of the most delightful scenes in England,—we say in England, for that is the chosen land of fragrant hay; and a freshness is diffused over the fields, quite unknown in regions where they are obliged to have recourse to artificial grasses. The scented vernal grass (*Anoxanthum Odoratum*), at once outdoes all the odours both of the toilette and the garden; and like the kindred perfume of the woodruff, it comes out when the plant begins to dry, and remains till the following season. The glee of the haymakers, too, to whom the epithet "merry" is always applied, and the rich brown of solstitial health which they acquire while carrying on this delightful labour—the cleanest, the freshest, and the healthiest of the field—are highly interesting. Even the sight of a hay-field when the grasses approach maturity, and the *glumes* dance upon their elastic *scapes* to every piping of the wind, or even to its gentlest motion, whether it pipe or not, is one of the most pleasant in nature; and one in which the wonderful versatility of the wind, and the slight causes that produce momentary changes in its direction and velocity, can be much more clearly understood than by contemplating the ripple on the most limpid water. But the summer has so many characteristics, in the atmosphere, on the earth, and in the waters; and their changes are so many with change of place, and their succession so rapid with the lapse of time, that no words can convey any thing like an adequate idea of them; and therefore all that can be attempted is to excite in those, who "have eyes but see not," a desire to look around them at that which is produced without the art and labour of man, and they will find a resource, which while, by the spring and impulse it gives to the mind, it makes the business and the duty of life go smoothly on, is a citadel amid misfortune, an inheritance which none of the contingencies of life can impair,—an enjoyment which is, as it were, intermediate between that of the world of possession, and that brighter world of hope, to which it is so delightful to look forward. —pp. 382—383.

The above extracts will convince the reader that he will find in

this volume a fund of amusement of the purest and most engaging description. Loving nature and her varied productions as we do, from the cedar to the lily, from the sun to the glow-worm, from the image of the Creator down to the butterfly, we may, perhaps, be inclined to place a greater value upon such books as these, than may be consistent with the general rules of criticism. But our praise can do no harm if it beguile even one wanderer from the busy haunts of the world, and convert him to the religion of the fields, the worship of the skies.

ART. VII.—*The Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* Vol. iii. *British Sculptors.* By Allan Cunningham, Esq.—(Being vol. xiii. of the Family Library). London: Murray. 1830.

IT used to be a pretty general opinion, that a highly improved state of any branch of the arts in a given country was connected with a peculiarity in its social and political condition. Thus the sources of the Grecian achievements in sculpture are referred to the consequences of a long enjoyment of independence; it being argued that a consciousness of moral superiority gives a permanent tone to the mind of the people who possess it; that their thoughts are more than usually elevated, and their imaginations stimulated, and that they are most likely, of course, to give birth to works of sublime and beautiful conception. But this theory is inconsistent with the whole mass of facts of which the history of sculpture consists. Canova and Thorswalden were born in countries subject to despotism, whilst America, the only modern rival of the Grecian republics, has made but little progress in any department of the fine arts. Great Britain, throughout the whole of her excited career, produced scarcely a single name worth remembering in painting and sculpture, until that state of commotion, to which a struggle for domestic freedom gives rise, and which is supposed to be so favourable to genius, had entirely subsided. Indeed, the faculty which ensures success in sculpture seems to be the most whimsical of all others in its developement; it observes no laws—it rejects all invitation, and as readily selects for the site of its achievements the barren sands of the Northern zone, as the cultivated plains of the sunny South.

The earliest English sculptors flourished at no more remote a period than the beginning of the last century. Gibbons is the name of the patriarch of our sculpture. 'With him,' says Mr. Cunningham, 'ornamental carving rose to its highest excellence in this country. No one has since approached him in the happy boldness and natural freedom of such productions. Under his chisel stone seemed touched with vegetable life, and wood became as lilies of the valley and fruit from the tree.' The works of Gibbons chiefly are,—The carvings in St. Paul's choir; the wooden

throne at Canterbury, and embellishments at Chatsworth, Petworth, Burleigh, Houghton, Southwick in Hampshire, where a whole gallery is embroidered in panels by Gibbons' own hand, and the altar-piece of Trinity College, Oxford. This artist was appointed Master Carver in Wood to George the First, with a salary of eighteen——PENCE! per day, which splendid allowance he enjoyed from 1714 to 1721, on the 3d of August of which year he died.

Cibber, a German, and the father of the more celebrated Colley, was a cotemporary of Gibbons. He endeavoured to establish a taste in this country for "statuary decorations of groves and gardens," which, however, experience showed, could not be indulged in a climate so moist and variable as ours. Cibber is entitled to all the praise of being the first artist in England who associated with the art of sculpture that poetic feeling which is the source of almost all the interest that it possesses.

'The works,' says our author, 'on which the claims of Cibber to the honour of original genius entirely depend, are the far-famed figures of Madness and Melancholy, carved for the chief entrance to Moorfields.—They are the earliest indications of the appearance of a distinct and natural spirit in sculpture, and stand first in conception, and only second in execution, among all the productions of the island. Those who see them for the first time are fixed to the spot with terror and awe: an impression is made on the heart never to be removed: nor is the impression of a vulgar kind. The poetry of those terrible infirmities is embodied: from the degradation of the actual madhouse we turn overpowered and disgusted, but from those magnificent creations we retire in mingled awe and admiration. I remember some eighteen or twenty years ago, when an utter stranger in London, I found myself, after much wandering, in the presence of those statues, then occupying the entrance to Moorfields. Sculpture was to me at that time an art unknown, and it had to force its excellence upon my mind, without the advantage of any preparation either through drawings or descriptions. But I perceived the meaning of those statues at once, felt the pathetic truth of the delineation, and congratulated myself on having discovered a new source of enjoyment. The impression which they made upon me induced me to expect too much from the rest of our sculpture. In St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, I found much finer work, but less fervour of poetic sentiment, than what Cibber had stamped upon those rough stones, which he is said to have cut at once from the block without the aid of models.'—p. 27.

Roubiliac, disowned in some measure by his countrymen, the French, has received and merited the protection of our author, not less as an act of hospitality on the part of a British historian, than as one of gratitude. This artist was born at Lyons in 1695, and, after studying under Balthazar, at Dresden, migrated to England when he was about five and twenty. Of the occasion of his coming to London Mr. Cunningham tells a tradition, to the probability of which he gives his own sanction.

'An English traveller, says the legend, happened to be strolling through a town in France—when his attention was casually attracted by some clay sketches of a poetic nature, in the humble studio of a young and nameless

artist: he admired them—took the sculptor's address—and continued his journey. Some time—years it is said—passed on, when a friend requested the traveller's advice concerning a monument of value which he proposed to raise—the merits of the living artists were discussed—the sculptor of Lyons was recalled to memory—an invitation was given—promises were made, and Roubiliac came over.'—pp. 32, 33.

The great achievement of Roubiliac, as Mr. Cunningham very forcibly describes it, was, that he infused a spirit of poetry into the tame and literal style of Gothic sculpture which had prevailed in England. The personal character of Roubiliac was exactly such as we should expect to find in one, to whom so bold and striking a reform is ascribed.

'He was a man of poetic feeling—well acquainted with the marble miracles of the sculptors of old—of unbounded enthusiasm—and who devoutly believed the maker of a fine statue to be the noblest of all God's creatures. To the usual bustle and liveliness of his national temperament, he added, in his personal demeanour, a peculiar abundance of the ecstatic; he would drop his knife and fork in the very presence of Walpole's smoking haunch—fall back in his chair—roll his eyes, writhe his face, clasp his hands in joy, and, springing from the table, hurry into his studio, to grapple at once with the design, which had been so ungracious as to appear to his fancy at meal-time. These fits, which oftener imply weakness than strength, were regarded by the world as signs that a true poetic spirit had made its appearance in sculpture. He now rose rapidly into reputation. Nothing could be more unlike the Gothic monuments which preceded his, than the works which were destined to supplant them. The former were stiff, formal, calm, and devout; the latter were all action and flutter—the postures generally violent, and the expression strained. The former were too full of death—and inspired less of devout awe than of aversion and horror—every thing about them called up the grave and the canker-worm; while the latter were much too lively and spirited—they talked of the grave only in the inscriptions—they were over-informed with motion—the men seemed all resolved to speak, and the women to dance. More life in the one, and more sobriety in the other, would have been the better.'—p. 42.

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'If he happened to be in company with a lady whose hands were beautiful, or whose ears were small and finely shaped, he would gaze wistfully at her, and has been known to startle sensitive spinsters with apprehensions of matrimony, seizing them suddenly by the wrist, and crying rapturously, —"Madam, I must have your hand—madam, I shall have your ear!" The ear of Handel, he said, was so fine in music, that it could only be represented in marble by one small and elegant, and the model for this musical ear belonged to Miss Rich, the daughter of one of his friends.'—p. 63.

Roubiliac, who died in Jan. 7, 1762, has left a number of monuments, statues, and busts, which are to be seen in many of our ancient and public structures. Mr. Cunningham thus sums up his merits:—

'His works, though out-done by the productions of Flaxman and Chantrey, have taken a lasting hold of the public admiration. That he is unequal—conceited—constrained in attitude, and too voluminous in his dra-

peries, is true;—but what is this to set against the justice and nature which he so often exhibits, and the noble ardour of sentiment which animates those great works on which his reputation is mainly built? He spared no labour—was not afraid of strong reliefs, of deep and difficult folds and sinkings, and of attitudes which ate much marble and consumed time in executing. If he has little sedate beauty or tranquil thought, he has much elegance of action; and if he sometimes sacrificed nature and simplicity, he atoned for it by poetic energy. He dealt largely in abstract ideas, nor did he always use them wisely. They had indeed been introduced an hundred years before he made his appearance. Stone, in 1628, carved Sir George Holles, well known in the wars of the Netherlands, riding in complete armour, with Pallas on one side and Bellona on the other; and the whole heathen mythology had been naturalized in painting by the ready hands, but sterile fancies, of Verrio and La Guerre. This frozen progeny, though supported by the talent of Banks and the fine genius of Flaxman, languished from the days of Roubiliac.'—pp. 66, 67.

The lives of Wilton and Banks do not offer a great deal to interest the curious. Such reputation as the former enjoys was chiefly the fruit of labour and assiduity and good sense. The latter possessed undoubted genius, but was principally employed in monuments and groups, in which, to a great extent, his own fancy and taste were not allowed to exercise themselves. A story, honourable to the heart of Banks, is related by our author; we copy it the more readily as it concerns a living artist of high reputation.

'One morning a youth, some thirteen years old or so, came to the door of Banks with drawings in his hand. Owing to some misgiving of mind the knock which he intended should be modest and unassuming was loud and astounding, and the servant who opened the door was in no good mood with what he imagined to be forwardness in one so young. Banks, happening to overhear the chiding of his servant, went out, and said with much gentleness, "What do you want with me, young man?" "I want, sir," said the boy, "that you should get me to draw at the Academy."—"That," said the sculptor, "is not in my power—no one is admitted there but by ballot, and I am only one of those persons on whose pleasure it depends. But you have got a drawing there—let me look at it." He examined it for a moment, and said—"Time enough for the Academy yet, my little man! go home—mind your schooling—try to make a better drawing of the Apollo—and in a month come again and let me see it." The boy went home, drew and sketched with three-fold diligence, and on that day month appeared again at the door of Banks with a new drawing in his hand. The sculptor liked this drawing better than he did the other—gave him a week to improve it—encouraged him much, and showed him the various works contained in his study. He went away and returned in a week—the Apollo was visibly improved—he conceived a kindness for the boy, and said if he were spared he would distinguish himself. This augury has been amply fulfilled. Mulready is now an academician—and his name has flown far and wide.'—pp. 112, 113.

We cannot bestow too much praise on the spirit of manly impartiality that guides Mr. Cunningham's admirable biography of Nollekens. The character of that eminent artist and single-hearted

man had been most scandalously traduced in the mercenary resentment of disappointed hopes, by one whom his former bounty fed. The story of Nollekens in the Family Library is well worth consulting, if for no other purpose than to see in it a fine specimen of the humiliating efficacy of skilfully directed scorn; for such is its result in this instance, that we never expect to hear of Mr. Smith being again mentioned in our literature as the biographer of Nollekens. All the vulgarity, and a great portion of the idle and contemptible tattle of Smith are omitted in the volume before us. Mr. Cunningham has culled with judicious hand the flowers which were found mingled with the heap of trash that oppressed, for a brief period, the tomb of poor Nollekens. Though, never having tasted his hospitality, our author does not ridicule the frugality of his table; and never having enjoyed the confidence of his hero, he has no secrets to betray, and no infirmities to hold up to public ridicule. It is a lesson of admirable utility to men, who, like Smith, may be admitted to a familiarity with eminent persons, which they are tempted by their bad passions ultimately to abuse—that when they do bring the fruits of their transgressions into the market, the first honest man that meets them may take the property from them with impunity, and the voice of the public will declare him to be the right owner. The following just appreciation of Nollekens's character is derived from other sources, it will be perceived, than Mr. Smith:—

'The last time I saw this remarkable man, was before the opening of the exhibition of, I think, 1819. He was then unable to move but by the aid of his attendants; and having expressed a wish to Chantrey, whom he admired and loved, to see the exhibition of painting and sculpture, he was carried up stairs in a kind of sedan, and with his friend at his elbow, sat for a time looking round him. He then fixed his eye on some work which pleased him—muttered a few almost inaudible words—moved with his body in the direction of the object, and made a sign when he was placed in the right point of view. His power of expressing what he felt was never strong—it was less than ever now—but his good taste was in full vigour, for he caused himself to be placed before all the best paintings, and his remarks went at once to their chief merits. Chantrey afterwards said, that his observations were judicious, and penetrated to the sentiment and meaning of the scenes and groups. When he was borne to his coach, he gave the persons who helped him a guinea each—put his hand to his hat, and bade farewell for ever to the Royal Academy. He was then eighty-two years old.

'As his strength failed, he gradually withdrew himself, first from marble and next from clay, and finally from making drawings. Over the remaining years of the sculptor's life, during which he rather breathed than lived, I shall scatter such anecdotes as the curiosity, the kindness, or the malevolence of the world have gathered together. There will be something to commiserate, and something to commend—he was a singular mixture of weakness and strength—of meanness and generosity—of imbecility and talent.

That Nollekens was careful of his gains was known to all, and often alluded to even in his presence. Fuseli, himself towards the close of his life a border, said, "Nolly was never known to bleed." His friends and acquaintances were not, therefore, sure of a kind reception when they went to solicit him for any charitable purpose—they could not indeed calculate the result—for the application which was received coldly to-day might to-morrow bring down a golden shower. It happened on a time, that Turner the landscape painter asked the sculptor for a subscription to that benevolent institution, the Artists' Fund. "It's but a guinea, man," said Turner, in his blunt way. "But a guinea," said Joseph, "that will do little for you—here, thirty will do better"—and thirty he accordingly paid. To Baily, a sculptor of well-known talent, he was equally generous, when he solicited his help for another institution of the same nature. Nor was his benevolence, fitful though it was, confined to public bodies—on hearing that a poor neighbour was prevented from apprenticing out his son for want of the proper fee, he sent for the father, gave him an hundred pounds, and would scarcely listen to his thanks.

To his assistants he was uniformly kind and indulgent—the numerous works with which his studio was filled, were put into their hands to be wrought into marble from the models which he made; the working of the busts was settled at a regular price each, and as the draperies were all simple and the hair of easy execution, they could not fail to earn upwards of five guineas per week. The name of Nollekens stands free from all reproach amongst workmen on the matter of wages. Even after old age had benumbed his faculties, and he had declined accepting any more commissions, he continued to keep on some of his men at their usual wages, and one day, when his wife rated him sharply for giving full pay to a man named Dodemy, the sculptor called to the labourer, and said, "don't mind her, Dodemy, I'll raise your wages two shillings a week were it but to spite her." If he was not uniformly generous, neither was he uniformly sordid—he was not profuse with the rich, and parsimonious with the poor. He, whom his workmen acquit of being niggardly, may be safely written down as a deserving master.

A man, who usually shaved and dressed him, apologized for coming in an old hat, saying, "I had a new one sent home this morning, and some thievish person stole it out of my shop." Nollekens put his hand in his pocket and gave him a guinea, saying, "there, that will buy you another." The same person afterwards, in an accidental conversation, stated, that he had but two shirts. "Have four, then," said the sculptor, giving him a pound note. There might probably be something of a vaunt in his offer of thirty thousand pounds for the Elgin Marbles, when he heard that government hesitated at the purchase; but I am willing to believe there was more sincerity in his intention of bequeathing twenty thousand pounds to the Royal Academy to endow suitable schools of art, and defray the expenses of deserving students in all the galleries of Europe. The purchase which the government made of the Minerva Marbles prevented, however, his sincerity in the first offer from being tried, and the interposition of wily friends hindered him from fulfilling the other.

To match those acts of kindness or generosity, it would be easy to find a corresponding number of mean and selfish deeds. It must, however, be borne in mind, that Nollekens was really and truly a coarse, unpresuming,

uneducated man, unpolished by his profession—of simple manners—without ostentation in his person or his household, whose mind was a stranger to every thing elegant save sculpture, and who preferred a joke with his assistants, and a cup of tea with one of his living models, to the society of the titled and the learned. Such a person as this could not fail to gather money, and though one cannot help lamenting that his heart failed to expand with his fortune, I am not sure that we are entitled to stigmatise it as a crime. He considered himself as nothing superior to his handmaids and his assistants—he lived in their company, spending his money freely according to his own limited notions of his station: he was unable to act the part of a gentleman, and could not imagine the rank which genius entitled him to hold—and so he lived and so he died.

'When Chantrey sent his bust of Horne Tooke to the Exhibition, he was young and unfriended: but the great merit of the work did not escape the eye of Nollekens. He lifted it from the floor—set it before him—moved his head to and fro, and having satisfied himself of its excellence, turned round to those who were arranging the works for the exhibition, and said, "There's a fine—a very fine work—let the man who made it be known—remove one of my busts and put this one in its place, for it well deserves it." Often afterwards, when desired to model a bust, he said in his most persuasive way, "go to Chantrey, he's the man for a bust—he'll make a good bust of you—I always recommend him." Nor did he hesitate to give a piece of marble to a deserving sculptor—"take it," he said, "it encourages more than money does." He sat for his bust to Chantrey, who always mentions his name with tenderness and respect.—pp. 186—190.

Mr. Cunningham has omitted to notice the numerous charitable bequests which distinguish the last deliberate instrument of Nollekens's life, and which we regard as evidence of a material nature, considering the sort of charges that have been made against him.

The life of Bacon being chiefly borrowed from that excellent one of Cecil, presents little of novelty; at the same time we must observe, that it is a judicious compilation, free from the sinister criticisms of an enemy, and alike exempted from the injudicious partiality of friendship. We must, however, make room for the following anecdotes:—

'On one occasion, in the absence of Bacon, an order for a monument was left with the person who conducted his business:—the sculptor on being informed of it, said, "Well, in memory of a private gentleman?—and what price was mentioned?" "Three hundred pounds, Sir." "Three hundred pounds—a small bas-relief will do—was he a benevolent man? You inquired that, I hope?" "Yes, Sir—he was benevolent—he always gave sixpence, they said, to an old woman who opened his pew on a Sunday." "That will do—that will do—we must have recourse to our old friend the Pelican."

'When he was retouching the statue of Chatham in Westminster Abbey, a divine, and a stranger, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, in allusion to the story of Zeuxis, "Take care what you are doing, you work for eternity." This reverend person then stept into the pulpit and began to preach. When the sermon was over, Bacon touched his arm and said, "Take care what you do, you work for eternity."

'He affected frequently to speak lightly of his art, and seemed unwilling to allow it the station in public esteem to which the genius of its professors had raised it. Being, on one occasion, complimented on the beauty of his public works, and also on their usefulness, he admitted that he had striven to render them acceptable by the religious sentiment or judicious moral which they embodied; but yet, he added, laying his hand on the sleeve of his friend, "What am I in the sight of God but an humble cutter of stone?"'—pp. 242, 243.

The last anecdote is in keeping with the character given of Bacon by our author, who says that this artist was peculiarly anxious to pass for a pious as well as a loyal man.

The life of Mrs. Damer is written, we regret to say, with an evident contempt for the claims of that lady to any degree of eminence as an artist. The extravagancies of the woman are too much forced on our contemplation, and the rare example of a female any where, but particularly in this country, succeeding so far in the paths of first-rate genius, as she certainly has done, is not by any means distinguished with that spirit of panegyric which justice demands. Even the Italians, who would be more justified than ourselves in such extreme fastidiousness, have been far more gallant, for Propertia Rossi, a lady, is famous among them, although no greater number of monuments exist to remind them of her merit than a bust and a pair of angels.

Flaxman's life offers materials of much more urgent interest: and the circumstance of our author having been the personal friend of the deceased artist, whilst it does not bias his judgment, enables him to enrich and to authenticate his narrative. The early life of this great artist is already made familiar to the public, through the medium of more than one good biography. It was distinguished by an ardent love for his art—and what was as promising a symptom—by a steady and virtuous course of conduct. He married young, and was particularly happy in the selection of his wife. The following anecdote, which is very well related by our author, seems to us to be capable of being told with great advantage in a picture.

'He had never doubted that in the company of her whom he loved he should be able to work with an intenser spirit—but of another opinion was Sir Joshua Reynolds. "So Flaxman," said the President one day, as he chanced to meet him, "I am told you are married—if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist!" Flaxman went home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand, and said with a smile, "I am ruined for an artist." "John," said she, "how has this happened, and who has done it?" "It happened," said he, "in the church, and Ann Denman has done it—I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he said marriage had ruined me in my profession."

'For a moment a cloud hung on Flaxman's brow—but this worthy couple understood each other too well to have their happiness seriously marred by the unguarded and peevish remark of a wealthy old batchelor. They were proud determined people—who asked no one's advice—who

shared their domestic secrets with none of their neighbours, and lived as if they were unconscious that they were in the midst of a luxurious city. "Ann," said the sculptor, "I have long thought that I could rise to distinction in art without studying in Italy, but these words of Reynolds have determined me. I shall go to Rome as soon as my affairs are fit to be left, and to show him that wedlock is for a man's good rather than for his harm, you shall accompany me. If I remain here I shall be accused of ignorance concerning those noble works of art which are to the sight of a sculptor what learning is to a man of genius, and you will lie under the charge of detaining me." In this resolution Mrs. Flaxman fully concurred. They resolved to prepare themselves in silence for the journey, to inform no one of their intentions, and to set meantime a still stricter watch over their expenditure. No assistance was proffered by the Academy—nor was any asked; and five years elapsed from the day of the memorable speech of the President, before Flaxman, by incessant study and labour, had accumulated the means of departing for Italy.'—pp. 290, 291.

The results of his journey to and residence in Italy, Flaxman has himself related, in his Lectures on Sculpture. He wrought there many of those splendid works which were instrumental in conferring on his name the celebrity all over Europe which it so long enjoyed, and, to the credit of our country, many of his patrons were Englishmen. Among them, the first, and we need scarcely add, the most liberal, was Mr. Hope, the author of Anastasius.

'He had now spent upwards of seven years in Rome—compared the colossal extravagance of Bernini with the temperate action of the antique, and leisurely and thoroughly disciplined his hand and eye in a severe school. He had availed himself too of certain facilities which the free manners of Italy afford for studying from living models, especially of female beauty*—facilities (almost unknown here) which have to this hour sustained the fame of the Italian school for truth and gracefulness of outline. Having been elected a member of the academies of Florence and Carrara, Flaxman prepared to return home. The "Child of Destiny" had already struck on the Roman side of the Alps one or two of those terrible strokes which perplexed monarchs, and the sculptor perceived the propriety of turning his face homewards. "I remember a night or two before my departure from Rome," he once observed to me, "that the ambassador of the French proudly showed us, at an evening party, a medal of Buonaparte. 'There,' said he, 'is the hero who is to shake the monarchies of the earth, and raise the glory of the Republic.' I looked at the head and said at once, 'This citizen Buonaparte of yours is the very image of Augustus Cæsar.' 'Image of a tyrant!' exclaimed the Frenchman—'no indeed—I tell you he is another sort of a man—he is a young enthusiastic hero, and dreams of nothing but liberty and equality!'"'—pp. 310, 311.

Flaxman, on his return to England, set about executing an order which he received in Italy, for a monument to the great Earl of Mansfield.

* 'When one of our English ladies expressed some surprise how Pauline Buonaparte *could* sit *so* naked for her statue to Canova, "O, my dear madam," said the beautiful Princess, "I had a fire in the room."'

'During the progress of this work one of another nature touched his fancy, a work at once original and unrivalled. I have said that Flaxman enjoyed the purest domestic happiness. He felt this, and wishing to reward it in his own way, caused a little quarto book to be made, containing some score or two of leaves, and with pen and pencil proceeded to fill and embellish it. On the first page is drawn a dove, with an olive branch in her mouth—an angel is on the right and an angel on the left, and between is written "To Ann Flaxman;" below two hands are clasped as at the altar, two cherubs bear a garland, and the following inscription to his wife introduces the subject:—"The anniversary of your birth-day calls on me to be grateful for fourteen happy years passed in your society. Accept the tribute of these sketches, which, under the allegory of a knight errant's adventures, indicate the trials of virtue and the conquest of vice, peparatory to a happier state of existence. After the hero is called to the spiritual world and blessed with a celestial union, he is armed with power for the exercise of his ministry, and for fulfilling the dispensations of Providence —he becomes the associate of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and, as universal Benevolence, is employed in acts of mercy—John Flaxman, October 2, 1796." The designs which tell this noble story amount to forty—they are two and two on the pages, with descriptions in a species of measured prose, extending from two lines to a dozen, by which the coherence of the narrative—if a succession of pencilled scenes may be so called—is very clearly maintained.'—pp. 312, 313.

Mr. Cunningham gives the details of these designs, and says, that to publish a *fac-simile* of the book would be conferring a benefit on mankind. Whilst Flaxman was the theme of approbation in every society, and whilst he was courted by the high and wealthy, he still never lost, in the slightest degree, his relish for the pure happiness of domestic life. No small evidence is it, indeed, of the serenity and cheerfulness of his temper, that he was able to be happy himself and be agreeable to his family under the influence of the gloomy religion of Swedenborg, of which he was, though not openly, a professor.

'He would often cheer the winter evening by composing light and amusing things for the entertainment of his family or his friends—ingenious little stories in prose and verse, illustrated with sketches, serious and burlesque. Much of the peculiar talent of the man found its way into these unstudied trifles; in his hand the merriest legend failed not to put on a moral aim and a classic grace. It is pleasing to follow to the fireside and the supper table the mind which brooded so successfully over the severe sublimities of Homer and Dante, and to see and hear him disporting amid quaint conceits and agreeable absurdities. It is true that he set no value on these hasty things, and that he generally destroyed them: one, however, by name "The Casket," survives, and a curious composition it is.

'The story of the Casket is this:—One day, in the winter of 1812, Flaxman, who shared with Banks in the love of Oriental productions, saw and bought a small Chinese casket, of very rich workmanship, and gave it to his wife and sister. It was one of those neat trifles in which ladies delight to stow away their trinkets and laces; so they set it before them on the table, and while the sculptor was sketching, the two sisters began to

talk about the present. "This is a pretty thing," said one, "and not made yesterday either: its history must be curious." "Curious, no doubt," said the other, "we can easily make a history for it. What is it without its genealogy?—was it not made in the reign of the illustrious Ching-Fu, by one of the Muses of China, to hold the golden maxims of Confucius?" "And obtained in barter," continued the other, "for glass beads and twopenny knives, by one of those wandering genii called in Britain trading captains?" Flaxman smiled at this history, and forthwith set to work with pen and pencil.'—pp. 332, 333.

These works were but the indulgences of such leisure hours as he was able to snatch for his relaxation from the fatigues of profound mental and wasting bodily labour.

In 1810, the Royal Academy founded a Professorship of Painting, and Flaxman was the first appointed to the chair. The lectures which he delivered in his new capacity have already undergone our critical consideration. A concluding observation upon them by Mr. Cunningham deserves to be quoted :—

'We miss in these Lectures some account of the Grecian mode of working in marble—a secret withheld from us by the ancients themselves; but which the experience, penetration, and learning of Flaxman might have enabled him to discover. Were those noble groups and statues produced in marble through the medium of models—or did drawings suffice—and if the former were used, by what process was the copy made—by instruments such as we use—or by plummets and compasses—or by the unaided hand and eye? That they had moulds for casting works of art, their bronze statues sufficiently show; and that they had the choicest tools and the most skilful hands, their marbles bear lasting proof. But how they wrought out deep and difficult sinkings— gave that loose fine clustering elegance to the hair—and communicated to the surface of the marble that exquisite delicacy of finish, no one has told us. It is difficult to doubt that, with superior genius, they had all the mechanical facilities of which we boast, and probably more. The marks of chisels and the perforations of drills—our chief instruments—are visible on many of their works. It is true that Michael Angelo grappled at once with the marble block, and shaping the figure in imagination before him, hewed it boldly out, and derided those who went the round-about way of models. But this was a wild waste of time; had he modelled his statue in clay, cast it in plaster, and got it rough-hewn by some ordinary hand, he might have made three where he made but one, and at the same time avoided those mistakes in proportion of which he is accused.'—pp. 347, 348.

Besides his lectures, Flaxman was the author of several other pieces, which, however, appeared before the public either anonymously, or under another name—

'He wrote a character of the works of Romney for Hayley's life of that artist, which attributes to the painter an extent of capacity not visible in his pictures—and to the Cyclopædia of Rees he contributed the articles Armour, Basso-Relievo—Beauty—Bronze—Bust—Composition—Cast—and Ceres.'—p. 349.

Mr. Cunningham, in this very valuable piece of biography, takes

frequent occasion to criticise the individual performances of Flaxman; and, at the conclusion of his narrative, he gives us some general views of the merits and successes of the great sculptor. For all this we must refer the reader to the volume itself, contenting ourselves with the following interesting particulars relating to the personal character and habits of Flaxman:—

'It was not till the year 1825, that the author of this too imperfect narrative became personally acquainted with Flaxman. He had come to the exhibition-room with a statue—on seeing me he smiled—took off his hat—bowed, and shook me heartily by the hand, saying, with a voice which I think I hear now, "Allan Cunningham, I am glad to meet you—Lady Dacre has repeated to me some of your noble ballads—come and sit down beside me, and let us talk of verse—I love it, and I love Scotland too." We sat down together, and though several Academicians came into the room, he heeded them not, but expatiated on the kindness he had experienced at Glasgow, and his admiration of the passionate songs of Burns. He told me, also, that the old English ballads of Percy had made a strong impression on his mind; and instanced Sir Cauline, as one of the happiest stories in verse. "I am making," said he, "a statue of Burns—will you do me the kindness to come and see it?" I promised, and parting then with mutual assurances of remembrance, some weeks elapsed before I had an opportunity of paying my respects to him in Buckingham-street. He received me with his hat in his hand, and conducted me into his little studio among models and sketches. There was but one chair, and a small barrel which held coals, with a board laid over it—on the former he seated me, and occupied the latter himself, after having removed a favourite black cat, who seemed to consider the act ungracious. Our talk was all concerning poetry and poets—he listened well pleased to my description of the person of Burns, and said, "a manly man, and his poetry is like him."

'During the year which succeeded this interview, he was occasionally ailing, but his suffering was little, nor did he abstain from making sketches, or from enjoying the company of his friends. Of friends he had not a few—his earliest indeed were past and gone—Hayley, whom he esteemed as a man; Banks, whom he admired as a poetic sculptor, and Romney, the only native painter, of whom, it is said, he was very fond. Thomas Hope and Samuel Rogers, dear for their genius and for their worth, were left, and to them he was much attached: he also respected Howard the painter, and Stothard was a man much after his own heart. He had sat for his bust to Baily, and was sitting to Jackson for that fine portrait of which an engraving of great merit appears in this volume. The winter had set in, and as he was never a very early mover, a stranger found him rising one morning when he called about nine o'clock. "Sir," said the visitant, presenting a book as he spoke, "this work was sent to me by the author, an Italian artist, to present to you, and at the same time to apologize for its extraordinary dedication. In truth, Sir, it was so generally believed throughout Italy that you were dead, that my friend determined to show the world how much he esteemed your genius, and having this book ready for publication he has incribed it 'Al Ombra di Flaxman.' No sooner was the book published than the story of your death was contradicted, and the author affected by his mistake, which, nevertheless, he rejoices at, begs you will receive his work and his apology." Flaxman smiled—

accepted the volume with unaffected modesty, and mentioned the circumstance as curious to his own family and some of his friends.

'This singular occurrence happened on Saturday, the 2d of December: the great sculptor was well and cheerful; next day he went to church—felt himself suddenly affected with cold—refused all medicine—went to bed, and when he rose on Monday assured his sister that he was well enough to receive Mr. Soane, Mr. Robinson, and part of the family of Mr. Tulk, whom he had invited to dinner. When these guests came they were touched with the change in his looks; but he assumed cheerfulness, presided at table, tasted wine with the ladies, said something pleasing to all, and they went away without any apprehension that they were to see him no more. An inflammation of the lungs was the result of the cold which affected him on Sunday—the disorder spread with fatal rapidity: he refused to go to bed, saying, "When I lie I cannot breathe," and sat in a cushioned chair, attended by his sister and by the sister of his wife. All attempts to arrest the deadly malady were in vain, and on Thursday morning, December the 7th, 1826, he passed without a struggle, from a world of which he had long been the ornament. His body was accompanied to the churchyard of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, by the President and Council of the Royal Academy, on the 15th of December. The following words are inscribed on his tomb: "John Flaxman, R.A. P.S., whose mortal life was a constant preparation for a blessed immortality: his angelic spirit returned to the Divine Giver on the 7th of December, 1826, in the seventy-second year of his age."

'Flaxman was small in stature, slim in form: he walked with something of a sidling gait; and his hair dark and long was combed down carelessly on either side of his head. It was a favourite theory of his, that the noblest spirit is ever magnificently lodged; yet when I think of his own little body and large soul, I incline more to the words of the poet whom he loved—

'That auld wanchancie carline Nature,
To make amends for scrimpit stature,
Has turned thee off a human creature
On her first plan.

But whenever he talked all this disappeared: his forehead was fine: his large eyes seemed to emit light while he spoke: and the uncommon sweetness of his smile softened a certain proud expression of mouth and some coarseness of physiognomy. His dress was plain but not mean: a single-breasted brown coat—a waistcoat of black and white stripe, over the cape of which his shirt collar was laid neatly down: dark cloth breeches, and ribbed mixed stockings, with shoes and buckles, suited well with the simplicity of the wearer. He aspired after no finery—kept neither coach nor servant in livery—considered himself more the companion than the master of his men—treated them to a jaunt in the country and a dinner twice a year, presiding among them with great good humour; and on times of more than common state—the Academy dinners for instance—he caused John Burge, his marble polisher, to stand behind his chair. To his men, of whom he employed some twelve or fifteen, he was ever kind and indulgent. He made himself acquainted with their families and with their wants, and aided them in an agreeable and delicate way; when they were sick he gave them their wages and paid their doctors' bills; and if any of them happened to be unavoidably absent, he said, "Providence has made

six days for work in the week—take your full wages." So generally was he beloved, and so widely was he known, that had you stopped a tipsy mason in the street and asked him what he thought of John Flaxman, he would have answered, "The best master God ever made." Such was the answer once given to that question in my hearing. Nothing of the alloy of meanness mingled with his nature. When he approached a hackney-coach stand near his own house, down went the steps of a dozen doors, and off went the hats of as many coachmen—all were desirous of a customer who never higgled: when he purchased marble he satisfied himself with the quality of the block, asked the price, and paid down the money—no abatement was demanded; and he has been known to return part of the money for a monument when he thought the price too high. "Flaxman, Sir," said an artist of eminence whom I need not name, "is inaccessible to either censure or praise—he is proud but not shy—diffident but not retiring—as plain as a peasant in his dress, and as humble as the rudest clown, yet even all that unites in making up this remarkable mixture of simplicity and genius—and were you to try *any other* ingredients, may I be hanged if you would form so glorious a creature!" He paused a little, and added, "I wish he would not bow so low to the lowly—his civility oppresses."*

'Flaxman usually rose at eight o'clock,—breakfasted at nine,—studied or modelled till one,—dined at that early hour, commonly upon one dish, and very sparingly,—then recommenced his modelling or his studies,—added a little reading,—drank tea at six,—talked with his wife and sisters, or with friends who happened to look in—and this in a lively, gay, eloquent strain, more frequently than a serious one; and when supper was served, conversed freely, and helped his friends largely, but took little himself. This, he used to say, was "an hour of much enjoyment." His kindness to students was unbounded: he opened the doors of his studio with no reluctant hand to young and old, and was lavish of his time and counsel on all in whom he recognized genius. "He was a rough-headed fellow who modelled that group," he once observed to me, looking at the work of a student; "but it has pleased God to give a rough-headed fellow finer genius sometimes than what he bestows on smoother men." "You remember the feebleness of his frame," said Sir Thomas Lawrence, addressing the students on Flaxman's death, "and its evident though gradual decay. Yet it was but lately that you saw him with you, sedulous and active as the youngest member—directing your studies with the affection of a parent—addressing you with the courtesy of an equal—and conferring the benefit of his knowledge and his genius as though he himself were receiving obligation." His domestic state was happy—his life simple and blameless: he was mild and gentle; and a more perfect exemplar of the

* 'During the composition of these sheets, I requested of a distinguished sculptor some information respecting his mode of study and his talents in company. "I cannot tell you," was the answer. "Flaxman, Sir, lived as if he did not belong to the world—his ways were not our ways. He had odd fashions—he dressed—you know how he dressed: he dined at one—wrought after dinner, which no other artist does—drank tea at six; and then, Sir, no one ever found him in the evening parties of the rich or the noble: he was happy at home, and so he kept himself; of all the members of the Academy, the man whom I know least of is Flaxman."'

good man was to be found in his conduct than in all the theories of the learned.' pp. 356—362.

The reader has now before him some of the merits of this interesting volume. When the Lives of the Painters were, on a former occasion, under consideration, we took exception, as we were bound to do, to some expressions, as well as some views, of this writer, which appeared to us to be inconsistent with that fair allowance for difference in religion, which ought to be observed at all events in the general haunts of literature. We are happy to say, that the present volume is utterly exempt from all such grounds of complaint, although the subject matter of it may be said to offer temptations, neither few nor unattractive, to the indulgence of polemical spite. Thus are we delighted always to see the inheritors of genius alive to the duties which their precious trust devolves on them, and ready, under judicious counsel, to vindicate that liberality and kindness of soul which always have been the proper attributes of their pedigree.

ART. VIII.—*Original Letters of Locke, Algernon Sidney, and Lord Shaftesbury, author of the "Characteristics." With an Analytical Sketch of the Writings and Opinions of Locke and other Metaphysicians.* By T. Forster, M.B., F.L.S., M.A.S., &c. 8vo. pp. 279.

MR. FORSTER has very candidly stated in his preface, his opinion of the value of the letters which are submitted to the public in the present collection. He says, that 'the circumstance of their being the productions of men so well known and respected in the literary world, constitute their principal claim to notice.' This is exactly the fact, and the acknowledgment coming from the editor himself, reflects great credit upon his discernment as well as his frankness.

Mr. Forster might, however, have very fairly added, with a view of recommending his book to greater attention, that to most men of intelligence and taste there is a charm in the familiar correspondence of individuals who have obtained celebrity in the higher walks of politics, philosophy, or literature. The saying has become trite, that no man is a hero to his valet de chambre. It may be predicated with equal truth, that no man is a hero in his private letters. These shew us the writer in his slippers and dressing-gown. They make us acquainted sooner than a thousand elaborate sketches, with his real virtues and infirmities. In the history of his times we behold him at a distance, surrounded with the pomp and pageantry of fame; but in his letters we see him face to face behind the scenes, after having put off the robes in which he fretted his hour upon the stage, and we converse with him upon equal terms.

In one respect the three celebrated persons, some of whose letters are contained in the volume before us, closely resembled each other.

They all three were zealous friends of religious liberty, at a season when liberal notions upon that subject were much more rare and unfashionable than they happily are at present. Considered in any other point of view, there is no reason why their epistles should have been thus brought together, except that they happened to come into the possession of the editor, and that he has thought fit so to give them to the world. They are all, with some few exceptions, addressed to Mr. Benjamin Furley, who was a merchant at Rotterdam, and a man of considerable learning. He was, moreover, of the good old substantial school of commerce, always able and willing to oblige his friends, many of whom he appears to have gathered around him in the links of cordial attachment. One of his son's daughters was married to an ancestor of the editor, and the letters descended to him as a kind of heir-loom.

Locke's first letter is dated the 26th of December, 1686, and though the editor has not condescended to explain all its allusions, yet it will be read with some interest, as the bantering playful effusion of so grave a philosopher.

'26th December, (1686.)

'After my hearty commendations of the sheep to your memory, these are to acknowledge that I am indebted to you for two long, two kinde, and two pleasant letters. Count not this, as if you had been lately at the Hague, for six, when I meane but two in all.

'I finde by yours of the 23d, that our thoughts chime as well at a distance as when we are together; and that you and I were thinkeing and writeing of our Commissioner about the same time. If, when the fellow's head run against the post, good wits jump'd, what wits, I pray, are we both, whose heads run at the same time against the same post? Think not that I use the terme post here, with any the least designe of derogating from the work of our author: for methinks all authors may, for some quality or other, be termed post, some for their uprightnesse, some for their stiffnesse, and others for some other qualitys that shall be namelesse.

'Another thing I observe from that letter is, that the quicker a man writes the slower others read what he has written; this being a remark that may concern the writers of books, as well as letters, you may do well to put into our next letter of advice to our learned author.

'And now I come to the parts of that letter itself, and therein I shall begin with the latter end first, by a figure of elegance, called hysteron proteron, a certain sort of leap-frog of use among the learned, whereby they can, when the matter in hand so requires, make a bishop, as grave as he is, who appeared not on the stage till Charles the Fifth's days, leap over the heads of all those who lived before quite as far as to Charlemagne. He that can doe this, I think, may well deserve the reputation of a good jumper.

'Could you be so silly as to imagine that you could subdue our Doctor Colonell with a paper popgun, though charged to the muzzle? To which side pray did you apply your battery? Did you expect to penetrate the warrier side on which the sword hangs, or the learned side, armed with an ink-horne? Had you made the reflection you ought, you must needs have concluded him

In warlike scuffle most audacious,
And with his pen most pervicacious.*

Is it possible it should enter into your mazard, unlesse it have a crack in it, that you should take in an ancient monument of prowess, that has see many times stood the brunt of pen and pistoll, and can still, without flinching, bid defiance to all your rhime and reason, and that he should surrender himself to your bare summons! Could you expect that a man that will not give himself for the washing, should sit still and let you pull his skin over his ears, that you might make a new man of him. Authors, I mean Colonell authors, at the head of their parties, as easily part with their skins as with their stiles, their ways of reasoning, or the least of their assertions. The madnesse wherewith you expected to worke such a miracle, deserves a diping, and no doubt the Colonell, who is expert at it, would do you this kindnesse. But whether, when he had you under water, he would not clap his hand upon your head, and, according to the method of his brother Doctor of Scotland, keep you there till he were perfectly assured of your being tamed, I leave you to consider.

'In the middle of your career with your man of war or man of God, (choose you whether) you bring me into the broile, and require me to answer concerning the directory, whether guilty or not guilty? Truly, ffriend, having always thought that travelling to Heaven by a Directory was even as reasonable as to sail to the Canarys by a land map, I have not much made use of these waywisers, and soe may be excused if I say noething to your so peremptory demand. But this, I thinke, I may say safely upon the matter between you and your author, that, whether or noe, according to the Directorian scheme, the water of Baptisme washes away sin, our diver will be nevertheless in the suds, the argument you use sticking still as fast as bird-lime.†'—pp. 3—7.

The confession made in the subjoined epistle with reference to the mind of man, as 'always hankering after sublime and difficult (not to say unintelligible) notions,' comes appropriately enough from the pen of Locke.

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* 'This part of the letter evidently alludes to some of those numerous writers on the subject of heretical Christianity, who swarmed in the time of Locke, in England and in Holland, and who were often the founders and supporters of new and fantastical sects.'

† 'This letter is quite in Locke's style of good humoured banter, and seems directed against some attempt of Mr. Furley, who advocated the cause of the people of the "Lanterne," probably Quakers, against some Baptist, as it would seem, of those times. I have by me a collection of very curious tracts of the early Quakers, of the period to which this letter refers, some bearing the most whimsical titles, according to the fashion of that age. By these I find that a perpetual paper war was carried on between this then increasing fraternity, and other sects. The Quakers seem, however, to have been shamefully persecuted at that period by the Church of England; and so great was the fear of liberty of conscience, that the poor harmless Friends were fined and imprisoned for the exercise of their religion, more perhaps than any other sect in the country, and that too at a time when the pretended right of private judgement was most wanted.'

'9th Jan. 88.

'DEAR FRIEND,

'Tis not to answer your last letter, noe more than your last answered mine, that I now write to you; but to keep up the correspondence, and to save you thirteen stivers, for soe much the book of the Quietists cost me, which I thought it fit you should know before the ship you sent it by went away. But now I have begun I fear it will scarce pass for a letter, if I, who have not altogeather as much pretence to busynesse as you, should not make it a little bigger. Though I can tell you I am as busy as a hen with one chick, or our friend with his new disciple, I cannot, I confesse, but envy you when I consider you in the posture you describe yourself, with the great folio at one side and the diminutive colledg on the other; and, since the mind of man is always hankering after sublime and difficult (not to say unintelligible) notions, I am apt to thinke you ever now and then lend an ear to that instructive discours, and leave for a while your processes, condemnations, prisons, and executions, to take a little fresh air in those unconfined spaces where seperate souls wander at liberty. But have a care you get noe more into the sling of one of these inquisitions then into the dungeons of the other; for I can tell you they are both terrible places. In truth I am afraid of our weeweärt brother, that one of these two will be his lot; for, if he gets but half way, his advance will be only into a state of darknesse and instability, which as I take it is the *sling;* or, if he come to a perfect illumination, father Yvor's zeal for the Church will catch him, for I dare say that good man is noe more able to endure any haeretical pravity than the Archbishop of Tholose himself. The greatest kindness, therefore, you can do your Frieslander is to turne him out of dores with all speed, and send him to our Coll. Dr. in his way home, who may take him a litle into his cure, for I phansy dipping at this time of year is an approved remedy to compose a man who begins to have his head a little over warmed with these danceing, sparkleing ideas, which the ignorant call ignes fatui. The knight and his lady you say are gon. I am glad the trinkets are got again, and the knight is an excellent knight if he has left the booke behind him; you say noething of that in your letter, however, I presume you made use of your time. Remember to send me in your next Blanchardus's name of our Mercurius Coagulatus, and answer my last letter in all the points, or else I will conclude you are wholly taken up with the Colledg, and are afraid this new schollar should outstrip you.

'I am glad our friend is soe well as to endure soe much fatigue; but in these matters he has an admirable faculty of talking without much labouring his thoughts. My kind remembrance to him, to Mrs. Furley, and your younge ones. This I think is enough for a man who intended only to put in "Item, for Molins's booke, £0 13 0," but I am not you see so good a dispatcher of accounts as your merchants.'—pp. 20—23.

The following letter throws a little, and it must be admitted but a little, light on the religious principles of Locke. It would make him appear a Deist; and considering that so much has been said of late in Lord King's Life of the great Metaphysician, and elsewhere upon Locke's real faith, it is of some importance to have even the slight evidence which this epistle contains.

'Amsterdam, 26th.
January, 88.

'Dear Friend,

'Though you southern people of the Maes have soe much the advantage of the neighbourhood of the sun, that the waters are open for the boats from Rotterdam hither, yet we that lie under a colder star, are under a longer blockade, and have not yet the passage open from hence to Rotterdam. Every day since the receipt of your last letter I have sent Syl to enquire when the boats goe, and he has hitherto brought me back word "not yet;" so that, not knowing when the enchantment will be over that holds all the water out of town fast in ice, whilst all in the town is open and clear, I send you this letter to tell you that the book of Quietists that you sent for has been ready ever since the receipt of your letter, and will be sent with the seeds some time between this and Midsomer, but the particular day is not marked in the almanack.

'I am glad you have given off your Colonell. If you hope with dint of arguments to make impressions on such men of arms, you know not

'"Th' impenetrability does environ
Men that are clad all in cold iron;"

and, therefore, you doe to my minde much better to apply yourself wholy to your old hereticks, and when you have converted one of them, or are one converted by them, I will then give you leave to reform our modern author, and to hope you may persuade him not to write upon trust any more; but to publish what he himself can produce authentique proofs of. But, if these be the laws you will set us, it will be a hard world with us authors; we shall make but poor earnings of it, for our books will not be a quarter so big, our quotations not a quarter so many, nor our learning appear a quarter so great, as in the more Christian way of writeing, where faith supplys knowledg; and would it not savour a little of infidelity in one of the faithfull, not to say anything for the truth but what he had plain Dunstable knowledg of; and thus to deprive himself of all that more copious and more ready assistance that is to be had from believing?

'The roast beef fasting you have found out, I advise you to keepe as a secret, till you hereticks of the lanterne set up for yourselves, for it will be a most orthodox prevaileing article, and worke powerfully in those that are preordaind to be converted.

'The Groeninger Catalogue is to be had here, but you must pay 15 styvers for it. This methinks is not orthodox; and therefore I shall abstain from such undue practice, unlesse you give me order to the contrary. 'Tis the biggest catalogue I ever yet saw; it has above 600 pages in 8vo, printed as close as Heysius's Catalogue was. I have borrowed one of a friend, who has also promised me a commissioner that is not an author, if I have a mind to have any of the books bought for me.

'As to the news you send me, I know nothing can be donne, after such a reprimand and such misdemeanors, but to put in Marc Coleman's petition. If you think I have not discretion enough to governe myself, I desire discretion may be put into me. I find it not at all talked of here. I have set your friends in England a gapeing for the ducks, as well as mine for the sheep, therefore you were best look to it: but not half soe much as a certain writer from Rotterdam has set severall a gapeing about a pardon, for 'tis not he alone whom you mention in a former letter, but

here are others too that are at a losse, and inquisitive about it, to whom it would be acceptable to receive some further and more particular notice. Pray, therefor, if you know anything more concerning that matter send me word in your next.

'If you had asked me where the best chocolate is to be got in London, I should answer you where the Devil had the friar, even where you could finde it; but to Joanna and Rachel you must say that I had formerly a friend there, that made it very well, and just as I directed; but now she is dead I could noe more tell where to find the best than the greatest stranger there. Pray tell them that I am sorry I cannot doe them the service I would in this affair.

'As to your yellow copies, I have been seekeing out the best way I could finde to furnish you. After severall gravers talked of, that which I thought the most ready and best way was to speak with one Hogeboom, who is both a writing-master and the graver of his own copys, whereof Syl tells me you have a book; him I went this afternoon to speak with, but our directions haveing failed us which were given to finde his house, the rain, after haveing wandered and enquired some time in vain, beat me off. Syl, who I left to search further, brings me word he has found his house, that the man has been sick these eight days, and is not to be spoken with. In your next, send me word whether you would only have some copys of an old plate, if I can light on one to our purpose, or whether you think it better to have one graved on purpose, and what bigness you would have the letters of. So much to yours of 21.'—pp. 31—35.

Letters of condolence are, of all others, the most difficult to be written. One is apt to say either too much or too little, and to say it in a tone not harmonizing with the feelings of those to whom they are addressed. Among the few sensible compositions of this kind which we have seen, we think the following epistle may be allowed to hold a high rank. It is dated from Oates, 28th April, 1690:—

'Dear Friend, 'Oates, 28 Ap. 90.

'Though I am very much concerned and troubled for your great losse, yet your sorrow being of that kinde which time and not arguments is wont to cure, I know not whether I should say any thing to you to abate your grief, but that, it serveing to no purpose at all but makeing you thereby the more unfit to supply the losse of their mother to your remaining children, (who now more need your care, help, and comfort,) the sooner you get rid of it, the better it will be both for them and you. If you are convinced this is fit to be don, I need not make use to you of the common though yet reasonable topicks of consolation. I know you expect not to have the common and unalterable law of mortality which reaches the greatest, be dispensed with for your sake. Our friends and relations are but borrowed advantages lent us dureing pleasure, and must be given back when ever cald for; we received them upon these termes, and why should we repine? or, if we doe, what profits it us? But I see my affection is runing me into reasoning, which you need not, and can thinke of without any suggestions of mine. I wonder not at the greatnesse of your grief, but I shall wonder if you let it prevaile on you; your thinkeing of retireing some whither from businesse was very naturall upon the first stroake of

it, but here I must interpose to advise you the contrary. It is to give yourself up to all the ills that grief and melancholy can produce, which are some of the worst we suffer in this life: want of health, want of spirit, want of usefull thought, is the state of those who abandon themselves to griefs, whereof business is the best, the safest, and the quickest cure. I say not this in favour of your doubt whether you should be acceptable to any of your friends: I know none of them you named that I doe not thinke you would be acceptable to. And I can assure you of it from some whom you did not then thinke of; my Lady Masham, alwayes enquireing very kindely after you, when I told her by the outside that the letter I had then received was from you, was impatient to know how you did, and when I had told her of your losse and sadnesse, was mightily concerned, and desired me to tell you that if you would come and spend some time with her you should be very wellcome. You do not doubt, but I should be exceeding glad of your company; I know no man's I would sooner have or should be more pleased with; were I setled in an house of my owne, I should tell you how welcome you should be to me a litle more at large, but I suppose you doubt it not. But, for all this kinde and sincere invitation from my Lady Masham (the like whereof I doubt not but you would receive from your other friends if they knew your state and present thoughts) I advise you to thinke of none of them. You would be presently sick of, and constantly uneasy in such a course of life. Keep in your imployment; increase it, and be as busy in it as you can now more than ever. This is best for you and for your children. And when your thoughts are a litle come to themselves and the discomposure over, then calmely consider what will be the best way for you to dispose of them and yourself; but at present lay by none of your businesse, nor neglect it in the least. I know there is little roome for reasoning in the first disorder of grief; what that proposes is alone hearkened to. I must therfor desire you to trust me on this occasion. I am truly your friend, and love you; and therefor you may doe it. I am unbiassed, and not under the prevalency of any passion in the cure, and therefor am in a state to judg better, and I will be answerable to you for it you will hereafter thank me for this advice, and for your children we will hereafter, when you are in a better state to doe it, consider what will be best for you to resolve.'—pp. 43—46.

Algernon Sidney's letters being almost exclusively on matters of business, we pass them over without any apology, and proceed to those of the Earl of Shaftesbury, the author of the "Characteristics," and the "Sceptic," as he is usually denominated. His lordship was born in 1671, and his correspondence with Mr. Furley (who seems to have been a general agent in Holland for the discontented English spirits of the age) commenced as early as the year 1691. The early letters relate more or less to public events. We prefer those of a more personal nature, of which we subjoin an interesting specimen, upon the subject of an intended visit to Holland.

'Mr. Furley, Chelsea, June 25, 1703.

'This is only to give account that I rec^d y^rs, and to thank you for the pains you have been at to get me a lodging, servant and conveniences. I hope you have fixed it for me ere this, the lodging especially, for I should

be glad to come thither upon my landing, since either at a public-house or in yours, were I to stay but a night or two, I might be more lyable to be found out by those who might afterwards make me uneasy; for I must be more troublesome in this concern of my privacy than I was last time, by so much the more as I have made myself more known in the world, and have acted a more publick part, which will place a great many eyes upon me that will seek for mystery where there is none, and think my retirement rather a pretext than a reality, as a certain party of men have already represented it to our superiors on a talk which it seems the suspicion of it has occasioned.

'I shall be much oblig'd to Mons. Boyd if he can find me such a servant as you describe, of known fidelity, and I should be very glad to eat with such a person as you mention'd in the last of yr three proposals: I leave you to determine for me; I desire of all things a retir'd private and quiet family, and such a one may very well receive me, tho' my outward character, and the common notion people have of one of my rank, gives but an ill impression.

'I shall see few persons besides yourself and family; and no other whatsoever at my lodging. I shall trouble a house with no more than one servant, for when I have put my servt, whome you are to take for me, into the way of serving me, I shall, in a fortnight or little more send back my English servant whom I bring over with me. I am now only thinking of a safe and good convoy, fearing nothing so much as falling alive into French hands; therefore should lay hold of any vessel of war, English or Dutch, where I was sure at least of making good resistance, and this, I think, is harder to find on our side than yours, for our Admiralty affairs grow every day so much wors, as yours I hope grow better since the vacancy of Stadtholder,* which God of his mercy long continue, as well as that happy success so remarkably appearing ever since that time, and of which your last letter of advice of forcing the French lines is a sufficient proof. Excuse the haste of this, and let me hear from you, I entreat you, concerning my lodging, board, and servant, if you have agreed it.'—pp. 201—203.

Among the young persons in whose welfare the Earl of Shaftesbury took an interest, were a Mr. Wilkinson and Arent, one of Mr. Furley's sons. The solicitude which occasionally appears in his lordship's letters for the progress of these youths in the world, shews that whatever his errors were in matters of religion, his heart was nevertheless in the right place. Wilkinson was in the mercantile line; young Furley was secretary to Lord Peterborough during the operations of that nobleman in Spain, as commander in chief of Her Majesty's land forces. There is a great deal of amiable feeling in the admonitions which his patron gives to this young man, though somewhat also, too much perhaps, of the latitudinarian.

'Mr. Arent, 'St. Giles, Decem. 5, 1705.

'Your former and latter advises, first of the successfull attack, and next of the surrender of Barcelona, with the whole progress of your

* By the Death of King William the Third.

councils (wch Heaven has blessed so happily for England and Europe) was of all news I ever recd the most welcome.

'To hear that you were safe and well, together with this public success, was cause enough of joy to me. But what I have heard of you by others, is over and above, for to hear as I do of your excellent behaviour, diligence, industry, and success in business, is a pleasure that none besides your good father can perhaps so sensibly be moved with as I am, since it has been no small concern to me from your childhood to bring you to act such a considerable part in the world as I always thought your genius capable of. And now I see my hopes and endeavours answered. Mr. Stanhope and others give you a deserving character, and the business you have upon you shews what you are capable of.

'And now, Mr. Arent, let me intreat you, as you are more a man, to take me more and more as a friend; and, tho' I may appear still like a master or pedagogue to you, by admonishing you as I shall often do perhaps, yet consider I am not one of the severe sort.

'If I talk of vertue to you, 'tis not the vertue priests talk of. Pleasures that are taken moderately and with injury to no man, are often better essayed by youth than wholly abstain'd from, for experience in such cases is to a good genius many times the best help vertue can have, and pleasure thus used becomes less considerable, and less an obstacle in the way of a good and generouse mind that has liberty, society, and mankind in view, and loves an honest fame and the love of friends and country beyond the obscure and mean pleasure of a night's debauch, in which every dull sot and insignificant drone is as considerable and as happy as the man of best sense, ability, or courage.

'However it be, I am satisfyed you were none of those who gave occasion to the Viceroy to throw that odiouse reproach upon our nation, "that he was besieged by 7000 drunkards;" and I rejoice to hear the newspapers compare the continence of some of our Generals to that we have so often read together of Scipio Africanus. But if that other reproach were just, and I hope it was not, I must be forced to suspend my belief as to the truth of this latter encomium; for, as you have often read at school, *quid non ebrietas designat?* I could believe the latter vice without the former, but not the former without the latter.

"But I must not pretend to engage in a letter: for what I write is but a scrawl, a line or two in such sorry manner as my eyes will bear, for tho' I gradually recover from my long feavour, which yet returns now and then upon me, my eyes are still exceedingly weak. But, as long as I have any, I shall always be provoked to use them whilst I hear well of you; nor can I forbear praising you, exhorting you, and putting you in mind of what we have studdyed together, those noble examples of vertue and love of our country, which were treasured up by you against this season, and now to be practis'd and brought in use. And since I have play'd the pedant already in this I have writt, I will end the same, and bragg of myself as well as of you in the words of one of our antients, for I may say as well as he, "Cresco et exulto, & discussé ægruitudine viresco, quoties ex his quæ agis et scribis, intelligo quantum te ipse super grederis. Si agricolam arbor ad fructum producta delectat; si pastor ex fœtu gregis sui capit voluptatem; quid evenire credis his qui ingenia educaverunt, & quæ tenera formaverunt, adulta subito vident? Assero te mihi, meum opus es. Ego

cum vidissem indolem tuam injeci manum, exhortatus sum. Addidi stimulos; nec lente ire passus sum, sed subinde incitavi, et nunc idem facio, sed jam currentem hortor," &c.

'This is all I have to give you in return, for I am now retired into the country after the first week or two of Parlem^t, wch was as much as I could bear, therefore for news I refer you to Mr. Micklethwayt, who is in town, but will, together with Sr John and other friends, be with me during the adjournment of Parl^t, and for a few days more, at Christmas.'—pp. 219—223.

It is rather remarkable that we find in most of the letters both of Locke and Lord Shaftesbury, complaints of ill health, and distempers particularly in the limbs. It is not surprising to see Locke, who knew something of medicine, prescribing for himself and his friends. The noble Lord, however, clearly beats him out in all the resources of quackery. He was scarcely forty years of age when he appears to have been as much invalided as noblemen of sixty or seventy usually are in these days. We extract part of two letters written in 1708 and 1712, which allude to his infirmities. The first exhibits some features of his political character, which will be contemplated with a degree of curiosity.

'My love of life was never very great; even when I had vigorouse health and was the most active in business, I never thought it a matter of difficult resignation. But with the pains and distempers I have of late years contracted, 'tis well I have a thought of duty to overballance all discontent, otherwise I might soon fall into a certain negligence of my health, wch in my state wou'd soon make my dismission, and send me out of ye world: but whilst I can have any share (be it ever so little) in the service of my friends, my country, or mankind, I can be contented with any life, any health, or any constitution ever so bad, and can live as happily thus as at any time of my life: rejoycing that my days of youth are well over, and that I have passed those temptations of a more florid age, wch might have thrown me far out of the road of verture, and depriv'd me of those sentiments by which alone I can enjoy my friends or self. In the mean time it has pleas'd God, as remote as I have thought myself from business and a capacity of serving either my friends or country, to throw many opportunities across me, and to make even this scene of my life no narrow one in affairs of a public nature. All this last summer I had health enough to be about the town, and give some assistance to our best friends of greatest interest, and now in the winters that I am unable to approach London, I am employed in settling interests for the public in a part of Brittain where the most elections lie, and in a county where I have the chief influence.

'After several years of the Queen's reign, that I was ill treated and look'd upon with the utmost enmity by the Ministry, I am at last much better thought on: and they are nigh convinced that I have been no small friend to them, and unalterable by ill usage. For knowing, as I have done all along, that the Ministry, from the very first year of the Queen's reign, were at the bottom true to the interest of the common cause, and that of the mutual good correspondence between the two nations, I pass'd by all other regards, and apply'd myself to give them credit and honour

both here and abroad with you in Holland, where I came so soon after the King's death. This you may well remember, by my conflicts with many of our mistaken Whiggs, and those who out of a false zeal arraign'd both Ld Marlborough and Ld Godolphin in the highest manner. And by the way I would beg you to call to mind one interview wch I had with Mynheer Van Wallant (at his own desire), where he himself first privately, and then others of note and interest publickly, sought to me to be well instructed of the real disposition and temper of our Ministry in those early days. They were persons who had long known me, and (by y^r^ means and other friends whom I had lived so long with and known so intimately in Holland during the King's life) had received such an impression of me, and conceived such favourable thoughts as were above what I deserv'd. At this time I took the utmost pains (as you must well remember) to wash away all ill impressions of the Ministry, and assure Mynheer Wallant and the rest of the fidelity of our Ministry to the common cause, and their particular regard to the States, and ye maintaining a good correspondence. 'Twas then I ventur'd to give such a character of Ld Marlborough in particular, as was wonder'd at by many, and often reproached to me till the battle of Blenheim, when I left you and came over to England.

'You may remember, too, even as early as the first post after the King's death, what letters of assurance I wrote, wch were thought fit to be translated and publish'd to confirm people's minds abroad.

'You may wonder, perhaps, what all this means: that I should be thus enumerating my own merits, and looking back so far for my own commendations, but thus the case is: I have just lately experienced some particular favours, and have rec^d^ marks of such regard from our Ministry (I mean in particular our two great Lords) from whence I may be able, by improvement of my interest, to do some public service, that I am extremely willing to shew that I do not ill deserve their complim^ts^. I am seldom behind hand in good turns with any body. But here I may truly say I have been before hand; and I should be highly pleased to shew them so much, tho', as matters stood before, when I was ill us'd, I had too much stomach, as they say, to let it be known how much I was in their interest, and by some silly mistakes of pamphlets written, and spitefull things dispers'd, I was really taken by them for an antagonist instead of a champion and stickler for them, as I had been abroad and at home.

'I know not what acquaintance Mynheer Wallant has kept with our great Duke, but if they stand tolerably well together, and are upon conversing terms, I should be mighty glad if, when he comes over, a word or two could be dropt in discourse concerning me, and that Mynheer Van Wallant would only say as by chance, what idea I very early gave him of our Queen and Ministry, and in particular of Ld Marlborough, both as to his minister and soldier capacity. The states are now, and have been long since, convinced of the sincere services he has done, and is ready to do them, and if nothing else had been able to convince them, the transactions in the House of Lords now lately might suffice; for the Ministry, and in particular that Noble Duke, has been severely question'd by the malignant party, and inveighed against for being too much Dutchmen. Thank Heaven that our Ministry cannot by their worst enemys be reproached for being Frenchmen; and for that other reproach, I hope they will ever hold it honourable. I am sure it is one of the main reasons that makes me so much their friend.'—pp. 241—246.

The second, written from Naples, shortly before his death, is at once a letter of condolence, of prescription and complaint.

'Mr. Furly,

'Tis a sensible grief to me that I must at one and the same time condole with you on two such melancholy subjects as that of the death of your son,* and that of the life and triumph of the common enemy, his cause, and party in our native country. In the latter of those you know my concern is equal to your own; and, in the former not far behind. Besides my natural friendship for one who was your son, he was in particular, as you well know, my pupil and eleve, in whose education and advancement I took so great a part, that I may justly sympathize even in a fatherly affliction for his loss, and next to a real parent or a brother, he could have none a truer mourner, or with more reason than myself.

'I am sorry withal to hear the repeated acc^t of your severe cough; as I have sometimes been successfull in prescribing remedys to you, and have learnt much in this kind by my own infirmitys, let me desire you to try a spoonfull of good syrop of white poppyes, or what the apothecarrys call diacodium, just on your going to bed. It must be when your stomach is empty long after supper, that you must take it. If you are apt to be loose it will be of double advantage: if bound, it will not do so well: it should not be often repeated. If it be any way inconvenient you will soon find it. There can be no danger in the tryal.

'If your ague or intermitting feavour should return, pray spare not to take the bark, as I formerly with good success and particular care directed you in my letters.

'My own health has been exceedingly depress'd this winter; of which this latter part has been the coldest known of a long time in this climate. My little conversation, in my chamber, whence I have not been able as yet to stirr, is with some few men of art and science, the virtuosi of this place: as in particular the family and friends of the famous Don Joseph Voletta, of whom the Bp. of Salisbury† speaks so honourably in his Travels. Medals, and pictures, and antiquities, are chief entertainments with us here. And on these subjects I shall have papers now and then to enclose to you to forward: I wish our ministers in England may not take them for politicks. They would be much deceived if they should break open my letters in that expectation. Whatever my studys and amusements are, I endeavour still to turn them towards the interests of virtue and liberty in general. As for particular engagem^ts in the publick or my country's cause, I am precluded. But whilst I have the least breath or life, nothing can preclude my endeavours to express to my friends, and yourself most particularly, how much I am, as of old, wth constancy and sincerity, &c.

'My kind remembrances to y^r sons and family, and to such friends as happen to remember me.'—pp. 267—269.

Mr. Forster has given, in a very long preface, a most elaborate analysis of the life of Mr. Locke, and of his 'religious, philosophical, and political opinions, compared with those of preceding and subsequent philosophers.' In this composition he has dis-

* Mr. Arent Furly.

† Burnet; his Travels were published in 1617.

played a great deal of learning. His reasonings are, however, generally speaking, too subtle to be easily followed by ordinary minds. We concur in many of his objections to the vacillating systems of religion which are but too prevalent in this country. These objections proceed with much force from a writer who has had the experience of more than one form of faith, and who appears to be a sincere believer in christianity.

ART. IX.—*Travels through the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt, performed during the years* 1825—1828, *including particulars of the last illness and death of the Emperor Alexander, and of the Russian Conspiracy in* 1825. By the late James Webster, Esq. of the Inner Temple. In two vols. 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1380.

THERE is a melancholy interest attached to these travels of a very young man—of one who aspired to distinction, and who, if he had lived, would most probably have gained it. He was the fifth of seven sons of a Scottish clergyman, the Rev. John Webster, and was born on the 7th of November, 1802. Traces of superior intelligence appear in every passage of his life: as a child, he was full of gentleness and sensibility; as a youth, he was active, ambitious, indefatigable in his studies. Having completed his education at St. Andrew's, he was destined for the Scottish bar. In the year 1823, he was entered of the Inner Temple, but wishing to see the world before he became tied down to a profession, and having in truth a great repugnance to the study of the law, he visited the continent. Fascinated by the charms of foreign travel, he gradually extended his peregrinations beyond the beaten routes of France, Italy, and Germany. He was at Constantinople at the period when the news of the battle of Navarino arrived there; and strange to say, though fresh from his classical studies, he strongly deprecated the treaty of the 6th of July, and the emancipation of the Greeks. On this subject he was a complete Turk. 'The spirit of the treaty' he observes in one of his letters, 'is fanaticism, its provisions violate the laws of nations, and but for the dignified moderation of those against whom it is framed, it might already have led to deplorable events. End as it may in peace, or in war, posterity can have but one opinion. The false lustre of the Greek name must die away in its own ashes: the film of religious blindness will, in the end, be removed; and the philosophical historian will only have before him the long decided question of the Austrian interference with Naples, and the French occupation of Spain! With all due respect for the memory of Mr. Webster, we must say that this is mere rhodomontade—or rather it shows how predisposed we are in all cases to judge of public events according as they affect, or are likely to affect ourselves. Had this young student not been at Constantinople when the intelligence of the affair at Navarino reached that capital, and had he not for a few nights gone to

bed under the most unreasonable apprehension of being exposed with his head chopped off in the morning, he would in all probability have expressed himself in very different terms with respect to what he was pleased to call the 'fanaticism' of the allies.

From Alexandria, Mr. Webster proceeded to Egypt, and the Holy Land. After visiting Mount Sinai, he returned to Cairo, where, overcome by his fatigues, and by a sudden fever which was the effect of them, he died in the twenty sixth year of his age; he was interred without the city walls in the burying ground of the Greeks, and thus, by a singular fatality, were his ashes mingled with those of a nation, 'the false lustre' of whose name was so soon, in his opinion, to perish. The account of his last journey and death by his friend and companion Mr. Newnham, will be read even in an abridged form with painful interest.

'We followed the route taken by the Israelites on their quitting Egypt, visiting all the interesting spots mentioned in Scripture. In eight days we arrived at the solitary convent which stands between Mounts Horeb and Sinai, and resolved to remain there five days. The first day was entirely given up to rest; the next we ascended the mountain and descended on the other side, visiting all the sites mentioned in the Bible, which were pointed out by a friar who accompanied us. The day after we took a general view of the mountain, and, when it became cool, ascended it, and slept in a ruined Christian chapel, which stands by the side of a Turkish mosque on the summit, that we might see the sun rise. We made sketches of the interesting parts as we descended. He then complained of a slight indisposition, and left the mountain before me, saying he was afraid of the sun, while I remained behind to finish a sketch I had begun. I reached the convent two hours after him, found he had already dined, was smoking his pipe on the divan, and seemed perfectly recovered. Attributing his indisposition to fatigue, he remained within the rest of the day. The following day we completed the rest of the sketches, and on the next morning left the convent. Two days after he complained of want of sleep. The third day we stopped to visit some Egyptian ruins; the day after there was a change in the atmosphere, and the hot winds of the desert began to blow. When these winds commence, the burning heat which they bring with them does not become oppressive till after the sun has passed the meridian. On the next day we pitched our tents rather earlier than usual, resolving to start at three o'clock in the morning. About the time agreed we left. As his dromedary was ready before mine, he took the bridle and walked forward: on overtaking him I found him still dismounted. I endeavoured to persuade him to ride fast in the cool of the morning, that he might go slowly towards the latter end of the ride, and by that means reach the springs of Moses by mid-day. His answer was—"Get on yourself; I warrant my dromedary will overtake you, and pass you too." Upon which I rode on. Our route lay along the shores of the Red Sea, clear and open over the sand, with the exception of a few small vallies. My dromedary being a very fleet one, I soon left them behind, and, at mid-day, arrived at the well. Concluding Mr. Webster's dromedary had fallen lame, as is often the case from the feet being cut by the stones, I ordered the dinner to be cooked,

that every thing might be ready when he came up, which was in about an hour afterwards. On his arrival he complained, that, a short time after I left him, he had a return of a pain in his head, which induced him to send the servant forward with the tent, while he remained behind, intending to come on slowly with the camels bringing the luggage.

'At four o'clock, the Arabs came to us to say, that if we would go to Suez in an hour and a half, it would be necessary to arrive opposite the town before sunset, as we should have to ford the sea for about a mile, the water being in most parts up to the camels' bellies; that such a thing was impracticable by moonlight; and that if we went in the night, it would be necessary to take another route, which, instead of an hour and a half, would require five. Upon this I proposed instantly starting myself, with an Arab, for the town, and, on my arrival, to send a boat with the servant, to wait for Mr. Webster on the shore, that on his coming there in the evening, he might leave his dromedary with the caravan, which would go on by the other route, and he would pass over direct in the boat. To this he objected, observing, it would be so interesting to cross on the dromedary the spot on which the Egyptian army was overthrown, and that we would make the time going two hours, instead of an hour and half. We accordingly ordered the things to be removed, and wrapping ourselves in our Bedouin cloaks, and tying handkerchiefs over our faces, and putting another over our mouths, we mounted and left the spot. This was the only way in which we could face the wind; it seemed to blow, as it were, from a furnace. In consequence of exposing our faces the day before, our eyes had become rather inflamed, our lips cracked, and our mouths completely parched. By clothing ourselves in this manner, we guarded against it in a great measure, and by drinking much water, I kept up a profuse perspiration. I could not prevail on Mr. Webster to do so, as the water had become so very bad and thick, that we were obliged to suck it out of the leathern bottles through our handkerchiefs. To add to our misfortunes, on our arrival at Suez, we found that our servant had received a *coup de soleil*, and was very ill. The next day we performed but half a day's journey, and obtained wholesome water. We went on slowly, and arrived at Cairo in two days and a half; which distance can be done by a dromedary, with ease, in eighteen hours. On entering the house, we sat down to lunch, and Mr. Webster partook of a water melon, and some bread and cheese with me. I cannot say he was ill; perhaps indisposed would better express his state, as, when I proposed to send for Dr. Dusapp, he said it was useless then—it would suffice if he came after dinner. I must here observe, that during the whole journey, but particularly towards the latter part, he ate and drank very sparingly, having always a great fear of fever. We arrived on Tuesday, the 29th of July. In the afternoon Dr. Dusapp called, but declined prescribing, thinking the indisposition probably arose from the heat and fatigue of the journey, and said he would call again in the morning. In the night Mr. Webster complained of being feverish, and of sleeplessness. In the morning Dr. Dusapp put leeches on his stomach, and also on his head, which relieved him. At mid-day he had a violent attack of fever, upon which I instantly sent for the doctor; but before he had arrived it had passed, and he felt himself perfectly well, complaining only of weakness. On Thursday morning, while sitting with him, so far from danger being apprehended, on either his part

or mine, we were then concerting to leave Cairo in about a week for the Pyramids. At a little after two o'clock I came to dinner, leaving him without any alteration. At three next day, Dr. Dusapp said the patient was much the same. I then told him I thought he was kept on too low a diet, and that Dr. Bryce coincided in my opinion; that I had prepared some broth for him, which he had objected to take, until he had seen him (Dr. Dusappe), who said he had no objection to his eating some, provided he first took some sulphate of quinine, which we had by us. He went up to administer it. He descended the stairs shortly after, and then, for the first time, said there was danger, leaving the room to seek for Dr. Bryce. In an instant I was up stairs, and found the patient senseless. I took his hand, begged he would speak to me, called to him, but received no answer; and tried to restore him by means of cold water on his temples. I then rushed out of the house, in a state of despair, to the inn, to request the immediate attendance of Dr. Dusappe and Dr. Bryce, and despatched messengers for another Italian physician, and also the physician of Abbas Pacha, Dr. Gong. Dr. Bryce came instantly. Every restorative was used, but it was too late. His reduced state was unable to resist the fever, which had, on a sudden, returned, and he sank under it! I have had the painful duty of following his remains to the tomb. He was interred at Old Cairo, in the Greek burial ground, the English not having a burial ground for private interments. An acacia tree overshadows his grave, and I have given orders for a plain monument to be erected, with a marble tablet, containing his name, age, day of death, &c.'—pp. 114—119.

Mr. Webster's papers appear to have been all preserved. There is a great deal of originality and spirit in his observations on the various countries which he visited. Those on the Netherlands we pass over, the subject having been long since worn out. We shall also take the liberty of treating in the same manner the notes of his journey to Vienna, which contain nothing particularly entitled to notice. It was while he was in that capital that he heard of the conclusion of the celebrated treaty of the 6th of July. Apprehending that the intelligence might create dangerous commotions at Constantinople, he resolved on repairing in the first instance to Odessa, where he might obtain such information as would determine his subsequent route. Passing through Moravia and Silesia, and the once populous and flourishing city of Cracow, which he found in a state of miserable dilapidation, he reached Odessa, where for a while he found himself exactly in the same predicament in which he had been placed at Vienna. The ambassadors had not yet quitted Constantinople, nor was it known what determination they intended to take. Meanwhile, Mr. Webster thought he could do nothing better than pay a visit to the Crimea. On arriving at the capital, Symperapol, he had the happiness to meet with a lady of his own country, placed in a situation somewhat novel for a native of Edinburgh.

'As soon as we had settled ourselves at the inn, we sent our cards, to enquire if we might wait on the Sultan Krim Gherri Katti Gherri, to present our letters of introduction. The answer returned was, that the

sultan was from home, but that the sultana would be happy to see us. The sultana, who is a native of Edinburgh, daughter of Colonel ———, received us with great affability and attention, quite in the English style. The history of her marriage with the sultan is curious. When about fifteen years of age, the sultan became acquainted with some missionaries, who had taken up their station near the Caucasus, on which occasion he embraced the Christian religion, left his native country, and proceeded, under their protection, to St. Petersburgh, which he shortly after quitted for Scotland, and there he soon acquired the English language, habits, and manners. It was in Edinburgh that his acquaintance commenced with his lady, and eventually ended in marriage, though against the consent of her family. As he is literally descended from the ancient Khans of the Crimea, the throne of the present sultan Mahmoud will be his on the extinction of the reigning family. He has sons, and should any of them hereafter ascend the Ottoman throne, the singular fact will be presented, of a prince of British descent and Christian profession, governing an empire of Turkish infidels.'—vol. i. pp. 50—51.

We meet with nothing material in Mr. Webster's account of his journey through the Crimea. The following reflections on the Mohammedan religion as compared with others, may be thought interesting.

'Four times a day is the Mullah heard from each minaret sending forth a hideous howl to startle all the vale. Few, however, seem to attend. Not above eighteen were in the file just described. The worship, the form, the unceasing cry of "God is God;" must weary and cease to affect. All religions have a tendency to resolve themselves into a repetition of rites, as is the case with the Catholic and the English churches. The Mahommedan rite is shorter than that of the two churches here instanced, and is, on that account, more suited to its end. The mind, dwelling continuously on one idea, is heated to enthusiasm; but the rite, when short, has the effect of stirring the spirit as if it were music. There is no exercise of the intellect; the imagination and the passions are moved by the recurrence of the same sounds and the same gestures, and by the presence of numbers employed in the same mysterious incantation. It is a curious subject for investigation, how the mind is most awakened to piety—whether by change or repetition; by addressing the intellect, or by appealing to the passions; by promises, or by threats. Most religions have tried all these, and the character of a religion is best judged by inquiring what kind of excitement predominates. One thing must be said for the Mahommedan,—it has succeeded, and that by promises rather than threats.

'Who, that has ever heard the Ave Maria slowly tolled forth in the quiet of an Italian twilight, can doubt that the effect of those sounds (their religious connexion being known), is to produce a pious and contemplative tendency in the minds of all? Without them, day might die unheeded, and the manifold images of man's life and destiny, which sunset and the still advance of night present, would be unobserved. The mind is arrested by the sounds; they affect the stranger—how much more those whose earliest associations are connected with them! So is it with the call of the Mahommedan priest. It is indeed a ruder observance, wanting the poetic effect of the Ave Maria, but marked by the simplicity of primitive worship.

The call to prayer is heard throughout the city; the long howl, so unpleasing to one of a different creed and country, is to the Mahommedan a sacred sound, which admonished his childhood, and admonishes his ripened age, of the duties which he owes to God, to his fellow men, and to himself. The Mullah, pacing round, and calling Allah! Allah! from every minaret, is a visible messenger of the Most High, inviting worshippers from every quarter of the wind.'—vol. i. pp. 84—86.

At length our traveller was enabled to proceed to Constantinople, the approach to which by the Bosphorus appeared to him most enchanting. 'Mountains rising on each bank—hanging gardens, and the ruins of ancient castles on their sides—the beautiful lines of villages at their base—the minarets of the mosques intermixed with the poplar, the cypress, the fir tree, and the vine—the costumes of the people—the caiques, or pleasure boats, skimming the water—the white sails of twenty or thirty vessels forming a fine contrast with the blue mountains, from behind which they seemed to issue at every winding of the straits.'—These and a thousand other gay objects, the Seraglio with its domes and glittering minarets, the sea of Marmora and Mount Olympus in the distance, seemed to beguile our traveller with the hope that he was about to enter the very paradise of Mahomet. Alas! how painfully must he have been disappointed, if his description of the city itself be even near the truth! 'The streets,' he says, 'if they may be so called, dirtier than the worst part of St. Giles's, Bermondsey, or Blackwall; more winding and narrow than Crooked Lane—full of half-starved and mangy dogs: and the lower orders of Greeks and Turks, diseased, and swarming with vermin, wandering about like so many walking dunghills,—are appearances which render the interior as disgusting as the exterior is pleasing and delightful.' The author's feelings on the Greek question are poured forth in the following angry strain. We give the passage as a curious instance of the effects of prejudice in a young and enthusiastic mind. Having already in a separate article treated one part of the subject pretty much at length, we have been amused with reading in these paragraphs a sort of summary of the arguments on the other side.

'We cast anchor amid the remains of the Turkish fleet, and within four hundred yards of the corvette in which the luckless Pacha had returned from Navarino. A more romantic position, than that in which we were thus placed, could not be well conceived. On the one hand was Sestos, on the other Abydos, famed for the swimming feat of the ancient lover and modern poet. The point close to us was the spot whereon Xerxes had built his bridge, when invading Greece. It had witnessed the destruction of that enterprize, and was now surrounded by the miserable remains of a second and similar expedition. Would to Heaven that it could with truth be affirmed, that the nation which is to benefit by the last mentioned event, is in any degree worthy of its immortal ancestors! On the contrary, their character is as abandoned as their country is desolate. The vaunted valour of their forefathers has passed away, and, ere long, the very name

of "Greek" will be a by-word for all that is base and worthless. Never have the English people been so egregiously gulled, both in public feeling and political conduct, as in the instance under consideration, when they destroyed the only barrier which could be opposed to Russia in the East, and weakened the confidence reposed in them by Persia, which must needs feel mistrust at so unaccountable a proceeding. Never again, be her measures what they may, will England possess that influence which she has heretofore exercised at the Ottoman court: years must elapse before the Turks can regard her in any other light than as a faithless ally, who has forfeited all claims to confidence—and for what, and for whom? For scoundrels, who, while she was shedding her blood at Navarino, were pillaging her merchants, and committing on the bodies of her captains and seamen, acts of barbarity and outrage which an Englishman would shudder to hear named. Might all the vile qualities of degraded human nature be summed up in one word,—ingratitude, lying, beastliness, piracy, and murder,—they could find no more comprehensive term than "a Greek." If any Englishman still retain the enthusiastic and ridiculous notions about the Greeks, which have led to such incalculable mischief, let him proceed to the Archipelago *without a convoy:* no more efficient corrective needs be prescribed for his opinions. We left England full of aspirations for Grecian freedom—and painful experience has thoroughly convinced us that the establishment of Greek independence will afford a striking illustration of the proverb which deprecates the saving a thief from the gallows. It will be the opening of a second Pandora's box, fraught with more palpable and distressing evils than poetic fiction ever feigned.

'On the other hand, what have the Turks done that can justify the policy pursued towards them? Have they committed any act of piracy, injustice, or hostility, towards this country? None whatever. What is the manifest answer to similar questions as regards the Greeks? Yet the Turks have their fleet destroyed, and the Greeks gain political independence. The allies talk of "stopping the effusion of blood." What has been done to effect this object? The bloody affair of Navarino has been fought. Grecian independence is to be the reward of Grecian piracy and villainy; and the Turkish maritime force is destroyed, because the proverbial coolness of the Turk was not sufficient to admit of his looking quietly on, while his dominions were filched from him.

'The measures of the ministry are only comprehensible on the supposition that they wished to make use of the Greeks as a force to balance the power of Russia, knowing that the former, being connected with the latter, both by intrigues and religious feeling, would never willingly serve under the Turks, whom they abhor. Thus it may have appeared to political speculators that, by giving the Greeks a home, and something to defend, they might be induced to fight, if not under, at least in conjunction with, their former oppressors, for the protection of their mutual interests. The Turks, it was believed, would, overawed by the alliance, yield to any terms that might be dictated to them. England and France have, however, been woefully out in their calculation: while Russia, who better knew her old antagonist, foreseeing that the latter would never relinquish her claims, gladly joined the league, and now, to use the expression of a naval officer, "dances to the tune that France and England are playing."

'The state of popular feeling on the Greek question, may also have had its share in the encouragement of these strange measures. This feeling has, in England, been fostered by three classes of persons, in no degree connected with each other, namely:—the dovotees, the classicists, and the stock-jobbers. The first class regarded a war against the Turks as a sort of second crusade, and divers crusading Peters preached for the success of the Christian arms. The second class, conceiving that the soul of Leonidas had revisited his native land, that Epaminondas was directing the efforts of a chosen few in the sacred cause of liberty—came forward most readily with their pens and their purses, while the gentlemen of *the alley*, supposing that the paper bonds of Britain would be lighter for the Greeks than the iron chains of Turkey, came forward with their loan:

"But, in spite of their classic associations,
Good Lord! they soon loath'd the Greek *quotations*."

Nor should the conduct and writings of Lord Byron be left out of view, in estimating the causes which led to the senseless excitement in favour of the worthless Greeks. His lordship had travelled through the country, and had seen the Pass of Thermopylæ, a haunt for banditti; he had

"Stood upon the rocky brow
That loos o'er sea-born Salamis;"

and had seen the private vessels prowling for their unoffending prey. He had seen Pireus a port for pirates, and Egina a den of thieves. That he knew the Grecian character well, is evident, for he pourtrayed it faithfully, when telling the Greeks that they were

"Callous, save to crime;
Stained with each evil that pollutes
Mankind, where least above the brutes;
Without even savage virtue blest,
Without one free or valiant breast."

'And yet, with this knowledge, he lent the sanction of his noble name, exalted talents, and personal endeavour, to propogate the farce of Grecian freedom!

'As to the three classes of Phillellenes above mentioned, they have not been unfavoured with marks of Grecian acknowledgment. One of our most intelligent Missionaries, a Mr. Hartly, was shot at Napoli di Romania. So much for their regard for religion: people who wish to reside in this classical country, cannot do so without the certainty of being robbed, and the chance of being murdered; and as for the patriots of Bartholomew-lane, "they have had their reward."'—vol. i. pp. 150—155.

We have had so much lately of Egypt and the East, that it is not our intention to follow Mr. Webster in his excursions along the Nile. He discovered no new temple in the neighbourhood of Thebes, no new inscription, no new history of the Pyramids. Here and there we meet with reflections and apostrophes, which from their turgid style we strongly suspect to have been interpolated by the editor, who being naturally given to the sublime, unfortunately in most instances attains only the bombastic. His introduction is an ambitious piece of writing, and, indeed, wherever he appears he cuts a pompous figure. We do not mean to disparage

the talents and acquirements of Mr. Webster; but his friends have reason to regret that his papers were not put into the hands of some person, who would have contented himself with giving them a proper arrangement, without attempting to display so obtrusively his own sentiments and affectation. There are but a few passages in the journal of Mr. Webster's journey to Mount Sinai, and in his recollections of Egypt, which appear to us to be worth transcribing. Among these the description of the Convent on Mount Horeb deserves the place of preference.

'We came in sight of Mount Horeb. In front is a great plain, like a lawn. The mountain appears isolated from the others. The convent is on the left of it, in a hollow between it and another precipitous mountain. We reached the convent before mid-day. The monks appeared above at at opening like that of a warehouse, and sent down a rope, to which we affixed the letter we had from the convent at Cairo. It having been pulled up, read, and approved, our luggage followed it, and a great cable was at length let down for ourselves. The legs of the ascending personage are put into some small rope at the end of the great one, and, taking hold above, he gives the signal to be drawn up, whereupon he is speedily landed in safety, and welcomed with many a salaam. The method of raising is by a windlass, which is turned by four of the priests. We were shewn up into a corridor with four small rooms along it, and a place at the end for cooking. This part of the convent is reserved for strangers, and is very convenient. The first room is neatly fitted up with divans and carpets. After the usual welcomes and inquiries, the conversation turned on the state of political affairs; and neither the superior, nor he who acted as interpreter, would believe that the Greeks had obtained their liberty, and that the Sultan had yielded. They said that blood, much blood, must be spilt before such a consummation could be effected—a conviction which they would not resign, even after we had assured them that the Ambassadors were recalled, and the treaty of London accepted. The superior of the convent is a man not much beyond the middle age,—seeming from thirty to thirty-five. He has a dark quick eye, a jet black beard, and mustachios, and hair hanging down his back in a long thick lock. He was dressed in a black cap and a black gown, but wore no stockings. He would be a handsome man, were not his cheeks hollowed by his mode of life. The interpreter is still more ghastly; and, with his brown and white striped gown and belt, he might be taken, with his conical cap, for a Turkish derviche. His account of the convent is, that St. Helena built a chapel on the spot where Moses saw God in the burning bush, and that the body of the church was added by Justinian.

'The first thing with which we were presented was a refreshment of aqua-vitæ and fruit. The water from the convent well is delicious. When drawn, it is rather warm, but, after exposure to the wind, in earthen jars, it becomes cold. After this repast, we went with the monks to the church, where we found them celebrating mass. Monks were standing at each pillar, and one in the middle, reading. We passed them in order to go to the chapel of St. Helena, which is behind the altar. Before entering we were requested to take off our shoes. It was the spot from which the voice of God came to Moses, saying, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,

for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." All that could be done to testify veneration for this sacred spot has been performed. It is ornamented with many paintings and other gifts, presented by the pious; and a silver lamp is constantly burning. The service being over, we were joined by the superior, who took great pains to point out every object worthy of our attention. We returned with him to the high altar, on which are many ornaments of silver. On the roof of a semi-circular recess behind is an ancient mosaic. The tomb of St. Catherine, in marble, stands to the right of the altar. This saint suffered martyrdom at Alexandria, but her body, (as the legend relates) was carried by angels to the summit of a mountain near Mount Sinai; and, having been found there in a perfect state three hundred years ago, was removed to its present place of interment.

'The body of the church is composed of a principal and two side aisles, separated by ranges of columns, with ancient, unseemly capitals. The floor is of beautiful mosaic marbles; and from the roof is suspended a vast number of lamps and chandeliers, some of great magnificence. The screen is ornamented with gilded columns and pictures; and its richly-worked door presents figures of Christ and Moses. It is a church of much interest, containing a great variety of objects crowded together by the piety of ages.

'We next went to the garden, the communication to which is through a long, descending, and dark passage. This garden is rich in fruits of all kinds—peaches, apples, pomegranets, melons, &c. The grapes are uncommonly fine, some of the bunches weighing, we are told, five ocks when ripe. There are various compartments to the garden, communicating with each other by means of rudely-formed stairs. It is watered throughout, and, indeed, owes its existence to the convent well. The superior, seeing that we admired the richness of the produce, said, "What is all this without liberty? When a man has liberty, every thing goes well—he can suit his desires to his means, or seek a better fortune, by change of scene; but we are here, shut up without hope; at times we cannot even walk in this garden. The Arabs come to us as beggars, asking coffee or grain, and, if we refuse them, they besiege the place, break into the garden, and carry off the fruit." He, at the same time, pointed out a hole in the garden wall, large enough to admit a man. The convent itself is impregnable to the Arabs, but they are ever on the watch with their guns. The monks are thus in a state of perpetual siege. Not long ago, one of them received a gun-shot in his leg. Letters have been written on the subject to the convent at Cairo, but without redress. At the time of our visit, the monks had just concluded a truce of thirty days with the Arabs.

'In the morning I asked one of the monks whether they had any manna? "O yes," was the answer; "how many ocks do you want?" He gave me a piece, which he said had been gathered five years ago. Whether genuine or not, it was excellent eating. It is very sweet, not unlike honey. It falls like dew, and is gathered in the morning. Its colour is whitish, and when exposed to the heat of mid-day, it becomes liquid. Sometimes it does not fall for two years, at others annually.'—vol. ii. pp. 194—198.

We recollect to have heard or read before something of the ludicrous story respecting the false mummy of which Mr. Webster

speaks in the following anecdote. If we have been rightly informed, the treasure was brought to this country, but the discovery of the trick that was played upon the owner very soon put an end to his exhibition.

'"No tricks upon travellers," is an ancient and wise injunction, but, like many others of equal antiquity and pith it is often disregarded, to the delight of those who cry "for shame!" at an excellent joke. Not the least amusing among such instances is the following, which can be authenticated by several living witnesses, and by one of the number of the departed, who is, or will shortly be, in England, to give evidence, if required. Let not the reader imagine that any attack on his nervous system is contemplated. Though the following anecdote relates to the tomb, it will be found to possess no very lugubrious character.

'An English traveller in Egypt, who had rendered himself conspicuous for his cupidity and meanness in his search for antiquities, of which, by the way, he understood nothing—had repeatedly pressed an Italian gentleman, then employed in excavating for the Swedish consul, to give him sundry of the specimens which he happened to discover. But this gentleman, Signor Piccinini, understood matters too well to give what might be sold: still, to pacify the persevering applicant, he occasionally presented him with trifling subjects, till, at length, wearied with importunities, he resolved on the following method of sending the Englishman home in triumph:—

'A short time before this mendicant traveller's arrival at Thebes, a Doctor Bonavilla, who was in the service of the Pacha, at Hordofan, finding himself incapacitated by illness for the duties of his office, had obtained leave of absence; but on reaching Thebes, was unable to proceed, and gladly accepted the hospitable offers of his countryman Piccinini. In his house the doctor was attended, till, worn to the bone by disease, he expired. Among the vast number of surrounding sepulchres, there could be no lack of a burying place, but wood being less abundant, Signor Piccinini was at a loss how to procure a coffin for his departed friend. To supply this want, he bethought him of a mummy case, and, having dislodged the ancient tenant, he deposited Dr. Bonavilla in its stead, and placed him in a tomb near the house. Finding, as has been already said, that small presents to the English traveller only increased the cravings of his antiquarian appetite, and that nothing short of a mummy would satisfy him, Signor Piccinini decided that Doctor Bonavilla should serve his turn. Accordingly, he sent for the traveller, and, with due mysteriousness, informed him that he had in his possession one of the most singular mummies which it had ever been his good fortune to meet with; and that for the great regard entertained by him for the English nation generally, and for the said traveller in particular, he begged to present it to him. Overwhelmed by such apparent generosity, our countryman poured forth grateful acknowledgments on his own behalf, and that of all Englishmen, assuring the Signor that his name should be honourably mentioned to the antiquarians of Britain. It should be here observed, that Doctor Bonavilla having adopted the Turkish costume, had worn his beard long, and thus the supposed mummy presented the additional and rare attraction of a flowing white beard. To account for the absence of the bandages by which mummies are usually enveloped, the Italian stated that they had been

removed in searching for papyri, and he further affirmed that, from general appearances, the mummy in question could have been no less a person than one of the high priests of Jupiter Ammon. The bait was eagerly taken; our traveller wished to have immediate possession of so invaluable a treasure, but Piccinini represented that should the consul hear of his having parted with it, he would in all probability discharge him. The removal was, therefore, deferred till night, when Doctor Bonavilla was safely lodged in the cangia of the traveller, from whose importunities Piccinini was thus effectually released. However, he could not forbear the gratification of giving publicity to the joke: it was served up to every traveller who visited him, and many a *bon voyage* has been wished to the antiquary and the high priest of Jupiter Ammon, who, ere this, have, in all probability, arrived in England.'—vol. ii., pp. 216—219.

The following laughable anecdote contains a more extensive application than the author appears to have imagined. How many men leave their comfortable homes in England, and undergo all kind of inconveniences, privation, and even perils in foreign lands, merely that they may on that account be entitled to some notice after their return! The Scotchman had a substantial object in view in going to Jerusalem. He was contented to purchase a good dinner for his fame. We hope with all our hearts that his anticipations have not been disappointed; although travellers are so numerous in these days, that they can hardly hope to obtain even the Scotchman's desired reward of distinction.

'People travel from "divers, sundry, and various," motives, many of which seem strange enough to those not actuated by them. But the inducement which led a young gentleman belonging to "Modern Athens" to visit antient Jerusalem, is indisputably droll. Jerusalem is usually sought by the learned, the devout, or the curious, in neither of which classes the Caledonian in question can be ranked. He would visit the holy city, though he recked not of its memories, its sanctity, or singularity. He had no thought of writing a book, of saying a prayer, or of exploring an unknown spot. No: yet was he undismayed by the difficulties of the journey, and the probabilities of the plague, for his soul was hungering and thirsting—after justice? not a bit of it; but after a regular succession of substantial Scotch dinners. "I will go to Jerusalem," he exclaimed, "for having seen it, I shall, on my return to Edinburgh, be asked to dinner every day in the week. For Jerusalem, therefore, he set out, but on arriving at Gaza, a frontier dividing the two Pachalics, he was detained, and as he had no firman, the authorities put him under arrest, while a despatch was forwarded to the Pacha at Acre. Till the answer should arrive, he was confined to a room, and given to understand that strong suspicions existed of his being a Russian spy; and, as he was unable to make himself understood either in Turkish or Arabic, he had no means of expressing his wishes but through a servant, who was occasionally allowed to visit him. During this perplexing confinement, he was occasionally favoured with a "look in," by Turks, who very significantly indicated what punishment they thought to be awaiting him. One of these true believers was particularly punctual in such visits. Daily would he enter the room, and stand before the prisoner, grinning

and drawing his fore-finger from ear to ear, till he supposed the Englishman fully sensible of his meaning. After four days, an answer arrived from the Pacha at Acre, permitting him to return without further molestation, but forbidding his proceeding on his intended journey. To this, however, he would not consent, but persisted in going to Acre, accompanied by an escort; and there he obtained leave to visit Jerusalem, still under an escort, which so diligently attended him, that he was unable to see the principal attractions of the place, and also prevented from travelling in Syria. He returned to Cairo, and gave a full account of the issue of his attempt from which he had been dissuaded by his friends. But he was content; he had seen Jerusalem, and Edina's dinners were secured. One circumstance of his trip, however, he could not think on with patience. Indeed, he declared, that of all the annoyances he had endured, none gave him an uneasy reflection, excepting the diurnal visits of the d——d Turk, with his ominous digit.'—vol. ii. pp. 219—221.

We find in the Appendix a long and interesting account of the late Russian conspiracy, which seems on the whole to have been but imperfectly organized. It proves however one point, to which it may be of importance hereafter to refer, namely, that the contact of Russian officers with those of other nations in the latter campaigns of the war, was sufficient to create serious thoughts in their minds upon the political condition of their country. It can scarcely be doubted that the advancing illumination of the age will produce similar effects; that at no distant period, unless concessions be seasonably made, the voice of liberty will be again and again heard in the dominions of the autocrat, and that he, or his immediate successor, will be compelled to listen to its just demands.

There is also in the Appendix a section relating to the illness and death of the late Emperor, containing some particulars with which we had not been previously acquainted. We shall present them to the reader.

'At the period when the Emperor appeared in the Crimea, a short time before his death, *viz.* in the month of November, he was in the highest state of health, and took the greatest delight in viewing the magnificent scenery along the southern shores of the Crimea, and in seeing the native Tartars, to whom he was extremely attached. One day he was seen standing on the flat roof of a Tartar house, with upwards of one hundred of the natives, in their oriental costume, around him, whom he was eagerly regarding through his eye-glass, with much regard and affection, when, gratified with the sight, he exclaimed—"What magnificent countenances, and what a fine race of men they are! they must not be expelled from the country;" alluding to what most Russians ardently desired, in order to introduce people of their own race. On leaving the cottage he distributed money to the crowd, and allowed them to kiss his hands and feet, which they did with enthusiasm, and he treated them as a father would his children.

'At Taganrog, the Emperor went much out, was very active in examining the country, and giving directions relative to the construction of a great public garden, then forming under the superintendence of an Eng-

lishman, brought from St. Petersburgh for the purpose: he usually dined at two o'clock, and slept in his camp-bed, which had a leathern pillow; the same on which he died. He took very little care of his health, and was frequently out walking in the mud, up to the ankles; whilst the common means of counteracting illness were neglected, and, as he refused all kind of medicine, every cause of disease had its action on his system; for he had as much horror of physic as his ancestor, Peter the Great, entertained of water.

'The peaceful state hitherto apparent in the country was sadly interrupted by the arrival of a courier, in the middle of the night which the Emperor spent at Alupka, informing him of the existence of a plot to take away his own life and to subvert the Government. During the night General Diebitch, then sleeping in an adjoining Tartar-house, was twice summoned to the Emperor, who was very restless, and walked about his room; they spent several hours together in deep conversation, and, before morning, a courier was dispatched to the head-quarters of the conspirators, the information of whose plot was this night first communicated to the Emperor, he being previously quite ignorant of it; on the contrary, he had thought himself universally beloved by all ranks of his subjects.'—vol. ii. pp. 333—334.

The report of the conspiracy appears to have produced a serious effect upon the mind of the Emperor; if it did not originate, it tended greatly to accelerate the symptoms of the fever by which he was soon after attacked. As to the rumour that he was poisoned, it was a mere invention, for which there was not the slightest ground whatever. The progress of the fever, and its results, are thus related:—

'5th November (old style) Alexander arrived at Taganrog. The paroxysms of the fever occurred daily, till the 8th; and as the emperor, during this time, refused to take medicine, or to submit to any treatment whatever, whilst the symptoms became more alarming, Sir James Wylie, the personal physician of the Emperor, called into consultation the empress's physician, Dr. Stophregen. At this period the Emperor had frequent attacks of syncope, but the affection of the head did not manifest itself till several days after. On the 13th, Sir James Wylie proposed to bleed his patient, but he would not, on any account, submit to the operation; again on the morning of the 14th, both physicians, and also the Empress, earnestly entreated the Emperor to have some leeches applied, but he still rejected the proposition with the greatest obstinacy and violence.

'When Dr. Stophregen, on his first visit, told the Emperor that he was distressed to see him so ill, he replied hastily, "Say nothing of my indisposition, only tell me how the Empress is," (she being then affected with a disease of the heart, of which she died some months afterwards). The Emperor at the same time said to Dr. Stophregen, "Sir James Wylie believes me to be very ill; and therefore wishes some other physician to consult with him; and, as I am always very glad to see you, you may consult on my case together; but do not trouble me with physic.

'During the progress of the disease, the Emperor obstinately refused all kind of medicine, with the exception of a single dose of calomel; and in the whole period of the case, notwithstanding all the entreaties of the two

physicians, and the prayers of the Empress, he would take nothing further. In consequence of which, and as he was in great danger, from all the symptoms rapidly getting worse, the priest was now proposed to him, and accordingly was brought late on the 14th. On this occasion Sir James Wylie was called into the sick room by the Empress, for the purpose of informing his majesty that he was in a dangerous state; and since he would not on any account submit to medical treatment, the Emperor was therefore urged to think seriously about employing spiritual aid, so long as he retained his senses.

'No objection was made to this proposition, and, at five o'clock in the morning of the 15th, he was confessed. At this melancholy ceremony, his majesty requested the priest "to confess him as a *simple* individual, and not to consider him as an Emperor;" after this he took the sacrament; and the confessor, like a sensible man and a christian, urged him strongly to employ medical aid, saying that, unless he did so, he had not entirely fulfilled his whole christian duty. The illustrious patient, through this reasoning, now consented to the application of leeches to the head; but it was too late, and, the following morning, the Emperor became completely insensible. At this hopeless point of the disease, it was accidently mentioned to Sir James Wylie, by General Diebitch, who was then chief of the staff of the emperor, that an old man named Alexandrowick, a practitioner of surgery at Taganrog, had cured some one affected with the same complaint as his majesty; upon which Alexandrowick was immediately summoned in order to answer inquiry into the fact. On his arrival, he seemed thunderstruck at the desperate state of the Emperor, and said the case alluded to was quite different from his majesty's, for whom, he was compelled to confess, there was no remedy; and the fatal result soon followed.

'Sir James Wylie observed, if a case of *lèse majesté* was ever lawful, it would be on an occasion like the present, where a medical man would be perfectly justified in compeling his sovereign to act contrary to his own express commands, and to submit to what was for his benefit, and restoration to health.

'After death the body of the Emperor was examined. The only appearances found were two ounces of fluid in the ventricles of the brain, save that the veins and arteries of the head were gorged with blood; and an adhesion existed between the membranes of the brain at the posterior part, which appearance had resulted from inflammation at some remote period. Nothing farther was observed, excepting in the abdomen, where the spleen was soft and enlarged, which is a very common occurrence in fevers of the country. It is therefore probable, had treatment been allowed, life might have been saved, as no decided morbid changes of structure had taken place.

'The Emperor did every thing possible to augment the fever, and aggravate the disease. Nor would he even submit to have the common offices required for all sick persons performed to him, but would get out of bed when so feeble, that he could hardly make his way back again; he also talked much, and would not remain quiet.

'At one period of his disease, the Emperor appeared about to communicate some important secret to those near him, by saying, "Emperors suffer more than other men; my nervous system is shaken:" then, stopping,

he threw himself back on the pillow, exclaiming, "It was a detestable action which *they* committed."

'For thirty hours before death, the Empress scarcely for a moment quitted the Emperor's bed-side, and the scene was most affecting when he expired. She continued kneeling by her husband, with her eyes fixed upon him, as he was gradually becoming weaker and weaker, until all signs of life were gone, when she rose and closed his eyes, and then took a handkerchief to bind up his head, to prevent the jaw from falling. After this, she folded his arms over the breast, kissed his lifeless, cold hand, and, kneeling down by the side of the bed, continued for half an hour in prayer. The Empress was also present in an adjoining apartment when the funeral service, or masses, were performed.

'She was an excellent woman, and died soon after her husband, of disease of the heart, said to have been induced by the neglect of the Emperor in the earlier part of his life, occasioned by his attachment to another lady, Madame Nourakin.

'The body of the Emperor lay in state in the house where he lived and died. The coffin was raised upon a small platform, and covered by a canopy. The room was hung with black; the coffin covered with a yellow cloth of gold; numbers of wax-candles burning in the apartment, and each individual in the room held a long slender taper, lighted. These were given to all present, by those who had been the personal attendants of his majesty, as is done at all funerals in Russia. A priest was placed at the head of the coffin, reading the gospels. This was continued night and day. On each side of the body a sentinel was placed, with a drawn sword: guards were stationed round the doors of the house, and also on the stairs. In the anti-room, a number of priests were occupied in putting on their robes, for the nobler service, or mass, which was performed twice a day. There was no sign of melancholy, either in their countenances, or with those who formed the crowd; and the military officers present seemed impressed with other feelings than those of sorrow for the deceased Emperor, their attention being directed more to the ladies present than to the mournful ceremony then performing. The funeral was afterwards performed with great pomp and splendour, according to the ritual of the Greek church!'—vol. ii. pp. 335—339.

The mysterious phrase, "It was a detestable action which *they* committed," is susceptible perhaps of more than one application. Considering the time at which it was spoken, it may reasonably enough be considered as the language of the Emperor's conscience reflecting upon the violent death of his father. How far the son was concerned, actively or passively in that murder, or whether he was at all aware of the designs of the assassins, are matters upon which no authentic evidence has ever yet, we believe, been disclosed.

ART. X.—*Remarks on the Disease called Hydrophobia: Prophylactic and Curative.* By John Murray, F.S.A., F.L.S., F.G.S. 12mo. pp. 86. London: Longman, Rees, &c. 1830.

THE excited state of the public apprehensions upon the subject of hydrophobia, as it is called, will be our excuse for devoting a few

pages to an explanation of the present condition of our knowledge concerning that disease; for although we may have nothing very new or agreeable to communicate, still all will agree with us, that in a matter of so much consequence, to *know how little we do know*, is a piece of information of no slight importance.

Mr. Murray (who always recommends himself to our attention by his skill in the valuable art of condensation) has furnished us with a great deal of what may be called the literature of hydrophobia. He has, indeed, gone partially into the pathology of the disease, and has offered some reflections upon its nature, which, however, are drawn more from the experience of others than from his own. What he has essayed in the way of experiment himself is very imperfect, and consequently unsatisfactory. We were never more provoked in our lives than to find that the rabid dog, which he had exposed to an atmosphere of chlorine, remained unexamined after death, in consequence of which Mr. Murray, very simply in our mind, lets loose his imagination in speculating on the causes of it. We regret very much to have so little that is novel or valuable, from the application of one who is so peculiarly competent to an investigation of this nature. The subject is worthy of his powers, and as it is now in a course of inquiry by one of the soundest-headed men that ever engaged in such pursuits, we mean Mr. Youatt, the Veterinary surgeon, it is to be hoped that the latter gentleman may at least have his labours shortened and cheered by the co-operation of others. The object of the present paper is to point out, if possible, the path of investigation which seems most likely to lead to a knowledge of the nature and laws of the disease, such knowledge being, in the ordinary course of things, an essential preliminary to the discovery of the manner of curing it.

First of all, what is the origin of the disease? Can it begin in an animal spontaneously, or is it acquired? We answer confidently that there is no positive evidence of true *rabies* ever having been generated spontaneously in any animal. Upon this point we shall quote the important words of Mr. Youatt, from a paper which he has published:—

'There is no disease of which earlier mention is made than rabies. In the records of three thousand years ago we read of the rabid or mad dog. The malady, however, is yet confined to certain parts of the globe. It has spread where it could be conveyed by inoculation. Where there were no means, or difficult means of communication, it was not diffused. It has not yet found its way to the West Indian islands, or the Indian Archipelago, or Syria, or Egypt, or the south of Africa, or any part of the continent of South America. The unfortunate dogs are tortured with heat, and thirst, and starvation. They are exposed to every probable and every possible cause of rabies, yet the disease is unknown.

'Dr. Heineken tells us, that curs of the most wretched description abound in the island of Madeira: that they are afflicted with almost every disease, tormented by flies, and heat, and thirst, and famine, yet no rabid dog was ever seen there.

'No one will affirm that rabies is caused by a particular state of the atmosphere. It occurs at all times of the year, and in all variations of moisture and temperature. In many countries it has long committed its destructive ravages; but in others, placed in the same latitude, with a similar temperature and climate, and where every predisposing or exciting cause has been, so far as we can judge, the same, it has never appeared.

'In nineteen cases out of twenty the inoculation can be proved. In almost every case the possibility of it cannot be denied. Who, under circumstances of peculiar excitement, has not possessed many times his usual strength? The dog, labouring under the dreadful excitation of rabies, and bent on the work of destruction, will overcome obstacles which would at other times be insurmountable.

'During the life of the late Duchess of York, a mad dog wandered into Oatlands Park, and penetrated into divisions of the menagerie, to which it would have been thought magic alone could have conveyed him. He was destroyed in one of the divisions into which, the gate being closed, I should have said that it was impracticable for man or beast to have entered.

'Some dogs, however, are rarely out of their owner's sight. Even in this case I can easily conceive the possibility of inoculation. There is no battle. It is, in the great majority of instances, one simple bite. The object of the animal is not to contend for victory, or to worry his antagonist. He acts from an irrepressible impulse, and, the mischief being effected, pursues his course. I can believe, that if a favourite dog has but for a moment lagged behind, the injury may be inflicted without the owner's observation; or, that the trifling, every-day occurrence of two dogs snarling and snapping at each other, may be soon forgotten. Did the disease immediately follow the bite the short contention might be remembered; but weeks and months intervene, and he must have a retentive memory, or nothing else to think about, who will invariably, and long afterwards, recollect circumstances so trivial.'

Mr. Murray, however, is of a contrary opinion. We shall bestow a few words on his reasoning. He assumes that rabies may be of spontaneous origin in the dog—'It must begin somewhere, and by reflex reasoning on the principles of cause and effect, we must eventually come to the source in which it originated, multiply the links of cause and effect that have supervened, as we may. Mr. Murray is a medical man, and therefore we are surprised at his reasoning. Does he mean to say that a disease which can only be propagated by inoculation or contagion cannot exist so continuously and extensively as hydrophobia has done? If this be his impression, we shall beg of him forthwith to tell us where syphilis comes from, where the measles—where small pox—or scarletina? We do not, however, deny, because a malady may be propagated, and is commonly dispersed by contagion or inoculation, that therefore it cannot be self-generated in an animal. Certain, however, we are, that rabies can arise in man only from inoculation, and all the evidence to which we have had access, seems to us to go a great way in settling this point,—that not even the dog will ever be affected with this madness, called hydrophobia, unless the poison which causes it, is physically inserted into a wound of the

body.* Should subsequent experience confirm this principle, we may congratulate our species on a very important discovery,—as one which affords the certainty of a definite remedy. It behoves us, therefore, in our several stations, and with our varied opportunities, to become observers of the conduct of our domestic dogs, and being once assured that, by proper care and management, these faithful and interesting companions of man may be effectually secured from a visitation so awful in its consequences, we may then, without restraint or fear, indulge our kindest and best dispositions towards that animal, of the race of quadrupeds, which most calls forth our attachment.

If we are allowed to assume that *rabies* must be imparted in the way we have described, the next interesting inquiry will be, what are the laws and limits of such a process? The number of the species of animals that is susceptible of rabies has not yet been clearly defined. Those, as to which proof exists, are man, the canine race, the feline race, the horse, ass, mule, cow, sheep, and pig. Mr. Lawrence, the celebrated surgeon, adds the bear; and from some recent experiments by a distinguished physiologist at Jena, it would appear that birds, or at least the common fowl, are capable of receiving the disease. With respect to the power of communicating the disease, Mr. Youatt tells us that the virus of every rabid animal will certainly impart it. This assertion is in the teeth of numerous experiments. The virus of rabid sheep has been introduced into the bodies of healthy sheep by inoculation, without making any impression: the same thing has been done among cows; but when either a sheep or a cow was inoculated with the virus of a rabid dog, then they showed symptoms of madness. A great many experiments were made to ascertain if the virus of a human patient afflicted with rabies could, when communicated to dogs and other animals, affect them with the disease, and the result was, that the dogs were totally uninfluenced by the operation. These experiments seem to have been thought satisfactory for a considerable time, until Magendie had an opportunity of putting the matter to the test. A man died of hydrophobia at the Hotel Dieu; just as he was expiring, a portion of the saliva in his mouth was taken in a bit of rag by this eminent surgeon to a distance of about twenty paces from the patient's bed, where he inoculated with it two healthy dogs. One of these became rabid in thirty-seven days afterwards, and bit two others, one of which also very soon showed symptoms of rabies. We own we are inclined to Mr. Youatt's opinion, and we believe that every animal that is susceptible of the poison is also capable of communicating it. We believe there are no instances of its being imparted to man from any other animal than either a dog, a cat, a fox, or a wolf. This fact, which has

* Mr. Youatt is inclined to think that the virus cannot be received on a mucous surface without imminent danger.

been taken as a proof that other animals cannot convey the rabies to man, may be explained by the circumstance of its not being the habit of those other animals to bite. The safest way, at all events, is, for the present, to assume that all animals which are mad, communicate their madness to man and other animals; for he must certainly be a foolish physiologist who would wait to be cured of a false theory by a fit of hydrophobia. This most interesting and important part of our subject Mr. Murray has not noticed.

The introduction of the poison by means of a wound, being admitted to be necessary to the communication of the disease, a subject of the greatest consequence presents itself to our consideration, namely, the actual process by which this poison finally gains so dreadful a triumph over the vital powers. We have no notion whatever of the nature of the poisonous agent. Mr. Madden, the traveller, extracted from the jaw of a horned viper in Egypt, just beneath the two hollow teeth in the front, a membrane containing three drops of the vehement poison of that reptile. He carefully evaporated the venom, and examined the residue with a microscope, when he observed it to consist of "sharp saline spiculæ extremely minute, and of a reticular appearance." It is curious enough that the crystalline humour of the human eye, when boiled, presents a sort of structure closely resembling this. The experiment was made by a pupil of St. Bartholomew's hospital. The venom of the horned serpent produces certain and speedy death, and we allude to its composition only for the purpose of suggesting that a clue to the nature of a poison may be sometimes discovered by the greater or less celerity with which it acts. The serpent's venom, we at once perceive, is calculated to blend easily with the liquids of the body, and therefore no time is lost by it in creating intense local symptoms. The case is very different with the virus of canine madness; and here we come to a question on which there is a great difference of testimony, although it is one of the last importance to be decided—how long may the virus remain in an animal before its presence is manifested by the symptoms of rabies? There are cases on record, in which it is stated that the virus lay dormant for twelve and even nineteen years in the human subject, but some circumstances connected with the relation of these cases justify great suspicion of their correctness. The usual time, however, in the case of man, is, according to Mr. Youatt, from six weeks to six or seven months. Mr. Samuel Cooper, surgeon to the King's Bench prison, says, from the thirtieth to the fortieth day. Mr. Youatt states that he has never seen a case of the disease occurring in a dog in less than seventeen days, and that about five or six weeks is about the average time, concluding that in three months after the bite he should consider the dog safe. Mr. Cooper mentions the case of a Newfoundland dog belonging to a friend of his, the particulars of which he was personally acquainted with, and in which the dog did not become rabid until

the seventieth day. The celebrated veterinary institution at Alfort is generally satisfied with a quarantine of six weeks, in the case of a dog supposed to be affected by rabies. The developement of the poison, however, may be materially accelerated by any accident which produces a shock on the nervous system—and no doubt the difference in the constitution of individuals is the cause of the difference in the extent of the intervals that are recorded between the date of the bite of the dog, and the commencement of the symptoms. These facts are useful, as materials to enable us to investigate the nature of the agent in rabies, with some prospect of success. It cannot be denied that the poison, in order to operate, must be absorbed—absorption having taken place, the symptoms *at once* commence. We infer, therefore, that no absorption begins until within a short period before the fatal appearances are observed, and consequently that the venom is literally located in the wound where it has been deposited. Almost all the wonders that natural history has hitherto presented to our contemplation fall into the ranks of common-place events, compared with the miracle of *absorption*, which is every instant of our lives going on. Every atom of the body is in a course of constant renewal by means of *the* absorbents, and whatever is exposed to their action, they will endeavour to influence as far as circumstances will admit. The poison of rabies, however, they seem for a long time to evade—every thing around it is withdrawn, and restored over and over again, but the virus remains untouched—nay, the little fibre, on which it lies, and which may be called its lair, is renewed again and again, whilst the grand enemy is left undisturbed. But *then* the virus is ultimately absorbed, and the causes which lead to the fatal event, we are not, we confess, able to explain. Such, at least, is Mr. Youatt's theory. We extract the following from one of his excellent papers :—

'It enters not into the circulation, or it would necessarily undergo some modification in its passage through the innumerable minute vessels and glandular bodies which are scattered through the frame. It would excite some morbid action; or if it were not thus employed, or in the purposes of renovation or nutrition, it would be speedily ejected.

'It lies for an uncertain period dormant; but at length, from its constant presence as a foreign body, it may have rendered the tissue or nervous fibril more irritable and susceptible of impression; or it may have attracted and assimilated to itself elements from the fluids that circulated around it, and thus increased in bulk; and at length, according to a law of chemistry, supplied by quantity that which it wanted in strength of affinity.

'Whatever be the *modus operandi*, the parts in contact with the virus at length respond to the stimulus applied to them. The cicatrix generally begins to itch, and inflammation spreads around it. The diligent licking of some part where the mark of a bite can be traced, is an early and frequent symptom of rabies in the dog. The absorbents are now called into more powerful action. They begin to attack even the virus. A portion of the morbific matter is taken up and carried into the circulation, and disease and death ensue.'

This is as fair a solution of the difficulty, perhaps, as our present knowledge will enable us to arrive at, notwithstanding its want of analogy with numerous phenomena which we know to take place in the human body. There is some ingenuity in Mr. Murray's view of the modus operandi of the virus. He says that 'the inflammation developed in the cerebral surface,'—and we presume in the various viscera as well,—'is the consequence of a sympathetic, and secondary, rather than a direct action of this poison.' This supposition Mr. Murray might have supported by reference to cases where some such process really takes place. Thus a person whose feet are exposed to damp will have his throat, or chest, or stomach, violently inflamed. The poison of cold, if we may so call it, is here applied to the feet, and its influence is only developed in the neck. Again we know that the bite of a rattle snake produces fatal consequences only in this direct manner: it causes intense local irritation in the part bitten, in which irritation the whole frame sympathizes, and thus death ensues. The post mortem examination, however, shows no morbid appearances in the body, except only in the bitten part, and its neighbourhood. Even this fact alone would suggest to us that mere pathology will never be able to explain the influence of disease on animal life. How do we know that vital parts may not be fatally affected, although they undergo no change of structure or colour, of which our senses can take cognizance? Can pathology give us the most distant notion of a reason why particular agents, when introduced into our bodies, act upon particular portions only?—Thus there are purgatives that have the whole intestines absolutely distributed in independent sections between them; aloes alone performing a peaceful pilgrimage of thirty or forty feet, to arrive at its own favourite rectum. Belladona uniformly rushes to the *Iris* of the eye, whilst antimony creeps in profound secresy to the skin. We are sure by every day's experience that these results spring from these causes, but the subtile medium by which they are mutually related, we know just as much of as the wisest of mankind. If then we might venture to offer a suggestion to one of whose physiological knowledge we have not a tithe, we should say to Mr. Youatt, that by confining himself to mere pathological research, he may be losing some of the best opportunities for adding to our acquaintance with the nature of rabies. It is evident, indeed, that, trusting too implicitly to pathological appearances, Mr. Youatt appears to think that he has even discovered the seat of the disease, and in explaining his theory, he carries us into some anatomical details. These details are too technical for general readers; but we may sum them up in a few words. The contents of the spinal canal at the base of the skull, and for a short way downwards, are called medulla oblongata, so that if we call the whole head the roof of the house, and the spine the column which supports it, then the medulla oblongata will be the capital of that column, according to Mr. Bell's ingenious illustration. This capital then gives forth the

nerves which connect the different parts of the body in performing the function of respiration; they are the ministers, both great and small, of that function. Mr. Youatt argues that the disease of rabies consists of an affection of the medulla oblongata, because, he says, all the external symptoms of the disease make their appearance in parts where these nerves ramify, and the medulla itself is always found inflamed after death. Mr. Youatt mentions that Dr. Parry merely approached this theory; we can, however, inform him that the inflammation of the medulla oblongata has been already discussed by Despiney, who proposed as a cure, the paralization, if it could be effected, of the medulla. Without doubt the nerves employed in respiration are very singularly affected in this disease, and there is a fact well established, which proves that those nerves are at least the seat of its principal action. A dog under the influence of rabies, is not only not afraid of water, but he will drink it, and there is generally no spasm attending deglutition. The same observation applies to other quadrupeds. To man alone the symptom of the dread of drinking is peculiar. The general notion is, that it is the sight of liquid that causes the fear, but it is not so; those liquids only which are drinkable have been known to affect the patient, for labouring as he does under intense thirst, the organs by which he drinks are put in motion almost involuntarily, when he sees a liquid that he has been accustomed to drink. The reason of this symptom in man is to be found in the increased sensibility of the organ of voice, which sensibility necessarily belongs to the delicacy of mechanism required for the performance of its wonderful functions. The corresponding organ of brutes is infinitely less complicated; so that the inference seems very naturally to arise, that the nerves of respiration are the natural prey of rabies, and that those animals who most abound with them, who possess them in such delicate combinations as they are found in the organ of speech in man, suffer most from the disease.

That the froth is the only medium by which the virus can be communicated from a rabid dog or other animal to a healthy one, so as to produce the disease, seems to be pretty generally believed. We use the word *froth* purposely, because it has been said that this froth is not saliva, but that it is a mucous secretion from the lungs. This notion seems to have chiefly arisen from the circumstance that the salivary glands have been found after death totally unaffected. But this is no argument that they have not been violently stimulated during life, since we know that the excessive salivations from mercury leave no pathological change. But Mr. Youatt asserts the contrary in the case of quadrupeds, and since these last animals were included in the statement that the salivary glands were never affected, it is possible that the mistake which appears to have been made with reference to quadrupeds, may turn out also to be a mistake with respect to man. Many cases however are on record which would support the opinion that the virus may be communi-

cated by other media than the saliva, but it has been distinctly proved that it will not pass by the mother's milk to the infant, or by the breath, or the touch, or by placing even the virulent saliva upon the healthy skin. With respect to Mr. Youatt's notion that a mucous membrane will absorb the virus, we should have less hesitation in yielding to his opinion, if we did not know that persons have sucked the virus out of a wound into their mouths, where there was plenty of mucous surface for it to act on, with perfect impunity. For the following further observations we are indebted to another paper of Mr. Youatt's.

'The virus does not appear to have the same effect on all animals. Two dogs out of three, bitten by one that is rabid, become rabid. The majority of horses inoculated with the virus perish. Cattle have more chance. The skin is looser, and less easily penetrated. A full half of those who were seized by a mad dog would escape. With sheep the bite is even less dangerous. The tooth has perhaps been cleaned in its passage through the wool. Not more than one in three who had been attacked by a rabid dog would be affected.

'The human being is least of all in danger. Mr. John Hunter supposed that, if twenty persons were bitten, probably not more than one would become hydrophobous. This, however, is calculating far too highly the chance of escape. We have many accounts of the dreadful ravages of this disease in other countries. M. Trolliet tells us, in his valuable "Traité de la Rage," that in May, 1817, twenty-three persons were bitten by a rabid wolf, of whom no less than fourteen died, in defiance of all preventive means. In 1827, two persons were bitten by a rabid dog in the neighbourhood of Ball's Pond: one of them was lost, although operated on by a very skilful surgeon. Two years before, a Newfoundland dog was sent to my residence, evidently unwell, but the nature of the malady not suspected. There was either something very deceptive in the case, or my assistant was unpardonably careless. The animal was dismissed with a little physic. On the next day rabies was sufficiently developed. One person only was bitten, but the poor fellow became hydrophobous.

'There can be no doubt, however, that the decided majority escape, even if no means, or those which are inert and insufficient, are adopted. Hence the falsely-acquired reputation of so many prophylactics.

'This immunity depends on various circumstances. The bitten part may be covered by wollen clothes; in passing through them, the tooth may be perfectly freed from the virus. Most of those who died in the case of Trolliet were bitten in the hand or face. Dr. Parry relates an interesting circumstance applicable to the present point. Dr. Ingenhousz was experimenting on the deadly power of the Ticunas poison. He had just envenomed the point of a knife, when it fell from his hand, and, piercing the shoe and stocking, wounded his foot. He threw himself back in his chair, and calmly said, "In five minutes I shall be a dead man." The five minutes, however, having elapsed without any symptoms of approaching dissolution, he ventured to remove the knife, and wash the wound. The poison, like the vitiated saliva, was in a fluid form, and it had been entirely wiped from the point of the knife in its passage through the shoe and stocking.'

The difference in the results of the bite of a rabid animal in different persons, depends very much also on the part where the wound is made—for if the cuticle be thick, and the penetration of the tooth slight, there is every chance of escape. In man there is often to be found a constitution that will resist the disease, as there will be found one that is peculiarly susceptible of it. Thus it has been known that out of twenty persons bitten by the same dog, one only had the disease. We have another instance in which twelve dogs and four men were bitten by the same mad dog. All the dogs died mad, all the men escaped.

Whatever investigations and reasonings we pursue on this important subject we deem to be utterly useless, that have not for their main object a means of preventing or curing the disease. We think we may confidently say that up to this moment, we are possessed of no possible means of curing it when once it has manifested itself in the human body: but since the disease may be prevented, all our energies ought most certainly to be directed to the settlement of the best mode of doing so. To detail the history of the thousand processes which have been tried for overcoming the malignant power of rabies, would be only reciting one out of the too many chapters of human folly and credulity: and it must be acknowledged, that the delusive promises to which so many have fallen victims in this disease, have been originated and supported in the greater number of instances by medical men themselves. The vanity of acquiring fame by a new discovery, and a mercenary desire to impose on the vulgar, have turned professional men into as mischievous enemies to the progress of true science, as ever were found in the persons of the most ignorant and presumptuous quacks. No internal remedy has ever yet proved a specific in this disease; and although Mr. Youatt has tried a variety of drugs with apparent advantage on dogs, yet he is wise and honest enough to declare that there is not one of them to be depended on. What his skill and judgment and industry may hereafter do in discovering a specific amongst the countless tribes of healing agents that repose unknown in the wilderness of the vegetable world, we do not pretend to anticipate, though we should expect a great deal, provided a great deal can be accomplished.

Despairing, for the present, of any remedy for the disease when it has once begun, we are the more interested in considering the means by which it can be prevented. Nothing gives us a more painful impression of the ingratitude of men of the present day, than the complete forgetfulness in which they seem to be wrapt, respecting the perilous state of the canine race itself. We allude to that various class of practical philosophers—Lord Mayors, and correspondents of newspapers; Sunday editors and clerks of the police offices, who, in their excessive zeal to preserve the human race from hydrophobia, never dream of any expedient for extending similar protection to the poor dogs. If the profound view, which

Mr. Youatt, confirmed by some of the most eminent men of the profession, takes of the origin of rabies, be a just one, have we not, at once, a certain means of extirpating the disease, at least in these islands? If it can only be propagated by inoculation, as there is every reason to suppose is the case, the practical steps necessary to be taken for the extinction of rabies may be contemplated as perfectly feasible. Mr. Youatt thinks that to establish a simultaneous quarantine in all parts of the United Kingdom for dogs would be impossible. We are of the contrary opinion, and that opinion is founded on the universal and almost superstitious interest which is felt in the issue of such a regulation. The authority of the law is sufficient to raise funds in every parish in England for local purposes: the restraining of dogs for a certain time may not only have legal sanction in its favour, but it will also have the far more certain co-operation of public sentiment to aid it. This latter auxiliary has, indeed, gone a great way already in keeping dogs in confinement; it would be more emboldened if the law were to order dogs to be confined. The majority of the public will always be on the restraining side; and the owners of the dogs can scarcely, in any instance, resist the law and local authorities with public opinion at their back. Let us, however, listen to Mr. Youatt's proposition.

'Whence arises the evident increase of rabies? From the increasing demoralisation of the country. From the lately adopted and cruel system of parochial government the peasantry of England is become degraded. The cottager is no longer enabled to support his family by honest labour; and the auxiliary pittance which the parish affords is doled out with so niggardly a hand, and accompanied by such circumstances of debasement, that he revolts at the acceptance of it. He tries other and fearful resources; he becomes a poacher—he is one of an organized gang of nightly depredators. To qualify himself for this, he provides himself with his dog, ostensibly to defend his little all, but actually for the most nefarious purposes. Let the local authorities, who have lorded it somewhat too highly above their fellow-men, here promptly and *justly* interfere. Let all relief, in every shape, be denied where a dog is kept.

In large towns, within these few years, the dog pits, those nurseries of crime, have been established. The mechanic, the groom, the coachman, the apprentice, mingle there with the ruffian and the avowed thief. I will not speak of the barbarous deeds which are there perpetrated; but I will refer to the thousand instances, which the peculiarity of my practice has brought under my notice, of the inevitable destruction of humanity, honour, and honesty, in all who are deluded to frequent these sinks of iniquity; and without the slightest hesitation I will affirm, that rabies is propagated nineteen times out of twenty by the cur and the lurcher in the country, and the fighting dog in town.

Then let a tax be laid on every useless dog; and doubly or trebly heavier than on the sporting dog. Let no dog but the shepherd's be exempted from the tax, unless, perhaps, the truck dog; and his owner should be subject to double penalty if the animal be found loose, or used for fighting. —pp. 31, 32.

All these modes of prevention being remote, our attention must be turned to other means of warding off the disease. If it be true that the virus delays in the wound unchanged, and doing no injury for an undetermined time, then the preventive process is at once indicated—remove the poison and the parts of the wound with which it may have come in contact. Dr. Barry recommends the plan of removing atmospheric pressure from the part by a cupping glass, which will prevent the return of the venous blood, when consequently the poison will not be absorbed. Mr. Youatt objects to this proposal—that he is not sure that the rush of blood which will be thus occasioned towards the part encompassed by the glass, may not drive the virus into some fresh attachments, and therefore do more injury than good. To which objection we add that the cupping-glass, if no other means are employed, must be left on the wound for ever; otherwise the moment the blood obtains liberty it will return to the heart. Dr. Barry, therefore, we believe, merely meant that the cupping-glass ought only to be used until the surgeon arrived to cut out the part. Mr. Youatt then, along with every rational medical man, is an advocate at once for the removal of the virus by excision and caustic. His advice deserves to be extensively known.

'Excision of the part has however frequently failed. Not a year passes without many lamentable instances of it. It has occurred in the practice of the most eminent surgeon; and it seems scarcely, or not at all, to impeach the skill of the operator.

'How do we account for this? The knife may penetrate the deep and tortuous recess of the wound, in which the virus is lodged, and then its track will be empoisoned. Or if the incision be freely made round the wound, and does not penetrate into it, the blood will follow the knife; a portion of it will enter into the wound inflicted by the dog; it will come in contact with the virus; it will be contaminated; it will overflow that cavity; it will be received into the new incision, and it will carry with it the seeds of disease and death.

'Aware of this, many practitioners use the caustic after the knife. Every portion of the new wound is submitted to its influence. Has the question never occurred to them, if the caustic be necessary to give security to the operation by excision, might not the knife have been spared, and the caustic alone used?

'It will be imagined, then, that I am an advocate for the use of the caustic. Most certainly. But what caustic? Not a liquid one. Not one that speedily deliquesces. For, in the first place, it is unmanageable; and, what is a more important consideration, it may hold in solution, and not decompose the poison, and thus inoculate the whole of the wound.

'The caustic which I would with much confidence recommend is the nitrate of silver. It is perfectly manageable. Being sharpened to a point, it may be applied with certainty to every recess and sinuosity of the wound.

'The potash, and the nitric acid, will destroy the substances with which they come in contact; but the combination of the caustic and the animal fibre will be a soft or semi-fluid mass. In this the virus is sus-

pended, and with this it lies, or may be precipitated upon, the living fibre beneath. Then there is danger of re-inoculation; and it would seem that this fatal process is often accomplished.

'The eschar formed by the lunar caustic is hard, dry, and insoluble. If the whole of the wound has been exposed to its action an insoluble compound of animal fibre and the metallic salt is produced, in which the virus is wrapped up, and from which it cannot be separated. In a short time the dead matter sloughs off, and the virus is thrown off with it.

'Previous to applying the caustic it will sometimes be necessary to enlarge the wound, that every part may be fairly got at; and I would without hesitation amputate, if I were not fully assured that I could get at every part. The eschar having sloughed off, it will always be prudent to apply the caustic a second time, but rather more slightly, in order to destroy any part that may not have received the full influence of the first operation, or that by possibility might have been inoculated during the operation.

'Does any chemical combination take place? Is the virus neutralised by its union with the caustic? I cannot demonstrate this; but I have much reason to believe that some effect of this kind is produced.

'It is painful to speak of one's self; but I may, perhaps, here be permitted to say, that I have been bitten four times by dogs decidedly rabid. At each time I freely applied the caustic to the wound; and I am living to the present day. I have operated on more than four hundred persons, all bitten by dogs, respecting the nature of whose disease there could be no question. I have not lost a patient. One poor fellow died of fright, but not one became hydrophobous. To what can I so naturally attribute this, as to some chemical affinity between the nitrate and the virus, by which an insoluble and inert compound is formed?

'After the operation, nothing stimulating should be applied. It is no unusual practice to keep open the wound for several weeks. This carries absurdity on the very face of it. We have stated that the virus long lies inert. It cannot exert its fatal energy unless it has added to its quantity, or the constitution or the part has become irritated, and more susceptible of impression. Then, if a minute portion of the virus should, perchance, remain in the wound, by applying stimulating unguents to the part, we take the readiest means to stimulate the absorbents to action, and we possibly produce that disease which would not otherwise have had existence. Destroy the part at once by the knife or the caustic, and then adopt the mildest means speedily to heal the wound.'—pp. 32, 34.

If we have now succeeded in laying down just notions on a subject which is perverted in so many ways, we feel that we have performed an important duty to the public. The discharge of that duty would still, however, be imperfect, if we did not call the attention of every person, who may peruse this paper, to the following details of the symptoms of rabies in the dog; and we give them, we confess, principally in the conviction that they will, to some extent, save many a poor dog from the edge of that persecution which an ignorant and unreasoning timidity has set up against the canine race.

'The earliest symptoms of madness in the dog are sullenness; fidgeti-

ness; continued shifting of posture; a stedfast gaze, expressing suspicion; but, when directed on the master, soon clearing up, and followed by some action indicating affection.

'An earnest licking of some part, on which a scar is generally found. If the ear be the affected part, the dog is incessantly and violently scratching it. If it be the foot, he gnaws it until the integument is destroyed. He gets into a passion with it, and growls over it; and is so insensible to pain, that in one case the foot was dreadfully mangled, and in another the greater part of the penis was gnawed away.

'Considerable costiveness, occasional vomiting, and a depraved appetite are very early found; bits of thread, hair, straw, dung, are picked up: and frequently the dog will lap his own urine, and devour his own excrement. The animal next becomes irritable; flies fiercely at strangers; mumbles the hand or foot of his master; is impatient of correction; seizes the stick of a whip; quarrels with his own companions; eagerly hunts out and worries the cats; demolishes his bed or carpet; gnaws and shakes his chain; makes the most violent efforts to escape; tears to pieces his kennel or the door by which he is confined, and sometimes breaks his tushes in the attempt. If he escapes, he usually attacks those dogs only that fall in his way; or, if naturally ferocious, he will diligently and perseveringly seek his prey. He will overcome every obstacle to effect his purpose; and at length returns to his home completely exhausted.

'The desire to do mischief depends much on his previous disposition; it often proceeds not beyond an occasional snap, and then only when purposely irritated: but with the fighting-dog the scene is terrific; he springs to the end of his chain; he darts with ferocity at some object which he conceives to be within his reach; and is eagerly employed in destroying every thing around him.

'Very early in the disease the expression of the countenance is changed. The conjunctiva is occasionally highly injected, at other times scarcely affected; but the eyes have a peculiarly bright and dazzling appearance, accompanied by a slight strabismus; not the protrusion of the membrana nictitans as in distemper, but an actual distortion from the natural axis of the eye: the lids of one eye are frequently contracted; twitchings begin around that eye, and gradually spread over the face.

'About the second day a considerable discharge of saliva commences; but this does not continue more than ten or twelve hours, and is succeeded by an insatiable thirst: the dog is incessantly drinking or attempting to drink; he plunges his muzzle into the water. When the flow of saliva has ceased he appears to be annoyed by some viscid matter in the fauces; and, in the most eager and extraordinary manner, works with his paws at the corner of his mouth to get rid of it; and while thus employed, frequently loses his balance and rolls over.

'A loss of power over the voluntary muscles is now observed. It begins with the lower jaw, which hangs down, and the mouth is partially open, but by a sudden effort the dog can sometimes close it, although occasionally the paralysis is complete. The tongue is affected in a less degree: it protrudes from the mouth, and becomes of a leaden colour. The dog is able, however, to use it in the act of lapping, but the mouth is not sufficiently closed to retain the water; therefore while he hangs over the fluid, eagerly lapping for several minutes, it is very little or not at all diminished.

He catches at his food with an eager and ill-directed snap, and often fails in his attempt to seize it; he bolts it unchewed, or drops it in the act of chewing. In the more advanced stage of the disease this paralysis frequently disappears from the head, and attacks the loins and extremities. A peculiar indecision attends every motion; the animal staggers about, and frequently falls. Previous to this he is in almost incessant action: he scrapes his bed together, and disposes it in various forms; he starts up and eagerly gazes at some real or imaginary object; he traces the fancied path of something floating around him; he fixes his eye intently on some spot on the wall or partition; he suddenly plunges at it; his eyes then close and his head droops; in an instant he starts and gazes wildly around. The voice of his master recalls him from this delirium; he acknowledges him, and endeavours to fondle on him, but in a moment he is wandering again.

'He frequently, with his head erect, utters a short and very peculiar howl; or if he barks, it is a hoarse inward sound, altogether dissimilar from his usual tone, and generally terminating with this characteristic howl. Respiration is always affected; often the breathing is very laborious, and the *inspiration* is attended with a very singular, grating, choaking noise. On the fourth, fifth, or sixth day of the disease, he dies; occasionally in slight convulsions, but oftener without a struggle.

'Of the symptoms, popularly but erroneously supposed to accompany rabies, I will only say, that the rabid dog never has fits: the existence of epilepsy is a clear proof that there is no rabies. There is *no dread of water; no spasm attending the effort to swallow;* but a most extraordinary and unquenchable thirst. There is *no fear excited in other dogs;—no wondrous instinct warning them of danger.* There is *no peculiar and offensive smell; no running with the tail between the legs*, except, when weary and exhausted, he is seeking his home; *no pustules in or near the frænum of the tongue.*'—pp. 1—3.

The labours of Mr. Youatt have long been directed to the investigation of the phenomena of rabies; we trust that he will continue them, for we have never known the instance of a man devoted to a particular branch of inquiry show so little prejudice as he does, and seems so thoroughly imbued with the sanctity and inviolability of truth. Such a man is the more to be valued, because if he does not extend our means of protection from an evil, he certainly will not facilitate its approach by pretences of security. If he does not succeed in the detection of a remedy for this disease, he certainly will retire from the effort with the comfort of knowing that he deserves success.*

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* Mr. Y. justly intimates, that the appearance of hydrophobia in Peru, in 1804, and its sudden disappearance, serve to show that his theory is right. Baron Larrey says, that the natives in Egypt told the French that rabies was not known amongst them. They keep their dogs in a state of inaction, lying all day in covered places, with fresh water near them. The dogs wander at night in search of prey—the Baron says that their disposition is meek and peaceable, and that they rarely fight with each other.—*Ed. M. R.*

ART. XI.—*A Familiar Treatise on Life Assurances and Annuities, comprising a Historical Sketch of the Science, and of Life Assurance Offices, &c.; to which are appended Original Tables of the Probabilities and Expectations of Life in the City of Bristol.* By Robert Rankin, Secretary to the Bristol Union Fire and Life Insurance Company. 8vo. pp. 99. London: Simpkin and Marshall—and Bristol: W. Browne. 1830.

IF we mistake not, the profound views and the logical precision which distinguish the present dissertation on a subject of the most vital interest, will obtain for it universal attention. It is not as a mere actuary, expert in the science of Arithmetic, and supple in the evolutions of Algebra, that Mr. Rankin comes before the public. His work will, we have no doubt, be allowed to be capable of serving far more exalted purposes than the schemes of the counting-house. His reasonings and his suggestions—his researches, too, though conducted on a limited scale—are worthy of the consideration of the statesman and the philosopher, as guiding them to a knowledge of the true principles of population. To general readers this unpretending volume offers a clear and intelligible account of the abstruse elements of a science, which, however desirable to be known, have been hitherto far too forbidding in their aspect to invite popular attention. Mr. Rankin avows this to be one of the leading objects of his publication, as he is persuaded that the more extended an acquaintance with the subject becomes, the greater will be the co-operation of the public towards maturing a science which, as yet, has only approximated to perfection.

Mr. Rankin has, with great perspicuity, gone through the various problems that constitute what may be called the mathematical basis of the science of Life Assurances; shewing how important it is that those principles should have the most authentic statistical details for their application. This part of the work we think of extreme interest. The calculations proceed upon the assumption of the correctness of certain data, and therefore it becomes a matter of the first consequence to trace the minute history of the manner in which those data are supplied. We guess at the probability of particular persons living to a given age, by referring to the average number of persons in similar circumstances who have survived that age. How can this average be obtained but on the observation and authority of perhaps numerous individuals? Mr. Rankin points out some of the errors of the common modes of calculating the rate of mortality, and says, that until some general standard is adopted, there is no great encouragement to any person to calculate or publish tables.

Of all the principal tables of mortality which we possess, Mr. Rankin believes that only four, namely, Deparcieux's, the Swedish, the Carlisle observations, and possibly Kerseboom's, present

any thing like satisfactory data, and even these only approximate to the point of certainty. The opinions of this gentleman, as to the constituents of a proper standard, merit attention.

'The most satisfactory and authoritative table of mortality, would evidently be, one actually compiled from observations extending to the whole population of the country; and the best means of compiling and verifying such a table, would be, by taking the results of a general registry of births and deaths, and comparing them with the enumerations and returns of ages under the population act.

'The baptisms and burials which the parish registers record, are known to be much inferior to the number of births and deaths which the kingdom furnishes; but the amount of the deficiency is quite unascertained, and so vaguely conjectured that I will not hazard an estimate; I will barely mention, that if the sum of registered baptisms from 1801 to 1810 inclusive, according to the parliamentary returns, be added to the resident population of 1801, and the sum of the registered burials during the same period be deducted, the result will fall short of the ascertained resident population of 1811 by 348,918; though the number employed in naval and military occupations had been greatly increased out of the former population, and the multitudes who perished by the sea and the sword in the interval, replaced.

'The plan of a general registry, was in the year 1824 brought before the House of Commons by a Mr. Kemp, but was not matured. If such a measure could be accomplished without any burdensome regulations, it would be an important benefit to the country in other respects than that of science: it is to be hoped, therefore, that the suggestion of Mr. Kemp will be renewed in parliament, and the measure be adopted by the legislature.

'I cannot close this chapter more appropriately than with the following sensible remarks in the Edinburgh Review of March 1829, which bear immediately on the subject before us.'—pp. 39, 40.

In his remarks on the practical application of the science, Mr. Rankin gives some very curious historical details of Life Assurance Offices; and then he proceeds to consider some very striking phenomena that are observed in the rate of mortality at different ages. He carries his inquiries to the minutest point of the subject, and incontestably shows how difficult it is to arrive at a settled standard, except by means of the most persevering industry, and the most vigilant and judicious observation. His concluding remarks are very just and striking.

'The connexion of the science with political economy, must immediately strike every one; its bearing on the subject of population has been anticipated, but there is one important point of view in which it remains to be considered.

'The number of the population—the balance of trade—the wages of labour—and, more recently and ably, the profits of stock, have been held forth by their respective advocates as tests of national prosperity; but perhaps the duration of human life is a still better barometer than any of the foregoing, for measuring the sum total of enjoyment attained by the bulk of a people at diffent periods.

'It does not seem properly to be applicable to the comparison of different

nations with each other; for there may exist, and in most cases probably does exist, a permanent difference in bodily constitution, but an ascertained increase or diminution in the mortality of the same nation, must certainly be attributed to a variation in the quantity of physical suffering to which the inhabitants are exposed, either immediately or through the well known influence of the mind over the body.

'We may therefore indulge a hope, that notwithstanding the severe trials to which the poorer clases have been at times exposed, and the reduced value of that labour which is their only wealth, their share of comfort has, upon the whole, received some addition, though apparently not commensurate with the exertions which have been made purposely to promote it, and the general advancement of the arts which might be expected indirectly to contribute to it; yet, if good has been visibly done, and evil still more conspicuously prevented, it is a proof of the efficacy of human exertions, which ought to weigh with the legislature, as well as with the private philanthropist.

'The lives, as well as the happiness of our fellow-creatures, may be increased through human instrumentality; and among the most important of the means are, the abolition of all impediments to industry, the encouragement of persevering economy by appropriate institutions, and that portion of education which will enable the poor to discern and pursue their true interest, generate in them habits of self-restraint, and qualify them for bearing prosperity with moderation, and adversity with fortitude.'—pp. 68—71.

The tables which accompany this Treatise, seem to us of very great value: along with having the qualities of use for the learned, they possess some points of interest for the gratification of the curious. We pretend to do no more than indicate the contents of this volume, as, perhaps, we shall have an opportunity in our next number of showing with better effect the importance of some of Mr. Rankin's views. In the meantime, we recommend this work with the fullest confidence that we shall obtain the gratitude of those who are induced to read it on our advice.

NOTICES.

Art. XII.—*On Commercial Economy.* In Six Essays. By E. S. Cayley, Esq. 8vo. pp. 266. London: Ridgway. 1830.

Mr. Cayley, in this volume, considers the whole commercial economy of this country under six branches—viz. Machinery, Accumulation of Capital, Production, Consumption, Currency, and Free Trade. To each branch, we must admit that he brings a great deal of knowledge; but we fear, also, some of the stubborn prejudices that form part of the tillage of every agricultural gentleman. Hence he, with the greatest facility, has satisfied himself of the truth of these propositions—namely, that we have a great deal too much machinery, and that not only have we more productions than we want, but that the average rate of consumption is on the decrease. But there is infinitely more practical sense in his facts and reasonings than there is in his remedies, which appear to us to consist of

rather a fantastical combination. The first and principal (it would seem) measure which he begs of Parliament to adopt, is a sudden depreciation of the standard of the precious metals,—silver to 8*s.* 6*d.* the oz., and gold to 6*l.* the oz. The supplemental remedies are, to gradually abolish the poor laws; to tax the marriages of the poor, allowing free marriages only where the united ages of the parties amounted to *seventy or eighty years* (!); to make experiments for preserving corn—*in siloes* (!!); to lay new taxes on Ireland, and prevent the importation of her agricultural produce into England. That such treatment as this would effect a radical cure of most of the little ailments with which this nation is troubled, we should be very bold indeed to deny. It would certainly be a sovereign remedy, but somewhat in the way that decapitation is a powerful specific for the tooth-ache.

ART. XIII.—*L'Astronomie, Poeme en Six Chants.* Par P. Daru, de l'Academie Francaise. 8vo. pp. 300. Paris: Didot. 1830.

ALTHOUGH for a long time we in England have been accustomed to the "Music of the Spheres," and to "heavenly harmonies," and so forth, yet we never imagined certainly such an anomaly as "Astronomy, a Poem!" French ingenuity is alone equal to such a conceit. The author is the late Count Daru, and this is a posthumous publication, edited and sent forth to the world under the pious superintendence of his son. A stroke of the true gallic pathos is to be found in the private history of this poem; it was revised by the Count dans ses derniers momens! An Invocation, according to the Homeric example, opens the solemn scene, which is followed by an exposition of the system of the universe—the supposed formation of the planets, and the laws of light, including the phenomena of refraction. After noticing a variety of collateral matters, the author closes the first canto with a very happy passage on Astrology. The antient state of Astronomy is next depicted—and the achievements of Thales, Pythagoras, Pytheas, Plato, and Aristotle, &c. are duly commemorated. The author then traces the history of astronomy down to our own times, and adequately praises the chief lights of the science to Newton inclusive. The last of the six cantos is devoted to the moon and earth—to comets and clouds—and the description of the measurement of an arch of the meridian.

ART. XIV.—*The Book of the Priesthood. An Argument in Three Parts.* By Thomas Stratten. 8vo. pp. 320. London: Holdsworth and Ball. 1830.

AN examination of the history and nature of Christianity seems to have satisfied Mr. Stratten that the existence of a hierarchy, or priesthood, such as the Roman Catholic, or that of the Established Church, is in contradiction to the spirit of the Founder of that great and beneficent institution. We do not propose to follow the gentleman's arguments, as such a course would divert us from the proper objects of this Journal. We can only say, that widely differing from his conclusions, we are impressed with every degree of respect for the motives which induce him to appear before the public, and as his advocacy of his peculiar cause involves no violations of charity, or of decorum, and as he writes under the conviction that it is possible for him to err, we think him entitled to a full and impartial hearing by the world.

ART. XV.—*Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets, designed principally for the use of Young Persons at School and College.* By Henry Nelson Coleridge. Part 1. 8vo. pp. 239. London: Murray. 1830.

THE execution of this work, so far as it goes, is as excellent as the object of it is admirable. The man who amidst the toils and troubles of a profession, the least calculated for the cultivation of fancy and feeling, can find time to plunge occasionally into the refreshing recollections of his youth, and luxuriate over the happy hours which he spent when a boy in elevated communion with all the great master minds of ancient literature, gives, we think, the most undeniable pledge of his capacity fully to appreciate their beauties, and to imbue others with the same power. The volume before us is the first of a series, in which Mr. Coleridge proposes to lay before the scholar such information and advice as will help him to form a due estimate of the peculiar merits of the Greek poets, and thereby to guide him to a knowledge of those elements which constitute the true standard of perfection in writing. Never was enthusiasm more happily regulated by good taste, than in the composition before us, which, in unfolding the principles that secured to the Greek poets an enduring fame, becomes itself no mean example of the excellence it draws. We do not envy the man whose course of education has opened to him the stores of Greek and Roman literature, who does not thrill with sympathy as he reads the following eloquent passage, descriptive of that holiest enjoyment which a scholar only can know:—

'He has not failed, in the sweet and silent studies of his youth, to drink deep at those sacred fountains of all that is just and beautiful in human language. The thoughts and the words of the master spirits of Greece and Rome are inseparably blended in his memory: a sense of their marvellous harmonies, their exquisite fitness, their consummate polish has sunken for ever in his heart, and thence thrown out light and fragrancy upon the gloom and the annoyances of his maturer years. No avocations of professional labour will make him abandon their wholesome study; in the midst of a thousand cares he will find an hour to recur to his boyish lessons: to re-peruse them in the pleasureable consciousness of old associations, and in the clearness of manly judgment, and to apply them to himself and to the world with superior profit. The more extended his sphere of learning in the literature of modern Europe, the more deeply, though the more widely, will he reverence that of classical antiquity.'—pp. 35, 36.

ART. XVI.—*The Christian Expositor: or Practical Guide to the Study of the New Testament. Intended for the use of general readers.* By the Rev. George Holden, M.A. 8vo. pp. 660.

As a practical expositor of the New Testament, convenient for ready and we may add satisfactory reference, this is one of the most useful works that has for some time appeared connected with biblical literature. Mr. Holden, like a man of sense, gives us instead of philology—the results of philology—two exceedingly distinct things—and such words and passages

only as admit of ambiguity are selected for explanation. The task is accomplished with great intelligence and learning—and the work should be bound up with every octavo Testament in the country. We may observe in passing, that Mr. Holden's labours must contribute very much to strengthen the hands of those who oppose the principle of the Bible Societies.

ART. XVII.—*The New Bath Guide; or Memoirs of the B—N—R—D Family: in a Series of Poetical Epistles.* By C. Anstey, Esq. A new edition, with a Biographical and Topographical Preface, and Anecdotal Annotations. By John Britton, F.S.A.

ILLUSTRATED by the learning and research of a Britton, and embellished by the rare genius of a Cruikshank, the merry author of the Bath Guide may be said to have obtained a new and durable lease of popularity. Mr. Britton seems to have caught some portion of the spirit of his author, for his dedication and anecdotes are all lighted up with a gaiety so animated, that Comedy itself might envy the fascination of his cheerfulness. This book must certainly supersede all former editions of Anstey's excellent and original production; and what proprietor of a library pretending to taste and judgment will dispense with a Bath Guide?

ART. XVIII.—*Recherches Sur la Langue Nationale de la Majeure partie des Pays Bas.* Par le Baron Van Westreenen Van Tiellandt. 8vo. Hague. 1830.

THE government of the Netherlands, by an absurd attempt to regulate the statistics of languages in its provinces, has called forth a great deal of jealous and anxious feeling amongst the Flemish part of the population, for the perpetuation of what they consider to be the ancient dialect of the country. The object of the present publication is to prove that the Flemish has been, from the remotest times, the language of the government of Belgium, as also of polite literature in that country. The author contends, that the Flemish has always remained the language of the great body of the people, and that the French became the language of the court only in the time of the house of Burgundy.

ART. XIX.—*On the Portraits of English Authors on Gardening, with Biographical Notices.* By S. Felton. Second Edition, with considerable additions. 8vo. pp. 221. London: Effingham Wilson. 1830.

No theme can offer more interesting and delightful materials for study, than that which forms the distinctive subject of this volume. The work is, indeed, neither more nor less than a succession of views of the best and most amiable parts of the characters of a great many men, some of whom have figured to less advantage in other respects on the great theatre of the world. This book, it must be observed, comes before us with a title that rather scantily describes it merits. It embraces a very excellent account of the early state and progress of horticulture in this and some other countries; and contains some very interesting and important biographical details, serving very essentially to modify our unfavourable opinions of human character, and to hold out instructive examples.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

GEORGE the Fourth expired at half-past three o'clock in the morning of the 26th ult. His Majesty was born on the 12th of August, 1762, and consequently he lived for sixty-seven years, ten months, and sixteen days. He mounted the throne on the 29th of January, 1820, and his reign endured for ten years, four months, and twenty-six days. In the reign of his Majesty, in 1829, was completed the existence of the English monarchy for 1,000 years, from the union of the heptarchy under Egbert. The proximity of the month in which this king died to the month of May, reminds us of the singular fact, that whilst kings of England have died in any other month of the year, the month of May stands distinguished in the calendar by the absence of any instance of royal mortality. George the Fourth was succeeded by Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, who has assumed the title of William the Fourth. His present Majesty was born on the 21st of August, 1765, and was married on the 11th of July, 1818. On his accession to the throne he was sixty-four years, eleven months, and five days old.

Messrs. Colburn and Blakiston.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of a printed copy of a correspondence, which it seems has taken place between Mr. Colburn the bookseller, and Mr. Blakiston the author of a work entitled "Twelve Years' Military Adventure." If the parties who have favoured us with this communication were induced to do so from the persuasion that, because on public grounds we have found fault with the establishment of Mr. Colburn, we shall be ready also to co-operate in any vindictive plan of personal annoyance against its proprietors, they have most unwarrantably misconceived the principles of the *Monthly Review*. We hold, as a general rule, that the transactions of business of any two men are private concerns, until by mutual consent they are exposed to the world. Public opinion is not the legitimate tribunal before which an allegation of breach of contract should be carried by either. The law settles all such matters; and he who makes his selection of any less regular jurisdiction, in our opinion, betrays some diffidence in the equity of his demand. It will not be inconsistent with what we have said, if we briefly state the impression which a perusal of this correspondence has left on our minds, in the hope that the expression of an honest opinion will have its weight with Mr. Blakiston, for whom, as a man of letters, we have some interest. We think that 200l. for the first edition of his work was a very handsome price indeed. We think that so liberal a sum fully entitled Mr. Colburn to the most extensive degeee of discretion in appointing the number of copies which were to compose the first edition: and we finally think that the number of fifteen hundred so appointed, was by no means inconsistent with a fair and honourable consideration of the rights of all parties. On the behalf, then, of the literary community, we protest against the course which Mr. Blakiston has, we are sure, thoughtlessly adopted, as tending to introduce a spirit of distrust, and a principle of litigious precision into literary dealings, which cannot fail to have pernicious consequences.

The Pope has thrown open the treasures of the Vatican Library to the Oriental Translation Fund, of London. A branch Committee has been formed in Rome.

University Intelligence.—OXFORD, June 3d. The following prizes were adjudged:—The Latin Essay—Ultrum apud Græcos and apud Romenos magis excultor fuerit civilis Scientia? to A. Grant of New. The English Essay—"The character of Socrates as described by Xenophon and Plato," to H. Merivale, fellow of Baliol—Latin verse—Tyrus—to W. Palmer, Demy of Magdalen—The Newdigate—"The African Desert" to G. K. Rickards of Trinity. The prizes for the ensuing year are the Theological Prize, instituted in 1825. "The evidence deduced from prophecy in support of the truth of Christianity"—subject for an English Essay. The Chancellor's prizes are Latin Verse—"Numantia"—English Essay—"on the use and abuse of theory."—Latin Essay—Quænam fuerit oratorum Atticorum apud populum auctoritas?" The Newdigate English Verse—"The Suttees."—CAMBRIDGE, May 31st.—The Chancellor's gold medal for the best English poem, was adjudged to W. C. Kirklake of Trinity; subject "Byzantium".—June 10. The following prizes were adjudged—Greek Ode, (Sir W. Browne's medal), "Ilyssi Laus" to J. Hildyard, Christ's—Latin Ode (ditto) "Cumæ" to C. R. Kennedy, Trinity—Epigrams (ditto) Greek, "Algrescit medendo"—Latin, "Spatiis inclusus iniquis"—to W. Fitzherbert, Queen's.—12th. Bachelor's prizes, (thirty guineas to each)—to E. H. Fitzherbert and T. J. Phillips, both of Trinity—Fifteen Guineas to A. W. Chatfield, Trinity. The subjects are, Bachelors—"Quantum momenti ad Studium rei theologicæ promovendum, habeat literarum humaniorum cultus?"—Under graduates—"Quæ sit forma πολιτικὴ ad Græciæ renascentis Statum optimè accommodata? The Porson prize for the best Greek Translation of a passage from Shakespeare was adjudged to C. R. Kennedy, Trinity—Subject "He jests at Scars," to "I'll no longer be a Capulet."—Act 2nd, Scene 2nd. Romeo and Juliet.

The French troops engaged in the expedition to Algiers, are to be accommodated with a newspaper, which is expressly commenced for circulation amongst them. It is to be printed either on board one of the vessels of the squadron, or on shore, as circumstances will permit; and it is to be occupied with details of all the warlike proceedings which shall take place, and with scientific and literary information.

Mr. Wilson, a surgeon, who witnessed the ravages of the Fever at Gibraltar in 1828, states, from personal observation, that the sympathy exhibited by the Jews for one another during sickness, is greater than that shewn by the members of any other community towards patients of their own persuasion respectively.

Twenty-four journals are published every week in Switzerland, of which nine are conducted by Catholics, and fifteen by Protestants. Within the last three months, seventeen new political papers have been set up in France. There is no daily paper in Scotland.

Lord Nugent is at present engaged in a work, which promises to throw a great deal of new light in the character of Hampden, and the era in which he lived.

Mr. William Herschell, Mr. John Dalton, of Manchester, and Professor Jacobi, of Konigsberg, have been elected Corresponding Members of the Academy of Science at Paris, in the room of Drs. Wollaston, Young, and Sir H. Davy.

At the University of Munich, during the ensuing summer season, no less than one hundred and seventy courses of lectures are announced on various branches by seventy-six professors.

A work on the Genealogy and History of the British Empire, giving a philosophic view of our Royal and noble families, is announced in France from the pen of Baron de Rede.

There is now in the press at Paris, a work to be published in 12 vols. and in an expensive form, entitled "A Scientific and Military History of the French Expedition to Egypt."

It is a fact which ought to call for the interference of the Legislature, that the South Sea whalers rarely, if ever, are provided with a surgeon on board. The crews of those vessels are exposed to all the malignant influences of bad climates, and have no resource in case of illness except what they can derive from the science that is to be found on savage islands. These whalers are out about three years in general, and their hazardous trade exposes them to a number of accidents which demand, in most instances, immediate surgical aid.

The two principal exhibitions now in London are, a Musical Chin-chopper and a Canadian Giant.

Mr. Lawrence, in a recent lecture at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, speaking of hydrophobia, says—"I may observe, that hydrophobia is much less common than people suppose. During the last thirty years I question whether there have been more than six or eight cases of hydrophobia in this hospital: and I believe I may say, that, for the first fifteen years, not a single instance of it has appeared here. It is by no means so common an occurrence as it has been supposed to be.

There is now preparing for publication the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, comprising Geographical Discovery and Adventure, Biography, History, and Polite Literature.

In the Press.—Major Leith Hay's Narrative of the Peninsular War. —Day's Lithographic Manual.—The Anatomy of Society. -Works of Robert Greene, the Dramatist.—The Humorist, by W. H. Harrison.—The Elements of the Theory of Mechanics, by the Rev. Mr. Walker.—The Turf, a Novel.—Life of Lord Burghley, complete, by Dr. Nares.—Album Verses, by Charles Lamb, Esq.—British Zion's Watch-Tower in the Sardian Night; being Four Sermons on Psalm lxxxii. 5. By the Rev. Henry Cole, A.M.—Part V. of the Rev. John Morrison's Exposition of the Book of Psalms.—The British Natural Philosopher; or, Sketches of the more important Principles of Mechanical and Chemical Science. By the Author of the British Naturalist.—Melmoth's Great Importance of a Religious Life. A New Edition, with a Vignette. Royal 32mo Cloth. Price 1s. 6d.—The same, with Talbot's Reflections, Thoughts, Poems, &c., in extra cloth. Price 2s. 6d.—Lord Byron's Cain, with Notes Vindicatory and Illustrative, (in one vol. crown 8vo.) By Harding Grant, Author of Chancery Practice. Geographia Antiqua; or, School Treatise on Antient Geography. By Mr. Guy. Adapted to Schools, Private Families, and Undergraduates.—Martineau's Traditions of Palestine.—The First Volume of Sharpe's Library of the Belles Lettres.—The Journal of a Tour, made by Senor Juan de Vega, the Spanish Minstrel of 1828 and 1829, through Great Britain and Ireland: a Character performed by an English Gentleman. In two 8vo. vols., accompanied with a Portrait of the Author in the Dress he wore during the Undertaking.—General Sir Hew Dalrymple's Proceedings in Gibraltar and Portugal.—Burckhard's Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians.—Mansell on the Study of the Law—Travels to the Seat of War in the East.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

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Beloe's Herodotus (vol. 6 of Family Classical Library) 4*s*. 6*d*.
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MONTHLY REVIEW FOR AUGUST.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Conversations on Religion, with Lord Byron and others, held in Cephalonia, a short time previous to his Lordship's death.* By the late James Kennedy, M.D. of H. M. Medical Staff. 8vo. pp. 461. London: Murray. 1830.

THE interest that has been long felt by the public in every authentic work connected with the personal story of Lord Byron, has not yet, so far as we are able to judge, begun to decline. There are few of the sentiments of that gifted and unfortunate nobleman, with which the world is supposed to be better acquainted, than those sometimes expressed, and too often implied in his poetry, concerning the vital subject of religion. The general impression seems to be that he was an atheist, or at least a deist; that he yielded no belief to the Scriptures, and that like many others, he formed a system of government, if such it may be called, for the guidance of his morality, from which every restraint unpleasant to the passions was carefully excluded. This impression, we regret to say, is completely and unequivocally justified by the volume now before us. We had entertained a hope, a slight one it must be confessed, that Mr. Moore might have had in reserve for his second volume, a page or two of evidence to shew that Lord Byron had not died in the ranks of utter infidelity. But Dr. Kennedy's testimony has put an extinguisher upon that slender ray of expectation.

That Lord Byron, with his mind unenlightened upon the subject, and his heart hardened by the course of dissipation, which, from his youth upwards, he incessantly pursued,—surrounded as he was during the greater part of his career, and particularly towards the close of it, by companions, if possible, more thoroughly corrupted in the ways of infidelity than himself, could nevertheless be induced to listen to instructions, and even long lectures, from a layman, upon the doctrines of Christianity, is of itself a fact of considerable importance in the history of religion. It is a species of homage

paid by ignorance and depravity to wisdom and truth;—an involuntary acknowledgment that there is something worth knowing, in the Christian dispensation, and that the system of unbelief has nothing in it capable of appeasing the thirst of the human mind for the fountains of a nobler world, or of soothing that restlessness which keeps the thinking man of no settled religion in a state of perpetual fever. For who is the man that can compare two ideas together, who does not feel that his existence upon this planet is but a brief part of the life which is given to him? And who, with the experience of this feeling growing with his years, but must advance one step farther, and perceive that he has not been thrown upon this earth as in a boat upon a shoreless sea, without a star to guide him in the path which he is to take? Some have the good fortune to be placed within the influence of that sacred and unerring light which shall direct their bark to the haven where storms never blow. But incalculable is the number of those who, like Lord Byron, continue during their whole lives to be tossed about by the contending opinions of persons who would be their pilots —of men who assume to themselves the gift of extraordinary knowledge, and for sordid gain, the gratification of their vanity, or from the mere impulse of wicked ambition, set themselves up as guides to the human race in the most essential of all human concerns.

No blame should attach to the motives by which Dr. Kennedy was actuated in his efforts to convert Lord Byron to Christianity. Those motives were no doubt pure and laudable; and we admit, considering the state in which the noble poet's mind was placed by his notions of religion, any step which he might have been prevailed upon to take out of his usual course, would have been something gained towards the attainment of the great end of truth. But it certainly was unfortunate that Dr. Kennedy, though apparently well acquainted with the Scriptures, and a firm believer in the principal tenets of Christianity, had nevertheless no regular system of his own. He seems to have leaned towards Methodism, yet he was not a Methodist. The churches of Rome and England and Scotland, he deemed full of errors. We cannot divine whether he belonged to any known sect, or whether he meant to found a new sect of his own. He received the Scriptures as the rule of his conduct, but he appears only to have fixed his particular attention upon what may be called the ethical portion of the New Testament. He was, if we may so say without irreverence, a Scriptural Platonist. He admired the precepts of the Gospel, and, so far as morals were concerned, we have no reason to doubt that his life was in conformity to those precepts: but religion he had none. This feature in his character, whilst it did not prevent him from attempting to make converts to what he called Christianity, exposed him to considerable difficulties in his efforts to reclaim such a mind as Lord Byron's. It brought upon him, moreover, no small share of ridicule among persons who, equally despising all forms of

faith, laughed, not without reason, at a lecturer who, though he taught Christianity, was the adherent of no Christian church.

It is not our intention to go through Dr. Kennedy's peculiar doctrines with the view of controverting them. That is the duty of the divines, to whom we cheerfully leave it, if it be one which they may think it worth while to perform. Our purpose is merely to exhibit a few of the subjects which were placed under Lord Byron's notice, and the manner in which they were treated, as well by his lordship as by the person with whom he conversed. Doctor Kennedy was undoubtedly a man of a very acute mind; but we should no more desire to be responsible for all his doctrines than for those of the unbeliever, whom he undertook to instruct.

It appears that having been stationed in the Ionian islands in the latter part of the year 1822, Dr. Kennedy was still a resident of Cephalonia, when Lord Byron landed at that island on his way to Greece, in August, 1823, accompanied by Count Gamba, Dr. Bruno, Mr. Hamilton Brown, and Mr. Trelawney. Here Lord Byron deemed it prudent to remain for more than four months, waiting for authentic intelligence from the scene of war as to the state of parties. It was no doubt his ambition to witness the resuscitation of the Greek name and nation. Nothing transpires in the volume before us, which indicates that he had any object of personal aggrandisement in view; at the same time, little doubt can be entertained that he aimed at the sovereignty of that country, and hence it was, that instead of proceeding at once to Missolonghi, he preferred sojourning in Cephalonia, in order to ascertain how matters were likely to go. It was not long before he learned that his project was a very chimerical one; and he gave himself up for a while to indolent repose at Metaxala, a pleasant village about four miles from Argostoli, the capital of the island. The account of his arrival at this place, connected as it is with our principal subject, will not be read without interest.

'His arrival at Argostoli excited a great sensation among the Greeks and the English. The former were eager to behold a wealthy English nobleman, and a celebrated poet, (of whose fame most of them had heard much, while many were acquainted with part of his writings,) on his way to join their countrymen, to add the whole weight of his name, influence, talents and fortune to the cause of freedom. The latter felt a still greater curiosity to behold a countryman not less interesting by his unrivalled talents, than by that mystery and awe thrown over his character by his faults and misfortunes; but, above all, by the daily rumours of his misanthropy, profligacy, and infidelity, and by the warfare which he had so long carried on against many of the most distinguished literary characters, as well as against the government and religion of his native country. He was viewed by all as an object of wonder and astonishment; and as one whose talents, character, and sentiments separated him, as it were, from the rest of mankind. All were alike anxious to view his person and watch his proceedings, and none but a spectator of the scene could conceive the vague and unrestrained wonder which he occasioned. It was generally

supposed, that his lordship would shun his countrymen, as he had done in Italy; and he,—as was afterwards ascertained,—apprehended that they would, in like manner, shun him; not only because of the censures, reproaches, and calumnies against him, with which, about this time, most of the papers and periodical publications were filled, rendering him, as he often felt, an object of detestation and abhorrence; but also, because of the delicacy which they might feel as subjects of a neutral government, in showing any attention to one who was going to take an active part in what was legally considered a rebellion.

'Instructions having arrived from the superior authorities, to receive his lordship with the respect and courtesy due to his rank, Colonel D., who commanded in the absence of the governor, went on board, and was received with that affability and politeness, which so much distinguished his lordship.

'The first invitation which his lordship accepted, was to an evening party at the Honourable Colonel D.'s. A friend of mine, S., who was present, was delighted with the affability and refinement of his lordship's manners; and with the ease, simplicity, and cheerfulness with which he conversed on common topics; so different from the idea which he had formed of his lordship's character.

'The officers of the garrison, having invited him to dine, did everything they could to mark their respect and admiration for his rank and talents. On his health being drunk, he expressed his great satisfaction at being in the society of his countrymen, and of seeing so many of them together. He added, that he felt so much the honour they had done him, that he was afraid he could not express his sense of the obligation as he ought, having been so long in the practice of speaking a foreign language that he could not convey his sentiments in adequate terms in his native tongue. He was much pleased when he had made his short speech, and repeatedly asked Colonel D. if he had done well, and if he had acquitted himself properly, as he was so little, he said, in the practice of public speaking.

'Hitherto I had seen his lordship only on horseback, as he took his evening ride with his friends; and while I often listened to the details of his sayings and actions, which formed the subject of general conversation, and which, for the most part, were only interesting because they were said or done by Lord Byron, I had no anticipation that circumstances were preparing the way for affording me a near and an intimate intercourse with him.'—pp. 3—6.

The circumstances to which Dr. Kennedy alludes were these: He had one evening three or four friends to dine with him, all Scotchmen like himself, and—with one exception—of the liberal professions. The conversation happening to turn on the subject of religion, the host was surprised to learn that, although from a country famed for its religious character, they were all deists. They in their turn appeared equally surprised that he should believe in Christianity, and the discussion ended for the evening in an argument that the Doctor should explain the grounds of his faith, after doing which, he promised 'to refute any objection, and solve any difficulty which they might bring forward.' It is but justice to the Doctor to observe that he modestly and very properly states

his own persuasion, that 'no reasoning nor argument could convince an unbeliever, unless the grace of God accompanied the means used.' All he hoped to accomplish was to impart to his friends some information on the subject which might turn their attention to the Scriptures, and, at least, remove the deplorable ignorance under which they then laboured. A day was appointed for this purpose, and the circumstance coming to the knowledge of Lord Byron, his lordship signified a wish to be of the party, and said that 'he also would willingly be converted, if he could, as he felt no happiness in his present unsettled notions on religion.' "You know," added his lordship to the gentleman whom he addressed, "I am reckoned a black sheep;" and, after a pause, he continued, "yet not so black as the world believes me, nor worse than others." Lord Byron's wishes were of course cheerfully acceded to, and the party originally consisting of only five, having been increased to ten, the argument was entered upon by Doctor Kennedy.

In a long preliminary discourse, which we fear must have exercised the patience of some of his hearers, the Doctor attempted to draw a clear distinction between what he called 'the Christianity of the Bible and the Christianity of men.' He would not endeavour, he said, to prove that 'any particular creed, confession, or form of church discipline, was divine!' This he thought 'impossible!'—for, he adds, 'although these are all founded on the Scriptures, or at least said to be so, yet, as they are expressed in uninspired language on the one hand, or mixed with human devices and inventions on the other, so they must partake more or less of a mixture of error, or of what cannot be clearly or unequivocally proved to be the truth.' Thus our learned physician very easily gets rid of every description of church erected on the basis of Christianity—rather an inauspicious commencement of his missionary labours. He then confined his inquiry to the question, whether the Scriptures contain 'the genuine revelation of the will of God?' but as he was proceeding to read from Newton a summary of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, his auditors interrupted him and contended that the first object should be to prove that the Scriptures were true.

Had we been present at this lecture, we should have very humbly asked the Doctor what were the Scriptures? In what record were they contained? Whence did he get his Bible? How and where was it preserved? How was it handed down to him? To a man who acknowledged no Christian church, these would have been puzzling questions, for without such a church, and a true church into the bargain, having existed since the time of the Redeemer, how could it be proved that the sacred writings were preserved in a pure and authentic form? But we abstain from further comment.

The conversation next turned on Grace and Miracles, upon both

of which subjects the lecturer was rather unsatisfactory. In the course of it, Lord Byron made a confession of his own principles.

'His lordship said, that when he was young, his mother brought him up strictly; that he had access to a great many theological works, and remembered that, among others, he was particularly pleased with Barrow's writings, and that he also went regularly to church. He said that he was not an infidel who denied the Scriptures, and wished to remain in unbelief,—on the contrary, he was very desirous to believe, as he experienced no happiness in having his religious opinions so unsteady and unfixed. "But he could not," he added, "understand the Scriptures." He said, "that those people who conscientiously believe, he should always respect, and was always disposed to trust in them more than in others; but he had met with so many, whose conduct differed from the principles which they professed, and who seemed to profess these principles, either because they were paid to do it, or from some other motive, which an intimate acquaintance with their character would enable one to detect; that he had seen few, if any, whom he could rely upon as truly and conscientiously believing the Scriptures." I said, "it was to be regretted that there were so many who professed their conviction of the truth of Christianity, whose conduct afforded reason to suspect the reality of their belief; but that we must not judge too harshly, since we do not know how sincerely these people have repented, and how much they have struggled to preserve themselves from those errors and infirmities, which cause at once a scandal to their profession and expose them to reprehension. As an exception proves the rule, so the existence of hypocrites,—even were the people, his lordship had met with, such—proved the existence of sincere believers: it would be unjust to entertain a general suspicion against all Christians, because one has been so unfortunate as to meet only with those whose sincerity might fairly be distrusted."'—pp. 46, 47.

After making several objections to the Bible, which to say the least of them were extremely unworthy of Lord Byron's mind, such as that the Apostles were accused of not writing good Greek, and that the serpent of Paradise was not the devil, but only the subtlest of all the beasts of the field, he came to that common place of the existence of so much evil in the world. For the answer to these and other objections made on this occasion, we must refer to the volume itself. There is, however, one passage of a frightful nature, which we cannot altogether pass over.

'There were two remarks made by his lordship during the conversation, which deserve to be recorded, though no effort of memory has enabled me to recall the circumstances of the conversation which led to them. I suppose I must have said something about the sovereignty of God, and alluded to the similitude used in Scripture of the potter and his clay; for I distinctly remember his lordship having said, that he would certainly say to the potter, if he were broken in pieces, "Why do you treat me thus?" The other observation was, that, "If the whole world were going to hell, he would prefer going with them, than go alone to heaven." These remarks were heard by the others with apparent approbation and applause. I remember, after his departure, conversing with M. and S., and remarking on this topic, that it was easy to talk thus, when he was not

put to the test; but that if he were tried, his decision would be different, or human nature must be changed: the observation indicating equally the selfishness of man, and an ignorance of the true nature of the Christian religion.'—pp. 66, 67.

Thus terminated the first conversation. The subject was subsequently resumed at successive meetings, at which Lord Byron was not present, and we must do Dr. Kennedy's memory the justice to say, that his arguments and illustrations on many points of doctrine and evidence connected with the sacred writings, are clearly and forcibly put. We regret to learn, however, that they produced but little effect, for—with the exception of one gentleman, of whom he had some hope,—he candidly informs us that the members of his little congregation separated as much Christians as when they first assembled to hear him.

The Doctor, meanwhile, did not altogether despair of converting the noble wanderer. He called occasionally upon him at his country residence, and it is due to Lord Byron to say that he never appeared adverse to the introduction of the Doctor's favourite topic. On the contrary, his lordship uniformly either led to it, or cheerfully went on with it when the ice was once broken. The Doctor at one of these interviews charged the poet with yielding too much to fancy, and with rejecting the Christian system without due inquiry.

'I "have no wish," said Lord Byron, "to reject it without investigation; on the contrary, I am very desirous of believing, for I have no happiness in my present unsettled notions on religion."

'"If that be the case," I replied, "then you have no time to lose. It is your positive duty, as well as your highest interest, to begin immediately, and if you do so with a proper spirit, and persevere a sufficient time, you will arrive at a firm conviction of its truth. You must pray humbly to God to grant you, by his holy Spirit, a sense of your own iniquity, and a proper view of the necessity of a Saviour; and when you have seen this, the propriety and harmony of the doctrines of the Gospel will unfold themselves before you."

'"But I do not see," he said, "very much the need of a Saviour, nor the utility of prayer. Prayer does not consist in the act of kneeling, nor in repeating certain words in a solemn manner. Devotion is the affection of the heart, and this I feel; for when I view the wonders of creation, I bow to the Majesty of Heaven; and when I feel the enjoyments of life, health, and happiness, I feel grateful to God for having bestowed these upon me."

'"All this, is well," I said, "so far as it goes, but to be a Christian, you must go farther. Such feelings of devotion as these, I believe, every one experiences, even the most wicked, for they are forced upon him by the wonders of the Creator, and by the nature of his own constitution. If Christianity did not exist, such feelings might be excited; but as Christianity is revealed to man, and is the only means, hitherto known, by which a sinner can be reconciled to a holy God, and made for everlasting happiness, it imperiously demands the attention of every one: for, if true, it follows inevitably, that transitory moments of devotion and gratitude will

not be considered as sufficient for qualifying a man for heaven, if he reject that Saviour, the Son of God, who came to die in his stead, that his sins might be forgiven, and that, by believing in him, his heart and affections might be changed, and his conduct and conversation altered. I would entreat your lordship to read your bible most attentively, with humble prayer, that light may be given you to understand it; for, great as your talents are, without the teaching of the holy Spirit, the whole book will be to you sealed, or at most an entertaining history, or a curious fable."

'"I read more of the bible than you are aware," said Lord B.; "I have a bible which my sister gave me, who is an excellent woman, and I read it very often." He went into his bed-room on saying this, and brought out a pocket bible, finely bound, and shewed it to me.

'I said, "You cannot do better than read this; but if you have read it so much, it is singular that you have not arrived at the understanding of it.'—pp. 134—137.

Although Lord Byron was possessed of a Bible, it is painful to think how little he must have read or reflected upon its contents. The idea that Satan, of whose existence however he doubted, must be as much under the controul of the Omnipotent as any of the elements of nature, seemed to be quite novel to his mind. In one description of heresy, it appears, both the physician and the poet agreed—both felt indifferent towards Milton and Shakespeare. The conversation arose out of the subject of witches.

'"But since we have spoken of witches," said Lord Byron, "what think you of the witch of Endor? I have always thought this the finest and most finished witch-scene that ever was written or conceived, and you will be of my opinion, if you consider all the circumstances and the actors in the case, together with the gravity, simplicity, and dignity of the language. It beats all the ghost-scenes I ever read. The finest conception on a similar subject is that of Goethe's Devil, Mephistopheles; and though of course you will give the priority to the former, as being inspired, yet the latter, if you know it, will appear to you—at least it does to me—one of the finest and most sublime specimens of human conception."

'I smiled at the singular associations which brought such subjects together in Lord B.'s mind. I said, I agreed with him as to the first, though I had not before considered it in a poetical point of view; but the grandeur of the circumstances readily struck me, when he pointed them out to me, but I was not able to judge of the latter, as it was some time since I had looked at Madame de Staëls work on Germany, where an abstract is given, and copious extracts are made from the work. "The authoress praises it in very high terms; but," I said, "whether owing to want of taste or something else, I had never met with any conception of angels, whether good or bad, or devils, or witches, which conveyed an idea sufficiently high of the goodness of the one class, or of the wickedness of the other. Milton," I said, "appears to me completely to fail in his angels. His good angels are very good, but they are a little insipid, and the bad angels excite more sympathy and less terror than perhaps he intended. The only fine conception of its kind is the Diable boiteaux, at least, it seems to me to be more original than any other sketch of a devil which I have seen."

'"Do you very much admire Milton?" asked Lord B. "It would be heresy," I replied, "to say that I do not admire Milton, and in sober earnestness I admire his talents as a poet, but I have no pleasure in the greater part of his Paradise Lost. The weakness of fiction is strikingly manifest to him who knows the simple majesty of divine truth, and he who is so much impressed with the latter can have no enjoyment in seeing it rendered subservient to fiction." "I do not so greatly admire Milton, myself," said Lord B.; "nor do I admire Cowper, whom so many people praise." Cowper happens to be my favourite among the poets," I said, "and he is so with a large class of people, and will continue to be so, in proportion as real Christianity spreads, for he has more of moral and divine truth in his poems than any other poet of his rank and poetical abilities. My habits and studies do not lead me to read much poetry, and I am probably a very incompetent judge; but, like many others, I have read Cowper twice or thrice, and may read him oftener, but though I have more than once resolved to read Milton, I have never fairly read him twice, but tired after reading different passages."

'"Do you admire Shakspeare?" enquired Lord B. "By no means to that extent which is generally done." "Neither do I," said his lordship.'—pp. 154—156.

Lord Byron more than once acknowledged that he had failed in his tragedies. He evinced great anxiety in defending his character from the attacks that were made upon it in the reviews of "Cain." He conceived that he had done enough, if he drew that personage with fidelity, truth, and consistency, and that he was not answerable for his rebellion against God, the murder of his brother, and his blasphemous sentiments. To this it was properly answered, why bring forward such a character at all? Or if brought upon the stage, why do his impious reasonings remain unreproved and uncontradicted by the virtuous beings who figure in the same drama? The poet was seriously affected, however, upon being told 'of a man in distressed circumstances, who one evening brought Cain in his hand to a friend, and read some passages of it to him, in which, doubts of immortality, and of justice on earth, are expressed—and who, after desiring attention to what was there said, shot himself on the following morning.' "In what work," asked Lord B., "did this fact appear?" "It was in the newspaper; whether true or false, I cannot say." "I am very sorry for it," he replied, "whether it be true or false. Had I known that such an event was likely to happen, I should never have written the book." This was the repentance of an ingenuous mind. We trust it was recorded elsewhere. Lord Byron's defence of Don Juan could hardly have satisfied even his own mind.

'"Even in this work," said Lord B., "I have been equally misunderstood. I take a vicious and unprincipled character, and lead him through those ranks of society, whose high external accomplishments cover and cloke internal and secret vices, and I paint the natural effects of such characters; and certainly they are not so highly coloured as we find them in real life."

'"This may be true; but the question is, what are your motives and object for painting nothing but scenes of vice and folly?" "To remove the cloke, which the manners and maxims of society," said his lordship, "throw over their secret sins, and shew them to the world as they really are. You have not," added he, "been so much in high and noble life as I have been; but if you had fully entered into it, and seen what was going on, you would have felt convinced that it was time to unmask the specious hypocrisy, and show it in its native colours."

'"My situation," I replied, "did not naturally lead me into society, yet, I believed, before the publication of your book, that the world, especially the lower and middling classes of society, never entertained the opinion, that the highest classes exhibited models of piety and virtue; nay, from circumstances, we are naturally disposed to believe them worse than they really are."

'"It is impossible you can believe the higher classes of society worse than they are in England, France, and Italy, for no language can sufficiently paint them." "But still, my lord, granting this, how is your book calculated to improve them, and by what right, and under what title, do you come forward in this undertaking?" "By the right," he replied, "which every one has who abhors vice united with hypocrisy.'"—pp. 163, 4.

His Lordship concluded the conversation with promising a *moral* winding up to the whole!!—a promise which, if it had been fulfilled, in the spirit of his defence, would have compensated but very scantily for a tithe of the mischief with which that poem is fraught. Recurring again to the subject of religion, we think that Doctor Kennedy pressed his noble pupil very forcibly, with respect to the difficulties which he alleged to be in the way of his conversion. The advice given to his lordship on this occasion is sound, and may be read even by the best of Christians with advantage. Upon being asked why he did not at once apply to the Great Mediator, he observed,

'"This is going too fast. There are many points and difficulties to clear up; when that is done, I will consider what you say." "What are your difficulties?" I asked. "If the subject is of importance, why not have them cleared and removed? You do not want time; you can reason and reflect. The means of clearing up these difficulties are at hand. If it were a question of poetry, or of poetic literature, you would search and examine, and soon form your own judgment: on a point of far greater consequence, why do you linger and delay?"

'"This is true," he said; "but here I am, the slave of circumstances, surrounded by things, and people which distract my attention, with nothing to lead me to the consideration of such subjects." "Your own judgment, and the consciousness of your own happiness, and that you are not fulfilling the ends of your creation, should lead you to the examination of the subject; and besides, there are no circumstances which bind you with such irresistible power, that you cannot easily surmount and conquer them. Religion must be sought after; your habits and studies must be subdued and laid aside in part, till you have obtained this, and then we may expect to see fruits worthy the high talents which God, whose revela-

tion you neglect, has given you. I wish more earnestly than before, that your lordship would study the subject night and day, till you ascertain its truth, and your difficulties vanish. Every one would help you in your research: small as my abilities and experience are,—they are at your service. And I give you my testimony in the most solemn manner, that if you allow any worldly circumstance to interfere with you, till you have succeeded in the search to which I encourage you, you will have deeply to repent of your neglect."

'"Well, what would you have me to do? How shall I set about it?" "Begin," I said, "this very night to pray that God would pardon your sins, and grant you understanding to find out the truth, and continue praying on the one hand, and reading your bible on the other, and do it with an earnest desire and an unbiassed mind, and the result will be what we so earnestly wish. I do not mean that you are to take the subject on trust; examine it with the strictest scrutiny; weigh every objection, and hear every answer, and give on each side the fairest play: if you do this with justice and candour, you must believe."'—pp. 173—175.

Nothing could be more wholesome than this counsel. On this and indeed upon all other occasions, Doctor Kennedy spoke out with frankness and simplicity, and perfect coolness. The "difficulties" of Lord Byron were such as every man feels who has not the resolution to conquer them. To begin the contest in a proper manner, is to put an end to them. They fly with inconceivable rapidity before the mind which once firmly and sincerely determines to seek and adopt the truth.

As far as we can judge, Doctor Kennedy's notions upon the mystery of the Trinity, and upon the subject of Predestination, are equally just and intelligible. We have already said that he belonged to no church. Yet is he as exclusive in his doctrine of salvation, as if he were the founder of an unerring system of his own. We can hardly understand the tendency of his ideas for uniting together in one bond Christians of every denomination, and yet leaving them all perfect liberty of conscience, while he condemns altogether the Catholics, the Arians, the Socinians, and others. His language upon this subject, and that from a non-churchman too, would lead us to the supposition that the good Doctor looked upon himself as the only infallible interpreter of the Scriptures that has yet appeared. He says:—

'From such an union, however, I would exclude Arians, Socinians, Swedenborgians, and fanatics of all descriptions; leaving to them, not only toleration, but perfect liberty of conscience. These people have no right to the name of Christians. The Arians deny that the Son is equal to the Father; although he himself expressly declares that he is. The Socinians say, he is not a divine character; yet these sects call themselves Christians, while they reject the testimony of Christ. The other fanatics are too absurd in their fancies and imaginations to be reasoned with.

'"You seem to hate the Socinians," said Lord Byron. "Not the individuals," I replied, "but their principles. I believe their system a terrible delusion, and that there is more hope of a deist, than of a Socinian, becoming a real Christian."

'"But is this charitable?" he asked; "why would you exclude a sincere Socinian from the hope of salvation?"

'"I do not exclude him, and certainly I am no judge; nor ought we to judge of the ultimate state of any one; but comparing the Socinian doctrines with those in the Bible, the one or other must be wrong."

'"But they draw their doctrine from the Bible," said Lord B. "Yes, so do all the fools, enthusiasts, and fanatics; so the Church of Rome founds a system of idolatry, as absurd as ancient or modern paganism, on the Bible. The Socinians reject such parts of the Scripture, as interpolations, or corruptions, which do not suit their scheme; they turn literal things into metaphorical, and metaphorical into literal, until they succeed in representing original sin, the depravity of our nature, the necessity of atonement, and consequently the whole necessity of a revelation, as perfectly useless. Setting aside the evidence on which these doctrines stand, it is obvious, according to their scheme, that there was very little need of a Saviour. The truth is, the Socinians are all unregenerated men; their hearts require to be renewed and their heads enlightened; and their danger is, that they have formed a false system of religion, and cling to it in the hope of safety. If any of them are sincerely seeking the truth, God will in due time teach them, and bring them out of their Socinian delusion; but those who die believing it, die, as far as I can judge, unregenerated, and consequently, according to the Scriptures, die in a most dangerous state."

'"Their religion," said his lordship, seems to be spreading very much. Lady B. is a great one among them, and much looked up to. She and I used to have a great many discussions on religion, and some of our differences arose from this point; but on comparing all the points together, I found that her religion was very similar to mine."

'I said I was exceedingly sorry to hear that her ladyship was among such a set, and I hoped that ere long she would see her error and danger. "But," I added, "were thousands more of the great, and the noble, and the learned among them, Christianity will stand and raise its head with ultimate success from amidst the ruins of superstition, ignorance, idolatry, and damnable heresies."'—pp. 195—197.

Here is an expounder of the Scriptures for you! Here is an amiable example of the invaluable advantage which we all possess in this happy country, of making a religion for ourselves out of the Scriptures, and of sending to the regions below every man, woman, and child, who will not subscribe to the creed which we may have thought fit to manufacture!

During these conversations, Lord Byron appears to have been usually highly animated, indeed so much so, that it was difficult to keep him long together fixed upon any one point. He seemed to his instructor generally to express his real sentiments, though there never was any great degree of seriousness mixed with them. 'Nor did he ever allow any opportunity of uttering a pun, or saying a smart thing, to escape him.' The Doctor could not have been much surprised to hear from one of Lord Byron's intimate associates, that his lectures had hitherto produced no great effect. "I do not think," said he, "that you have made much impression on

him; he is just the same fellow as before. He says he does not know what religion you are of, for you neither adhered to creeds nor councils—that you were very frank and liberal, and confined yourself to the Scriptures alone, without caring any thing about the speculations of Divines." But the unkindest act of all came from the wits of the garrison, who circulated a report, whether true or false the deponent saith not, that Lord Byron's real object in listening to the Doctor was, to obtain an accurate idea 'of the opinions and manners of the Methodists, in order that he might make Don Juan become one for a time!!' This story did not prevent the Doctor from renewing his laudable exertions, although he ended just as he had begun, "wasting his sweetness on the desert air." The noble adventurer left Cephalonia for Greece, as little imbued as ever with the spirit of Christianity. The sequel of his career need not be told.

Some remarks casually made by Lord Byron concerning his daughter, and his separation from his lady, shall conclude our extracts from this volume.

'"I have had letters from England," said Lord B., "which mention that Ada has been unwell,—she is now better. Her complaint was a determination of blood to the head: what is the cause of it at her age?" "This depends on various causes, and I could not pretend to judge what the cause is in her case, unless I saw her." "Do you," asked he, "think that such a complaint is habitual?" No, it is not necessarily so," I replied. "It is curious," he answered, "that it is a complaint to which I myself am subject."

'"I could easily suppose so," I said, "from your mode of life, and habits of study,—irregular, but intense; and I think I could have inferred so from the state of your eyes. Your right eye appears inflamed." "That is from having read a good deal of late; but it will easily be removed, when I remove the cause. Ada," he continued, "is, I understand, very fond of reading. She lies on the sofa great part of the day reading, and displays, perhaps, a premature strength of mind, and quickness of understanding." "I hope," I rejoined, "that her inclination for acquiring knowledge will not be pushed too far, to the injury of her health, or even to the exhaustion of her intellectual powers, as is too often done by foolish and fond parents."

'"I hope not," said Lord B.; "and I am sure that I can rely on Lady B.'s judgment and discretion."

'"Do you know, my Lord," I said, "that I hope ere long to see the day when your lordship will again be united to Lady B., and enjoy all the happiness of domestic life, instead of following your present wandering and unsettled state, so unsuitable to one of your rank and station."

'"What makes you think so? Have you had any private information?" asked Lord B. "No," I replied; "I judge from circumstances, which I will mention, if they are not likely to offend your lordship."

'"By all means, tell me what they are." "I judge from the style in which you spoke of Lady B.,—when we were talking of whom we would save, at a former conversation,—that your affection for her is not extinguished by absence, nor by all that has happened; that, in fact, she is not indifferent to you."

'"If I said any thing disrespectful of Lady B., I am very much to blame. Lady B. deserves every respect from me, and certainly nothing could give me greater pleasure than a reconciliation."

'"With such sentiments, how is it possible that a separation has taken place, or how is it that a reunion cannot be effected? Under such circumstances, neither you nor she can be happy; and the cause must be singular, which two persons of such rank and understanding cannot find out and remove."

'"I do not, indeed, know the cause of separation," said Lord B. "I know that many falsehoods have been spread abroad,—such as my bringing actresses to my house,—but they were all false. Lady B. left me without explaining the cause. I sent Hobhouse to her, who almost went on his knees,—but in vain: and at length I wished to institute an action against her, that it might be seen what were her motives."

"Perhaps," I said, "Lady B. is to be commended. No wife, from motives of delicacy, would like the public to be acquainted with the causes of her sorrow and grief, in circumstances where her husband was concerned; and if she acted under misapprehension, or bad influence, it was your lordship's duty to have acted in such a way as in time to remove this."

'"What could I have done? I did everything at the time that could be done, and I am, and have always been, ready for a reconciliation." "I think your lordship could have done many things, and some of them better than you did. In the first place, it was wrong to give such publicity to a domestic misunderstanding, by poems, however beautiful and pathetic; but before I tell you what you might have done, let me ask you what would you not have done, when you were paying your addresses to Lady B.? Would any task have appeared too severe for you? Would you not have compassed sea and land, and gone to the uttermost parts of the earth, in order to obtain her hand?" "I would," said his lordship. "Well, and how is it that you cannot do the same to regain the suspended affections of one who is dearer, as she is nearer, than she ever was when you were her lover,—of your wife, and the mother of your child? Instead of leaving your country in a pet, and living retiredly in a country so grossly immoral as Italy, and thus affording just grounds to Lady B. and others, for suspecting the purity of your manners, and at least furnishing strong grounds for the tales (calumnies they may be) which were spread against you,—could you not have remained in England, where your conduct would have been open to her inspection? Could you not have taken up your abode near her, in whatever place she moved to, and so lived as to satisfy her in time, and compel her to acknowledge that she had wronged you, and that she had acted from misapprehension?" His lordship smiled, and said, "All this is very fine,—but it would have had no effect. Everything was done that could be reasonably done, and it was unsuccessful; and I have remained, and I shall always remain, ready for a reconciliation with Lady B., whenever circumstances open and point out the way to it." '—pp. 263—267.

From all that we have heard and read upon the subject of Lord Byron's separation from his wife, we have no doubt that this conversation has been very accurately reported. We confess that we have not been at all satisfied with the vindications which have been

lately put forth by her ladyship and her friend Mr. Campbell, on this subject. The poet put on the airs of a schoolmaster, in reproving his friend Moore. It appears to us that there must have been some sad mistake in this business, from the beginning to the end, and that it is much to be lamented that Lady Byron's family did not afford some opportunity for a personal explanation from his lordship, that would perhaps have removed the impressions under which her ladyship acted.

It is with unfeigned concern we add, that the ingenious and well-disposed man from whose notes this volume has been prepared, died in Jamaica of the yellow fever, in the autumn of 1827, a year remarkably fatal to our troops on the West India station. Although we differ widely from some of the views which he has taken of Christianity, we cannot deny that he in general supported those views with distinguished energy and eloquence. The book though necessarily imperfect is interesting, and well calculated to turn the attention of the indifferent to the most important subject that can occupy the thoughts of a human being. We should take the liberty of recommending those who begin their studies in religion with this work, by no means to end with it. It contains and enforces many serious errors, which it is not within the province of a literary journal to point out or refute.

ART. II.—*Personal Memoirs: or Reminiscences of Men and Manners at Home and Abroad during the last half century, with occasional Sketches of the Author's Life*: being Fragments from the portfolio of Pryse Lockhart Gordon, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

PERHAPS it is as good a reason as a man can give for publishing the history of his life, that a review of the events of it has pleased and interested himself. Such a motive at least is an innocent one, and to be prized beyond all comparison before most of those, which, of late, have so enormously contributed to swell the number of our autobiographies. Few men, we repeat for the thousandth time, of any observation, can have sojourned for fifty or sixty years on the surface of this planet, without having seen or heard something which others would be glad to know, and if this be the fact with respect to mankind in general, it is particularly so in the case of one who, like Mr. Gordon, has been from his youth upwards an actor or sufferer in some of the busiest of the ever shifting scenes of life.

A person, however, who has had the good fortune to know a great deal of the world, will not only have observed much that is worth remembering, but necessarily also many things that belong to the most ordinary class of circumstances; and we could have wished that Mr. Gordon had remembered that it was *not* a very striking peculiarity in his history, to have had a father and a mother,

to have gone to school at a proper age, and to have sailed in a ship when he was able to take care of himself. We can assure him that such events do very often take place now-a-days, and that it is only in very rare instances indeed that the public ever busy themselves about such matters. The objection, then, which we are implying to Mr. Gordon's work is, that the really good and pleasant matter which it contains, is immersed in almost an overwhelming mass of minute details of not the smallest interest. We are not sure either that some exception may not be taken to the morality, or perhaps the good taste, of some of the personal anecdotes. We doubt very much if a gentleman ought ever to feel himself relieved from that obligation of decent reserve, which he contracts when he takes a chair at the table of another. That the unreserved communion which takes place at the dinner table should never be taxed for the purposes of history and philosophy, we are far from proposing or wishing; but we cannot shut our eyes to the pernicious consequences which must arise from an impression, now so justifiable, in the mind of every person, at least of eminence, that he can scarcely on any occasion participate in the hospitalities of any of his acquaintance, except at the risk of sitting for a bad portrait, if not for a malignant caricature. Of all the outrages which the libertinism of the press in modern times has committed, that which we most deprecate is the holding up to public contempt the character and conduct of persons, who never obtruded upon the limits of public life. Men who have volunteered an appearance before the world, must take the consequences of the inquisitive inspection which their more conspicuous station invites; but to deny to the infirmities of those who never courted the reward of eminence, the benefit of their privilege of obscurity, is one of the harshest abuses of the advantage which a living man has over a dead one.

Mr. Gordon's book is not a bad practical representation of busy life; various,—one thing clashing against another, now he is at Naples, then at Cork, back to Naples, and again he returns to Cork, *viâ* Scotland. This species of whimsical rambling may no doubt be very pleasant to some, but the generality of readers, we fancy, are better pleased with more evidences of care and preparation in an author. It may cost us some trouble to search for what is good in these two volumes, but we are happy to think that our extracts will be found to be worth any labour that we could employ in their discovery. Mr. Gordon, a Scotchman, and the son of a clergyman, early showed a propensity for the sword. From Aberdeen he started at a proper period of life to begin the world as a recruiting officer. His destination was Cork, and as the most convenient course that was open to him, he came to London in a smack. The following is highly dramatic, and almost reminds us of some of the graphic sketches in the Waverley Novels.

'The crowded population of the environs of London, and the approach

to it by Westminster, struck me with astonishment; though fifty years ago, there were but few houses in St. George's fields, and the number of stage coaches and private carriages was not a tenth of what it is now. I had a letter to a Scotch grocer in Piccadilly, from a relation at Aberdeen, and I thought it would be a prudent measure to deliver my credentials to the vender of figs. On my presenting my letter, he gave me a great many bows, and when he had perused it, he begged me to walk into a small dark room behind his shop, which stunk of bacon, Hamburgh sausages, and rotten cheese, uniting an effluvia as insufferable as the bilge water of the smack. "Weel," said my new friend in a most perfect Buchan accent, "what can I do for ye, *Captain*?—(this was speedy promotion). My cousin tells me he kens your family—I have several of your name my customers."—"I want," I replied, "a lodging for a day or two, before I go to visit a relation at Enfield."—"An what may his name be, if you please?—I serve twa families there." When I satisfied him, and added that he was master of an academy, and had three-score of boarders, his eye glistened, and he rejoined, "I ha' a relation by the mither's side o' the name of Morison, may be yeare of the same kin; at any rate I would be greatly obleeged if you wud mention to your uncle that I sell tea and sugar, and a' kind o' groceries as cheap as any man within the city of London or Westminster, and wud be obleeged to you to tak a *caird* o' my shop—he'll find it to his advantage to deal wi' me. I'm sorry I canna ge ye a bed myself, for I ha' unluckily let my first stage, and am raither hampered for room, for I ha' a sick mither; but I will introduce you to an honest man, and a country man, and vary *ceevil;* he lives in Suffolk Street, near Charing Cross—but as ye dinna ken Lunnun I'll send my shop-boy to show you the road; its No. 6. The man's name is Mitchel, and he keeps a tailor's shop—you'll be wanting new claiths, and you canna do better than get them fra him—he's an honest man." I had *tact* enough to perceive that Mr. Mackey, from his discourse, seemed to have his own and his friend's interest at heart more than mine; nevertheless I thanked him for his kindness, and would accept of his offer by giving me a few lines to the tailor, and I would get into a hackney-coach, and save him the trouble of sending his lad with me. "Na, na," replied he, "that will cost ye a shilling—keep your siller in your pouch—ye'll ha' occasun for it, I'se warrant.—Suffolk Street is nae a quarter of a mile off." I told him that I had left my baggage in the smack, and that I had nothing to carry but what was on my back. Mr. Ogilvie, a gentleman whose acquaintance I had formed on the passage, and had brought me to town, at this moment passed in his carriage and spoke to me. "He seems a ceevil-like gentleman," rejoined the grocer; "fat's his trade?"—"I believe," said I, "he is a West India merchant." "In ye had ony interest with him," continued Mr. Mackey, "I wish ye would speak a guid word for me. I wu'd serve him wi' his ain commodities, and may be buy from him." But on my saying that I had never seen or heard of him till yesterday, he gave up the case as hopeless.

'The introductory note being written, my worthy friend presented me with a dozen of figs in a paper, "saying, "I dare say ye have a sweet tooth in your head—prie thae figs, they are very frash, and let your uncle taste ane or twa o' them—they are particularly guid for the bairns, and when you come back frae Enfield call in and tak your breakfast—I ha

guid honey, and noo and then a yellow haddock that the skippers wha' deal wi' me bring up." On promising that I would see him again, we shook hands and parted, his last words being, "see fat ye can do with your uncle for me."—vol. i. pp. 72—75.

Our author seems to have partaken largely of the hospitality which he met with in the South of Ireland; he was very happy at the time, and seems to have been very grateful afterwards. No event in which he was engaged, however, and no person whom he encountered, are to be compared in interest with the renowned Father O'Leary and the anecdotes of him.

'Father O'Leary resided at Sundays Well, a hamlet on the river, a mile from the town. He invited Joe and myself one day to share his dinner, which we joyfully accepted. It was on a lovely summer's day, when we entered through a wicket, into the holy father's premises, concealed from the public eye by a high quickset hedge. In the centre of an area of half an acre of shrubbery and flower ground, stood a thatched cottage of one story, covered completely with Irish ivy, intermixed with honey-suckle and roses. Passing through a small vestibule, we were ushered into an apartment of twelve feet square, in which was seated our reverend host at his desk. After the usual salutations, we walked into the shrubbery, impervious to the sun. "This," said the father, "is my drawing-room; the cabin you have quitted I call my library."—I observed, "that it was a little paradise."—"To *me*," he replied, "it is so, for contentment is better than wealth, and a man may be as happy in a cottage as in a palace. The bit of ground on which my nest stands, was given to me by a dear and departed friend, a lover of nature, and of flowers, like myself. There was a *sheeling* on it, but *tempus edax rerum*, as the doctor would say. It was found unserviceable, and my friend pulled it down, and built this; which consists of four rooms, or rather closets *en suite;* but you shall see it, for I am very proud of it. We must first, however, consult Katheline, in case my dormitory should not be in proper order." The dame was summoned from the rear, where was the kitchen; and finding "that every thing was clane and dacent, though not grand," according to her report, we visited the *salle-à-manger*, a well-proportioned room, with a bow window, from whence was a peep of the river, and a view of the city. It was furnished with great simplicity, the chairs and table, and sideboard, being of black Irish oak. Over the mantel-piece was a fine portrait, which on my admiring, he said, "That is the portrait of a celebrated person, who probably you may have heard of; it is Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, and esteemed a fine picture. It is by a Spanish artist, and was an heirloom in my family; on this account I highly prize it, but I am not an admirer of the character of the original; for though I am a priest, I am not a bigot." There were two other portraits in the room, which he told us were those of his benefactor and his wife." The library, into which we had first entered, was filled with books, and the cases were ornamented with busts of eminent persons: two gothic windows of ancient stained glass gave an air of seclusion to this apartment, extremely pleasing. "My library," said our host, "is small, but select; many of the books are the gifts of friends, which add to their value; but the chief part belonged to my father, who was a scholar. In

this little room I am never at a loss for company; yet books are but dull companions, if not relieved occasionally by men. There is no enjoyment in life without some society; we ought to be contented however with a few friends. I am too fond of company; and if I was not poor and a priest, I should never sit down to a meal alone: the presence of a friend is the best sauce to a dinner, however highly it may be seasoned by cookery. If I had the means, I would be an epicure; I am a disciple of Apicius as it is, and you will see by an *omelette soufflée*, which Katheline prepares admirably from a receipt of my grandmother's, that I understand something of the noble art of cookery. Doctor Johnson, who I understand is a gourmand, says, 'that a man thinks more of his dinner than of anything else.' I do not go so far as this, but eating is a *serious opera*. Do not, however, from this harangue, look for delicacies here,—*non omnia possumus omnes*, as the doctor would say; but if I was a bishop instead of a poor priest, you should fare better." During the conversation we had returned to the summer drawing-room, for the weather was sultry; at the bottom of the miniature shrubbery was a kind of grotto, where stood a round table and three chairs. "We will drink our punch here," said our host, "if agreeable, *al fresco*, and be saluted with the song of the thrush and the blackbird, my tenants. The nectar is already prepared, and is cooling in Katheline's well, for she has the merit of discovering this spring."

'"I am a bit of a botanist, and though I cannot afford to raise exotics, I can boast of as fine indigenous evergreens as the bishop. Look at those arbutus trees—I brought them from Killarney ten years ago. In a few weeks I will shew you my carnations and pinks, and my moss-roses; they are worthy of adorning the parterres of a queen!"

'While he was thus descanting on the beauties of Flora, Katheline announced that dinner was served. Salmon was removed by a corned shoulder of mutton, smothered in onions; to which succeeded jugged hare, and the promised omelette: the two latter dishes were truly admirable!

'These luxuries were washed down first by a glass of poteen, (sauce to salmon as well as to goose!)—then came Katheline's home-brewed, and with the desert a bottle of Frontignac. On our praising these beverages, the father observed: "they are all," said he, "from the vintage of my farm. The *soi-disant* French wine is manufactured from gooseberries; the beer is home-brewed; and the whiskey is distilled in a black iron pot, and is hence called poteen."

'No beverage could be more grateful in a hot day, especially when seasoned by the conversation of two such men, and drank in a cool grot, accompanied by the evening song of birds.'—vol. i. pp. 110—114.

Our author returned to England to join his regiment, and staid some time at Bristol, where he met with Dean Tucker and the father of Lady Holland, Mr. Vassal, a gentleman whose characteristic propensity to practical jokes was often indulged by him to the great amusement of Mr. Gordon. The following anecdote, which we suppose may be relied on, goes a great way in solving the doubts which have of late been so angrily agitated respecting the inventor of the manœuvre for breaking the enemy's line.

'This year, 1782, Rodney fought his celebrated battle in the West Indies. He arrived in England soon after this glorious affair, and landed at Kingroad. Our Race-Horse was at anchor there, when the Admiral ordered one of our boats to convey him to Bristol, and requesting some officer to accompany him, I offered my services which were accepted.

'The hero was extremely condescending in his manners. I took an opportunity of complimenting him on the glorious victory he had achieved. "I owe not a little of my success," said he, "to a countryman of yours, who sent to me a description of a plan, demonstrating that by breaking the centre of an enemy's fleet, either the van or rear would be compelled to fight. This gentleman's name is Clerk, a 'squire near Edinburgh, and who could not be supposed to know much of sea affairs; but this plan appeared to me to be ingenious, and I put it in practice with success; and I intend writing to him to thank him for giving me the first opportunity of showing the effect of a mode of attacking fleets hitherto unpractised, and which in my opinion is a very important discovery."'—vol. i. p. 135.

Mr. Gordon accompanied his friend and patron, Lord Montgomery, to Italy, at the interesting period when Lombardy was in the occupation of the French armies. The party were enabled to reach Florence in safety, where our author had the satisfaction of mixing with some good society. Shortly after his arrival there, the celebrated and eccentric Bishop of Derry (the Earl of Bristol) took up his residence at the same hotel. Some anecdotes of the bishop are related by Mr. Gordon.

'In one of his journeys from Rome to Florence he halted at Sienna, and when sitting down to dinner, the procession of the *Host* happened to pass under the windows of his hotel. It would appear that his lordship had a particular aversion to the tinkling of bells. Probably without thinking of the consequences, he seized a tureen of *pasta*, and the sash being open, threw the contents in the midst of the holy groupe! Such a sacrilegious profanation of the most sacred of ceremonies, I need hardly observe, occasioned the greatest dismay among the priests and their assistants, as well as the spectators, who assailed the house *en masse*, determined to wreak their vengeance on the perpetrators of so monstrous an outrage. The bishop, however, had fortunately made his escape by a back way along with his valet, and by an ample distribution of his gold, found the means of concealing himself until night, and of procuring post horses to transport him from the Tuscan territories, never stopping till he reached Padua, at that time garrisoned by French troops.

'A report of this flagrant violation of the most sacred ceremony was immediately made to the Grand Duke, who issued an edict, "banishing the perpetrator from the Tuscan dominions for ever, under pain of the galleys."'—vol. i. pp. 173, 174.

Our author next proceeded to Naples by sea, where he arrived very shortly after the memorable "Revolution" as it is called, during which Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton afforded protection on board to the royal family of that kingdom. Mr. Gordon presents us with a very unamiable view of Lady Hamilton. She seems, according to his account, to have been the merest puppet of

affectation—and to have been so uneducated and ignorant, as that when she claimed the relationship of a cousin to Lord Montgomery, she said to her husband, "A'nt us, Sir William?"

Either our author, or history, has grossly deceived us as to the intellectual character of this celebrated woman. Of the hero of the Nile himself, Mr. Gordon seems also to have adopted rather an unfavourable impression. Nelson he describes as being somewhat impertinent in his queries and remarks, and he gives the following as a specimen of the style of his conversation.

'After a few trifling queries about the burning of the gun-boats, Lord Nelson said to me, "Pray, sir, have you heard of the battle of the Nile?" I thought this a strange question, and could not help imagining for a moment that the great hero meant to quiz me; but I replied with equal gravity, "that I had heard of *two* battles *of the Nile*, and that I had perhaps done more honour to them and to his lordship than any other individual as far as wine could testify loyalty, for I had quaffed at least half a dozen bottles on the occasions," adding, "that having been in Pisa in July, an account had been sent from Leghorn of a great victory at the mouth of the Nile, which was celebrated by a party of Englishmen, when it was discovered that the news was a fabrication, and I got a headache for nothing; but this did not deter me from assisting at the celebration of the glorious victory, when it did happen a few weeks after." I know not what his lordship thought of this speech, but he replied, "*that* battle, sir, was the most extraordinary one that was ever fought, and it is *unique*, sir, for three reasons; first, for its having been fought at night; secondly, for its having been fought at anchor; and thirdly, for its having been gained by an Admiral with one arm." To each of these reasons I made a profound bow; but had the speech been made after dinner, I should have imagined the hero had imbibed an extra dose of champagne. It is very singular, however, that he made the exact same harangue to the Lord Mayor of London the following year, when a sword and the freedom of the city were presented to him.'—vol. i. pp. 202, 203.

But Lady Hamilton appears under the bold pencil of Mr. Gordon, not merely as an ignorant and vulgar person, but also as degraded by the coarsest taste. A dispatch from Paul, Emperor of Russia, happened to have been delivered to the Court of Naples by a Turk, whilst the king was at dinner with his British guests. Our author says, that Lady Hamilton flirted with the messenger, whom he calls a savage monster. The Turk dined next day with the Neapolitan minister.

'The only memorable event which occurred at the minister's entertainment, was this warrior getting drunk with rum, which does not come under the prohibition of the prophet. The monster, who had the post of honour at her Ladyship's side, entertained her through the interpretation of the Greek, with an account of his exploits; among others, that of his having lately fallen in with a French transport, conveying invalids and wounded soldiers from Egypt, whom he had brought on board his frigate; but provisions and water having run short, he found it necessary to get rid of his prisoners, and amused himself by putting them to death.

"With this weapon," said he, in his vile jargon, and drawing his shabola, "I cut off the heads of twenty French prisoners in one day! Look, there is their blood remaining on it!" The speech being translated, her Ladyship's eye beamed with delight, and she said, "Oh let me see the sword that did the glorious deed!" It was presented to her; she took it into her fair hand covered with rings, and looking at the encrusted Jacobin blood, kissed it and handed it to the hero of the Nile! Had I not been an eye-witness to this disgraceful act, I would not have ventured to relate it.'—vol. i. pp. 209, 210.

Nothing, perhaps, can justify such extravagance; but if Lady Hamilton felt, as she professed, passionate attachment for the Queen of Naples, it is only natural that she should have sympathized in the horror of the French name, which the sister of Marie Antoinette must have entertained.

From the voluptuous scenes of Neapolitan Court life, which even the atrocities of revolutionary insanity scarcely interrupted at the time we speak of, Mr. Gordon brings us to the British metropolis, to mingle with some of the most eminent of a peculiar class of wits, only to be found in London.

This order of persons has long since ceased to exist. It consisted for the most part of men, who, destitute of the pretensions of birth and station, yet had the taste to form associations amongst themselves for the most respectable purposes of social union. Our author was intimate with the late Mr. Perry, the editor of the Morning Chronicle, and his partner, Mr. Gray, and he gives us a variety of anecdotes of these gentlemen, and their guests—and a good deal of the private history of the above journal. Professor Porson was by far the most remarkable of these individuals, and the following are amongst Mr. Gordon's recollections of that distinguished scholar.

'The adage—"*sapientes aliquando stulti*"—was strongly exhibited in Porson. He took fits and starts of dissipation. At one time he would sally forth from his den in the temple, and carouse with his friends for a week or two; after which he would shut himself up and disappear for three months.

'I had invited him to meet a party of friends in Sloane Street, where I lived, but the Professor had mistaken the day, and made his appearance in full costume the preceding one. We had already dined, and were at our cheese. When he discovered his error, he made his usual exclamation of a *whooe!* as long as my arm, and turning to me with great gravity, said, "I advise you in future, Sir, when you *ask* your friends to dinner, to *ask* your wife to write your cards. Sir, your penmanship is abominable—it would disgrace a cobbler. I swear that your day is written Thursday, not Friday;" at the same time pulling the invitation out of his pocket. A jury was summoned, and it was decided *nem. con.*, "that for once the Professor was in the wrong," which he at length admitted. "Your blunder," I replied, "my friend, will cost me a beef-steak and a bottle of your favourite Trinity ale, so that you will be the gainer."

'He sat on, "as was his custom in the afternoon," till past midnight,

emptying every flask and decanter that came in his way. As I knew there was no end to his bacchanalia when fairly seated with plenty of drink and a *listener*, I retired *sans façon*, leaving him to finish the remains of some half-dozen of bottles, for it was immaterial to the Professor the *quality* of the stuff, provided he had *quantity*. On my descending the following morning to breakfast, I was surprised to find my friend lounging on a sofa, and perusing with great attention a curious volume of Italian tales, which I had picked up in my travels. I learned that having found the liquor so choice, and the *Novelle Antiche* so interesting, he had trimmed his lamp, and remained on the premises. "I think," said he, "that with the aid of a razor and a light coloured neckcloth and a brush, I shall be smart enough for your fine party."

'A pretty large company assembled in the evening, and Porson treated them with a translation (without book) of the curious tale which had excited his notice.

'So extraordinary was his memory, that although there were above *forty names* introduced into the story, he had only forgotten *one*. This annoyed him so much, that he started from the table, and after pacing about the room for ten minutes, he stopped short, exclaiming, "Eureka! The Count's name is Don Francesco Averani!"

'The party sat till three o'clock in the morning, but Porson would not stir; and it was with no small difficulty that my brother could prevail on him to take his departure at *five*, having favoured me with his company exactly thirty-six hours! During this *sederunt*, I calculated that he finished a bottle of alcohol, two of Trinity ale, six of claret, besides the lighter sort of wines, of which I could take no account; he also emptied a half-pound canister of snuff, and during the first night smoked a bundle of segars! Previous to this exhibition, I had always considered the powers of man as limited to a certain extent!'—vol. 1. pp. 265—267.

To this we subjoin what Mr. Gordon says of the Professor's matrimonial adventure.

'But to return from this digression. The circumstance of Mr. Porson's marriage with a sister of his friend Mr. Perry, a widow, is another proof of his eccentricity, as regards the mode of his deciding on this important step. The Professor was not supposed to be likely to commit matrimony, and especially a marriage of inclination.

'One night, however, while he was smoking his pipe at the cider-cellar in Maiden-lane, (his favourite haunt,) with my brother, they had called for a *second go*, when, addressing his companion, he said, "Friend George, do you not think the widow L—n an agreeable sort of personage as times go?" throwing out a huge volume of smoke. An affirmative nod and a compliment to the lady was the reply. "In that case you must meet me at St. Martin's in the fields to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock," rejoined the other; and so saying, and finishing his *go*, he threw down his reckoning and retired.

'My brother, who knew his man well, though not a little astonished, determined to attend to the invitation, and, at the hour fixed, repaired to the church, where he found the Professor and the fair widow attended by a female friend, with the parson and his clerk.

'The license being produced, the ceremony (a very short one) took place,

when the parties separated, the bride and her friend retiring by one door, and Porson and his *man* by another.'—vol. i. pp. 280, 281.

Mr. Gordon, we fear, possesses one of the most inconvenient (to say the least of it) qualities of a biographer; he is always disposed to take the most unfavourable view of every man's character and conduct. This tendency of his is indulged very often, at the expence of truth and justice, as must, indeed, be admitted to be the case, when we state that, of the multitude of persons whom he brings before the public, scarcely a single one, save his patron, Lord Montgomery, comes off with a good word. The account of Peter Finnerty is flagrantly unjust; and any one who reads these volumes will be astonished, when he is told that poor Finnerty was the companion of Mr. Perry in his last moments, and consoled him in his sufferings at a time when those were far off who had often paid assiduous court to that gentleman in his days of health and hospitality. Of some other individuals, associates of Finnerty, Mr. Gordon affects to know a good deal, but his anecdotes have run the gauntlet of the newspapers over and over again.

Nothing very particular is related by Mr. Gordon until, in the course of his rambling narrative, he conducts us to Rome, where, of course, something about pictures is to be said. To all those noblemen and gentlemen who have been ever inoculated with the love of *virtu*, we recommend the following confessions, which, we have no doubt, may be the means of a great deal of saving to them, not merely of money, but of ridicule.

'I shall mention an extraordinary instance of the *gullibility* of *John Bull*. A young artist at Florence, a Frenchman, Monsieur Averani, had extraordinary talent for copying miniatures, giving them all the force of oil. I had frequently seen him at work in the gallery, and I purchased a clever copy of "the Fornarina" of Raphael, and one from the Venus "Vesita" of Titian, in the Pitti palace, said to be the only miniature ever painted by this great man. It had a good deal of the character of Queen Mary Stuart, was painted on a gold ground, had great force, and was highly finished. I gave the artist his price, six sequins, and brought it to England. When I disposed of my *virtu* in Sloane Street, previous to my settling in Scotland, this miniature made a flaming appearance in the catalogue, and my friend, the late Mr. Christie, puffed it so well, that a certain Mr. F———, a sort of broker, became the proprietor of this *gem* for fifty-five guineas. I thought I had done pretty well by this transaction, until I saw it advertised in the Morning Chronicle; a flaming puff, stating "that an original portrait of Mary, Queen of Scotland, the undoubted work of *Titian*, value 1,000 guineas, was to be seen at No. 14, Pall Mall—price of admission 2*s*. 6*d*."

'The bait took: Mr. F——— put three or four hundred pounds in his pocket by the exhibition, and sold the portrait for 700*l*. or 800*l*.

"Here was I, an innocent accessory to the greatest imposition that ever was practised on the public. As a work of art it was worth all I got for it; and I was offered nearly that sum from a friend, who knew its whole history. I understood that Lord R——k was the purchaser of this beautiful miniature.

'One more anecdote of merchandising, and I have done. At Naples, during the revolution, I purchased a superb Greek vase for a few dollars. I sent it to Philips in Bond Street, to be sold along with some other articles of the same kind. An intimate friend promised to attend the sale, and buy it in, if it did not fetch twenty pounds; but great was my astonishment when I received a note from him to say that he had persuaded his worthy friend Mr. D———, of St. James's Square, to give eighty guineas for my vase. Mr. Chinnery, of the Treasury, also a collector, ran the *contractor* nearly up to this sum.

'It may not be out of place to mention a few instances of the extreme folly of our countrymen, who, in travelling on the continent, think it incumbent on them to buy pictures, without any previous knowledge of their value or their merits. Few of them ever think of looking at a picture in their own country, the air of Italy alone makes them amateurs.'—vol. ii. pp. 21—23.

Our author seems to have devoted a good deal of attention to the arts, and from what he states respecting his purchases and sales of articles of *virtu*, we conclude that he so very happily blended his predilections and his prudence as that, whilst he gratified his taste he increased his fortune. He was likewise fond of music, and being a thorough play-goer, was, of course, acquainted with all the stars that blazed for the last half century in the theatrical heavens. Nay, we find that he condescended to act as one of those European recruiting serjeants, whom the Opera managers sometimes employ to pick up *Buffas* and *Figurantes* on the continent,—an office which, of course, brought him into intimate relations with Mr. Taylor, so celebrated in music and equity. Of this veteran we have the following account:—

'Taylor was perhaps one of the most extraordinary men ever *imported* from the North. Without a guinea or any connexion, he contrived, at an early period of his life, to acquire the management and property, to a certain extent, of the first theatre in the world, and to retain his situation for many years in spite of the storms and difficulties with which he was assailed. A history of his theatrical campaigns and struggles, from his own pen, would have been an interesting work; and he was very capable of this, for he wrote with great facility, and having so much *law* on his hands, and such an extended correspondence in his profession, he did not want practice. He was a native of that part of Aberdeenshire called *Buchan*. His father rented a farm on the estate of *Troup*, which one of his brothers still occupies; and I remember seeing him there some twenty years ago, when I was on a visit to his landlord, Mr. Garden.

'There was an annual roup (sale) of timber belonging to this gentleman, which I attended with him, and there we met his tenant Taylor, to whom I was presented, and I discovered a great family likeness to my friend *Billy*. On enquiring if he had made any purchase, he replied, "Ou aye, Sir, I have bought *twa-three* sticks to *floor* a *chaamer* * for my brother *Wully*, wha's been promising mony a year to come and see his freends, and

* Chamber.

I'm expecting him soon, but I fear he'll nae keep his *tryst*, for he has so muckle on's hauns in Lunnun." "I am glad to hear this, James," said the laird, "and you must tell your brother that I shall expect to see him at Troup House; and be sure you let me know when he comes." This honest farmer's voice was so like his brother's, that if I had shut my eyes, I should have thought myself in the presence of the Opera manager, who preserved the Buchan accent in great purity. He had another brother, a land surveyor, a clever man well known on the *high-ways* of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as joint author (with Skinner) of an excellent book of roads. I have heard that William lent his aid in the compilation of this valuable work.'—vol. ii. pp. 99, 100.

Mr. Gordon dwells at some length on the character and habits of an eccentric person, who was very well known in his day under the soubriquet of Dog Jennings; and no sooner is this biographical matter concluded, than he hurls us back once more to the continent, there to be treated to a dull episode on Sicilian politics, involving a long and romantic tale of a Sicilian Doctor, by himself. Thence Mr. Gordon went to Cadiz, where he arrived at the critical time when Lord Wellington came there for the purpose of consulting with the Cortes. Sir H. Wellesley was then our ambassador, and he, of course, acted as the host upon the occasion.

'A singular circumstance occurred at Sir H. Wellesley's ball. A short time before supper was announced, a courier arrived with a dispatch to the ambassador, bringing the famous twenty-ninth bulletin of Napoleon, narrating the burning of Moscow. It was immediately whispered about the rooms that a great event had occurred, which was soon communicated to the company; and I need hardly add that the sensation was great, and the joy universal, when the details were read; and it was singular that an account of the most important event of the whole war should have arrived on such an occasion, and on the evening previous to Lord Wellington's departure from Cadiz to join the army. He set out at ten o'clock the next day, accompanied to Isla by the whole staff of the garrison, and every officer who had a horse. Previous to his getting into the boat to cross over, General Cooke presented a subaltern officer to his lordship, who, it seems, was a portrait amateur artist, and who had seized opportunities of seeing him in public, to make a faithful likeness of the hero in miniature, of which he now begged his lordship to do him the honour to accept. The case was opened, and after a hasty glance, Lord W. said, smiling, "I am highly obliged, sir, by the trouble you have taken; but I suspect you have made me a better-looking fellow than I am, and my friends will suppose that I am improved by campaigning." He then entered into a short conversation with him, and took a note of his services. "I shall not forget you," he added; "in the meantime," putting a paper into his hand, "keep this as a memorandum of me; it is the greatest curiosity I was ever possessed of." So saying, he remounted his horse, galloped to the boat, which was at a short distance, and embarked.

'There was a crowd round the young officer, of which I made one, all anxious to know what he had got. "A company," cries one. "You are

put on the staff," says another. But the youth, with more sagacity, observed, "Do you think that Lord W. keeps commissions and staff appointments in his pocket, cut and dry? However, I will satisfy your curiosity, as well as my own;" and opening the paper, found that it was the dispatch his lordship had received the previous night—the twenty-ninth bulletin. I never heard if our *Apelles* had any further reward; but as he was an old subaltern, and had served several campaigns, that he would obtain promotion cannot be doubted.* At any rate I envied him the occasion, and his interesting memorial of the illustrious Hero of the Peninsula.'—vol. ii. pp. 196—198.

Mr. Gordon and his family resided in Brussels during the ever memorable days of Waterloo, but he adds nothing to the mass of interesting information which we possess, with respect to that battle. In 1816, Lord Byron, being an acquaintance of our author, met him in the same city, and the short intercourse which they had there, enabled Mr. Gordon to tell some anecdotes of the noble bard.

'As he proposed visiting Waterloo on the following morning, I offered my services as his *cicerone*, which were graciously accepted, and we set out at an early hour, accompanied by his *compagnon de voyage*. The weather was propitious, but the poet's spirits seemed depressed, and we passed through the gloomy forest of Soignies without much conversation. As the plan of the inspection of the field had been left to me, I ordered our postillion to drive to Mont St. Jean without stopping at Waterloo. We got out at the Monuments. Lord Byron gazed about for five minutes without uttering a syllable; at last, turning to me, he said—"I am not disappointed. I have seen the plains of Marathon, and these are as fine. Can you tell me," he continued, "where Pieton fell? because I have heard that my friend Howard was killed at his side, and nearly at the same moment."

'The spot was well known, and I pointed with my finger to some trees near it, at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards: we walked to the spot. "Howard," said his lordship with a sigh, "was my relation and dear friend; but we quarrelled, and I was in the wrong: we were, however, reconciled, at which I now rejoice." He spoke these words with great feeling, and we returned to examine the monument of Sir Alexander Gordon, a broken column, on which he made some criticisms, bestowing great praise on the fraternal affection of his brother, who had erected it. He did not seem much interested about the positions of the troops, which I pointed out to him; and we got into our carriage and drove to the Chateau Goumont, the poet remaining silent, pensive, and in a musing mood, which I took care not to interrupt.'

* * * * * * *

'On our return in the evening, I pressed his lordship to dinner, which he declined, saying—"I have long abandoned the pleasures of the table." He, however, promised to take his coffee with my wife, provided there was no party. He came at nine o'clock, and greeted her most cordially, again expressing the pleasure he felt in meeting the friend of his mother.

'Notwithstanding the interdiction, I had invited two accomplished gen-

* 'He was shortly afterwards put in orders for a company.'

tlemen to meet him; one of them, a Hanoverian in our service, had travelled in Greece, and being extremely intelligent, a most interesting conversation took place on that classical country, which has since so long struggled for its liberties. The poet was in high spirits and good humour, and he charmed us with anecdotes and descriptions of the various countries in the Archipelago and Albania, which he had visited. He neither ate nor drank, and the only refreshment he could be persuaded to take was an ice; but he remained with us till two hours past midnight. My wife exhibited her scrap-book, in which Sir W. Scott had a few months before written a few stanzas on the battle. She begged his lordship to do her a similar honour, to which he readily consented, saying, "if she would trust him with her book, he would insert a verse in it before he slept." He marched off with it under his arm, and next morning returned with the two beautiful stanzas which were soon after published in his Third Canto of Childe Harold, with a little variation:

"Stop, for thy tread is on an Empire's dust."

'I consider these as being highly valuable, being the *primi pensieri* of the splendid stanzas on Waterloo.

'I asked Byron what he thought of Mr. Scott's "Field of Waterloo," just published—if it was fair to ask one poet his opinion of a living contemporary. "Oh," said he, "quite fair; besides, there is not much subject for criticism in this hasty sketch. The reviewers call it a *falling off*; but I am sure there is no poet living who could have written so many good lines on so meagre a subject in so short a time. Scott," he added, "is a fine poet, and a most amiable man. We are great friends. As a prose writer, he has no rival; and has not been approached, since Cervantes, in depicting manners, His tales are my constant companions. It is highly absurd his denying, what every one that knows him believes, his being the author of these admirable works. Yet no man is obliged to give his name to the public except he chooses so to do; and Scott is not likely to be compelled by the law, for he does not write libels, nor a line of which he need be ashamed." He said a great deal more in praise of his friend, for whom he had the highest respect and regard. "I wish," added the poet with feeling, "it had been my good fortune to have had such a Mentor. No author," he observed, "had deserved more from the public, or has been so liberally rewarded."

'Lord Byron, in reading aloud the stanzas of Mr. Scott,

"For high, and deathless is the name,
Oh Hougomont, thy ruins claim!
The sound of Cressy none shall own,
And Agincourt shall be unknown,
And Blenheim be a nameless spot
Long ere thy glories are forgot," &c.

exclaimed, striking the page with his hand, "I'll be d—d if they *will*, Mr. Scott, be forgot!"

'There is a curious circumstance relative to his own verses written in this scrap-book, which exhibits the poet's modesty and good humour. A few weeks after he had written them, the well-known artist R. R. Reinagle, a friend of mine, arrived in Brussels, when I invited him to dine with *me*, and showed him the lines, requesting him to embellish them with an appropriate vignette to the following passage:—

"Here his last flight the haughty eagle flew,
Then tore, with bloody beak, the fatal plain;
Pierced with the shafts of banded nations through,
Ambition's life, and labours, all were vain—
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain."

Mr. Reinagle sketched with a pencil a spirited chained eagle, grasping he earth with his talons.

'I had occasion to write to his lordship, and mentioned having got this clever artist to draw a vignette to his beautiful lines, and the liberty he had taken by altering the action of the eagle. In reply to this, he wrote to me—"Reinagle is a better poet and a better ornithologist than I am; eagles and all birds of prey attack with their talons, and not with their beaks, and I have altered the line thus—

'Then tore, with bloody talon, the rent plain.'

This is, I think, a better line, besides its poetical justice."

'I happened to have a copy of the "Novelle Amorose" of Casti, a severe satire on the monks, which Lord Byron had never seen. I presented him with it, and in his letter to me from Geneva he writes, "I cannot tell you what a treat your gift of Casti has been to me; I have almost got him by heart. I had read his 'Animale Parlanti,' but I think these 'Novelle' much better. I long to go to Venice to see the manners so admirably described."

'A year afterwards he published "Beppo," which certainly looks like an imitation of the "Novelle Amorose;" though I have heard that the perusal of Mr. Frere's "Monks and Giants" gave birth to this lively *jeu d' esprit.*

'Lord Byron travelled in a huge coach, copied from the celebrated one of Napoleon, taken at Genappe, with additions. Besides a *lit de repos*, it contained a library, a plate-chest, and every apparatus for dining. I have forgotten by whom it was built, but he told me it had cost him six hundred guineas; it was most ingeniously contrived. It was not, however, found sufficiently capacious for his baggage and suite; and he purchased a *calèche* at Brussels for his servants. It broke down going to Waterloo, and I advised him to return it, as it seemed to be a crazy machine; but as he had made a deposit of forty Napoleons (certainly double its value), the honest Fleming would not consent to restore the cash, or take back his packing case, except under a forfeiture of thirty Napoleons. As his lordship was to set out the following day, he begged me to make the best arrangement I could in the affair. He had no sooner taken his departure, than the worthy *sellier* inserted a paragraph in "The Brussels Oracle," stating "that the noble 'milor Anglais' had absconded with his *calèche* value 1800 francs!" '—vol. ii. pp. 322—329.

Mr. Gordon is surely the most fortunate man alive, to have had the opportunity of acting as Cicerone to two such men as Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, over a scene of the most memorable interest of modern times. Of the latter, Mr. Gordon speaks as follows:—

'When Sir Walter had examined every point of defence and attack, we adjourned to the "Original Duke of Wellington," at Waterloo, to lunch after the fatigues of the ride. Here he had a crowded leveé of peasants,

and collected a great many trophies, from cuirasses down to buttons and bullets. He picked up himself many little relics, and was fortunate in purchasing a grand cross of the legion of honour. But the most precious memorial was presented to him by my wife—a French soldier's book, well stained with blood, and containing some songs popular in the French army, which he found so interesting that he introduced versions of them in his "Paul's Letters;" of which he did me the honour to send me a copy, with a letter, saying, "that he considered my wife's gift as the most valuable of all his Waterloo relics."

'On our return from the field, he kindly passed the evening with us, and a few friends whom we invited to meet him. He charmed us with his delightful conversation, and was in great spirits from the agreeable day he had passed; and with great good-humour promised to write a stanza in my wife's album. On the following morning he fulfilled his promise by contributing some beautiful verses on Hougoumont. I put him into my little library to prevent interruption, as a great many persons had paraded in the *Parc* opposite my window to get a peep of the celebrated man, many having dogged him from his hotel.

'Brussels affords but little worthy of the notice of such a traveller as the Author of "Waverley;" but he greatly admired the splendid tower of the Maison de Ville, and the ancient sculpture and style of architecture of the buildings which surround the Grand Place.

'He told us, with great humour, a laughable incident which had occurred to him at Antwerp. The morning after his arrival at that city from Holland, he started at an early hour to visit the tomb of Rubens in the Church of St. Jacques, before his party were up. After wandering about for some time, without finding the object he had in view, he determined to make inquiry, and observing a person stalking about, he addressed him in his best French; but the stranger, pulling off his hat, very respectfully replied in the pure Highland accent, "I'm vary sorry, Sir, but I canna speak ony thing besides English."—"This is very unlucky indeed, Donald," said Sir Walter, "but we must help one another; for to tell you the truth, I'm not good at any other tongue but the English, or rather, the Scotch." —"Oh, Sir, maybe," replied the Highlander, "you are a countryman, and ken my maister Captain Cameron of the 79th, and could tell me whare he lodges. I'm just cum in, Sir, frae a place they ca' *Machlin*, and ha' forgotten the name of the captain's quarters; it was something like the *Laaborer*."—"I can, I think, help you with this, my friend," rejoined Sir Walter. "There is an inn just opposite to you, (pointing to the *Hotel de Grand Laboreur*:) I dare say that will be the captain's quarters;" and it was so. I cannot do justice to the humour with which Sir Walter recounted this dialogue.'- pp. 336—338.

No sooner has our author dismissed Sir Walter, than off he is for the last time, to the Neapolitan shore, which we have already too frequently visited under his guidance. With many pleasant anecdotes of men and things, we have in these volumes an abundance of common-place and almost puerile narrative, which necessarily must take the lead in fixing a character on this book. It was hardly possible that amidst scenes so various and multitudinous as those which our author experienced, something should not have

occurred that was calculated to fix the attention of the public mind. But the little of this nature which Mr. Gordon has gleaned from his long career in the busy world, makes us regret that such opportunities as he enjoyed, have been turned to such comparatively trifling account, and that they had not fallen to the lot of one who was better adapted than he was to explore the exhaustless field of human nature.

ART. III.—*Irish Cottagers*, by Martin Doyle, Author of "Hints to small Farmers." 12mo. pp. 137. Dublin: Curry and Co. 1830.

WE sincerely wish that we had the power to place a copy of this little work in every cottage in Ireland, and to prevail upon their occupants, male and female, either to read, or have it read for them, two or three times a year. It would be impossible for them, we think, to become acquainted with the simple precepts, the practical and interesting lessons which it contains, without deriving from them immediate and extensive benefit. It comes home to their business and bosoms; it treats of their various employments in the field, the garden, the dairy, and by the fire-side; it speaks to them in kind and familiar language, directed by a good and temperate spirit, and shews them not only what they ought to do, but how they are to do it, in order to obtain the greatest measure of comfort and happiness from their industry.

Mr. Doyle has put forth his work with great modesty, and we dare say he will not be a little surprised that it has attracted attention at this side of the water. But he may feel assured that there are many persons here, who, amidst their own peculiar occupations, often reflect upon the miserable state of the peasantry in Ireland, and some, who, like ourselves, having witnessed that state, feel the most ardent wishes for its amelioration. Who, indeed, can be insensible to this subject, who has read of the dangers which, at this season, either await millions of the Irish poor, or have already fallen upon them in the shape of famine and disease? The accounts from that country assume a more appalling aspect by every succeeding mail, and unless the charitable hearts of Englishmen once more expand for their brethren in the sister isle, its chances of improvement will be embarrassed and postponed for years. There must, indeed, be much that is radically unsound in the habits and relations of the whole race of Irish cottagers, which gives birth to the necessity of thus making appeals to the charity of England, from time to time. These periods of visitation seem to have come round for more than half a century, with a portentous regularity, the causes of which may be easily gathered from the little volume before us. Would we could flatter ourselves with the hope that the remedies pointed out in his own homely manner, by Mr. Doyle, were likely to be soon adopted!

Novelists generally end their labours with a marriage. Our practical philosopher begins his lectures with one, contrary to the advice of Mr. Malthus. It is not indeed so much the pre-disposition of the Irish cottager towards that state, which brings misery upon offspring. The influence of religion, together with the natural inclinations, prompt him to form the union; but it too often happens, that he has no care to provide for its consequences. Our author, who teaches by contrasts, shews by example the different effects which have followed from the marriages of a prudent and an imprudent couple. He relates his tale in the Irish way, and thus has blended amusement with instruction.

"Ah! then, could I be after spaking a few words to you, Peter Brady?" said old Daniel Kinshella, some years ago, to the other, as they were leaving their parish chapel on the Sunday before Shrovetide, and proceeding together in the direction of their homes, which were in the same township.

"To be sure you can, Dan," responded Peter; "and why shouldn't you? Aren't we neighbours, and neighbours' childer, these hundred years and more? And haven't you a good right to ax me what you plase, when I know 'tis all in civility?"

"I'll tell you, Peter," said Daniel; and if you're not plased, why we won't be any worse friends, I expect, after. My boy Mick has a liking for your daughter Joanny;" (something like a grunt from Peter;) "and so I was thinking, as we're neighbours, and neighbours' childer ourselves, we might knock up a match between them: that's what I wanted to say to you."

"Dan," replied Peter, "Mick Kinshella is no match for Joanny Brady, barring you mane to give him the biggest half of your little houlding, a couple of cows, and lashings of money besides. The best boys in the parish are after Joanny, I can tell you, because they know I'll give her"—

"Ah! then, what will you give her?" so quickly demanded Daniel, as to embarrass, for a moment, his cautious companion, who had no intention whatever of having the depth of his purse fathomed, or of prematurely committing himself in this, or in any other matter of bargain.

"Why, I'll give her penny for penny with you, Daniel Kinshella."

"No," said the other, "that won't do; but I'll tell you what Mick Kinshella shall have, since he's so entirely bothered about the girl. I'll divide the parkeens equally with him, perch for perch, and give him the brindled cow, and the year old breeding sow, and (after a pause) five guineas in gold."

"It won't do, Dan; you must mend your hand."

"Why, Peter Brady, man, you're mighty hard upon me this day, of all blessed days in the year. Where would I get any more, barring a sheep or two?"

"Well, Dan, give me your hand," taking and slapping it on the palm. "Double the five guineas, and it's a match."

Here Peter Brady's hand was seized by his friend, who, giving it a tremendous bang in return, offered, by way of clincher, two guineas more.

"Seven guineas, Peter; that's the sum total of what I'll give Mick, provided that you give Joanny the thirty hard guineas you have in the box."

"No; make it the even ten guineas," rejoined Peter, "and it's a contract; and I'll give Joanny five-and-twenty guineas in hand."

"Split the difference," sagaciously hinted Dick Doyle, who had just come up, "and let us have a naggin at Pat Colfer's, for there's no luck in a dry bargain anyhow."

"I won't break your word, Dick," added each of the old boys; so, after a little more hard dealing, when matters were pretty well concluded, they drank—something more than one naggin, you may be sure, at Peter Brady's expense, in Pat Colfer's little parlour, without altering the terms already stated, farther than making mutual stipulations, through Dick's management, that Joanny was to receive a bed, and some other articles of furniture, with two geese and a gander, from her father, while it was admitted by the other party, that the marriage money should be paid by the Kinshellas; and, what was of more importance to the young folks, that they should live for the first year, turn about with their parents.

'These preliminary arrangements being thus concluded, and the marriage determinately fixed on, it only remained to consult Father Murphy, the aged and respected priest of the parish, as a point of duty; and to submit the matter as an affair of courtesy, (a due proportion of self-interest of course, involved in it,) to Mr. Bruce, the landlord, a gentleman of rank and character, who, a few years before, had left England, where he had been chiefly educated, to reside altogether on his Irish estate, in the vicinity of which he became acquainted with a very charming woman, to whom he soon became united by marriage. From the former, a wedding was almost sure of approval; from the latter, it met no discouragement in this case; and as the young people had long before made up their minds to the match, there was nothing to prevent it from taking place on the succeeding Shrove-Tuesday. It is true that there were a few trifling things to be looked to—beef and mutton, turkeys and geese, chickens and bacon, puddings and pies, whiskey and sugar, and a few bottles of port for Father Murphy, his coadjutor, and the landlord, (whose condescension in promising to appear for an hour or two at the wedding, excited no little vanity in the two families so especially interested), cakes and bread, tobacco and candles, were to be provided; besides petticoats, shifts, caps, shoes, stockings, cloak, bonnet and gloves. However, as there was nearly a day and a half for the buying, killing, scalding, plucking, and cooking, cutting out, stitching, sewing, washing, starching and drying, these necessaries for the inside and the outside; and as Joanny Brady, always prompt and diligent, now laboured with double assiduity, the aforesaid preparations were completed in due time. Fortunately there was no need of an attorney to draw up a settlement; the stipulated fortune was paid into Mick's hands, an hour or two before the priests and the 'squire had arrived, and just as nine or ten pair of young men and women were in view, riding double, and "fiery red with haste" to win the bride's garter. One of the jockeys in this sweepstakes, however, was so intent, as many a greater man has been, on the garter, that he left the companion with whom he started, pillion and all, sprawling on the spot where she had fallen from her seat, and arrived singly at the winning-post; but not having brought up his weight, he was sent back, very properly, for the girl he left behind him. But the secrets of this wedding shall not be disclosed by me. I might be extremely entertaining and communicative on this subject, if

I thought proper to indulge my humour, and could relate many things which occurred at it; for instance, how, when the cloth was taken off, the plate of cake was handed round, first to the landlord, who took a bit, and laid down a guinea in its stead, and how crowns and half-crowns emulously followed, in contribution to the priest's fees; and how Father Murphy drank a blessing to the newly married couple, in a bumper out of his own bottle, which nobody else presumed to meddle with; and how the bride's heart thumped against her ribs when she got up to dance before the gentlemen, and how gracefully she did "heel and toe," and "covered the buckle," and "cut it acrass;" and how Nick Moran's animal spirits evaporated in frequent kicks, introduced among his more regular capers, on that part of his own body which at other times he used for sitting on, and which he would have very decidedly disapproved of any one else saluting in the same manner: and how Tom Duff came for the coadjutor to marry him to Mary Donohoe, although he had promised the day before to have Biddy Doyle, and how Biddy got over her disappointment by taking Pat Whelan, not to let the pairing season pass over, and this the last night of it; and how the coadjutor had afterwards to perform the same ceremony for Mr. Bruce's four dairy-maids and their lads; and how tired both their reverences were from all the duty they had discharged in this way during the two days and nights preceding; and how Father Murphy's watch was an hour slower on this night, just to keep within canonical hours; and how the same accident, as to time, had annually happened at the same hour, for half a century preceding; and how he rode home on his own horse that night, which was remarkable, as he was a very absent man, and usually mounted the first horse that was brought to him, provided that he was a steady, sober-going beast like his own, and somewhat of the same altitude and colour; and how Mick Kinshella, when he was retiring to the bridal bed-room, escaped from the volley of cabbage-stalks which was prepared for him, by cleverly throwing his coat and waistcoat over Nick Moran, who was drunk in a corner of the kitchen, and only roused to sensibility by receiving on his own person the whole discharge of the vegetable artillery which had been designed, according to custom, as a *feu de joie* for the body of the bridegroom; and many other events of that wedding I could also narrate, if I chose to do so; but I won't disclose a single particular that happened, because, even if I had been there, (and no matter whether I was there or not,) I make it a point of honour to keep all matrimonial secrets to myself. I will, therefore, wish all the party, including you, my dear and respected readers, a good night's rest; and I too will take a nap until the next chapter.'—pp. 1—8.

Our author then traces the career of the newly married pair through the first year of their union, which was spent in the erection of a cottage, and in the preparation by the wife of a good supply of strong sheets, and table cloths, and blankets, from her own spinning-wheel. She continued, moreover, in the mean time, to keep her husband's shirts and stockings in good order, and even to increase his store in that respect. Their united fortune, was, under the advice of the good Mr. Bruce, deposited in a savings bank, and although the unavoidable out-goings of the first year

lessened its amount, yet the great point was not lost, a part of it remained and was preserved as a nest egg, inviting, and, indeed, securing future augmentation. Mick went to work as economically as possible. For instance, instead of sinking his capital on a horse, he bought an ass, which, with a little additional labour of his own, accomplished his objects just as well. The furze fences, consisting of crumbling and uneven banks which unnecessarily divided, and sub-divided his fields into ribbons, and occupied a tenth of his land, he levelled and brought into cultivation: half an acre of wet soil, which his predecessor never thought it worth his while to reclaim, Mick added to his patrimony, by treating it in an appropriate manner, and for his plough and team of horses, or bullock, he substituted, under the same sensible direction, his own good spade and shovel, and vigorous limbs.

'In occasional conversations, Mick acquired much solid knowledge from his benevolent landlord, which he immediately applied to practice, to the surprise of his neighbours, who could not be persuaded that he was not making a fool of himself by changing the *ould method.* One notion, however, quickly got into their heads, namely, that he was only trying to humour the master, and that all his losses (for losses they anticipated as certain) would be made good by him. But this never proved to be the case, because Mick became a gainer, and not a loser, by following the new system recommended to him; and Mr. Bruce, on principle, abstained from giving any undue advantages to this man, whom he designed for a model to his other small holders. It is true, that he gave a fair and accommodating time for paying up the rent; and in this way was more indulgent to him than he would have been, had Mick's general habits been different, and his husbandry practices unimproving.'—pp. 16, 17.

Contrasted with the fortunes of our friend Michael, are those of a very different sort of couple, Nick Moran and his wife. Nick had succeeded to a well stocked farm of twenty acres, which, under his father's care, had become extremely productive, and also to a leathern purse containing fifty pounds. He had the misfortune, however, to marry a slattern, who was always gadding abroad to wakes, funerals, and other *amusements.* The domestic history of this pair, has, we fear, but too many parallels in Ireland.

'Nick himself had been always a roystering blade, fond of company and sport, yet shrewd and cunning in some things: a good judge of cattle and a keen hand at a bargain, for his father had been in the habit of sending him as a cattle-jobber to distant fairs, to purchase cows or pigs, which they often afterwards sold to advantage. The habits of tippling which Nick had contracted in his rambling excursions, owing, in a great degree, to a very evil custom among his humble countrymen, of never buying or selling without the whiskey-bottle, as a party, did not contribute any good qualities to his character; and to render matters worse, his wife was a tea-drinker, and a company-keeper in his absence, occasionally pilfering a bag of potatoes, a stone of meal, or a barrel of oats, for the publican, or

the huxter who supplied her with tea and sugar, whiskey and tobacco. The candle was thus melting at both ends, and every thing went wrong *within* the house, and *without* it. The fields in which the job cattle were confined between one fair and another, were poached in wet weather; the fences were broken down, and left so; the drains were choked up, and not cleared again; the crops were half weeded; in a word, every thing denoted carelessness, mismanagement, and want of economy. The fifty pounds at length went to clear off rent and arrears, which had been accumulating for three years, and the cattle vanished also. The last struggle which Nick made to replace them was in vain, and so it deserved to be. He had picked up, for two pounds, an abominably vicious, untractable little pony, that would neither lead nor drive, unless when overpowered by flogging and fatigue, and its determination not to draw any thing was insuperable. Nick, however, contrived to force the animal to a very distant fair, and to exhibit him, his own long legs astride on him all the time, at the green where horses were ranged for sale. It soon happened that one of the Society of Friends, attracted by the excellent points of the animal, enquired his price; but the bargain shall be stated exactly as it was made, in the presence of a crowd of petty horse-dealers.

'*Friend.*—What will thee take for thy pony?

'*Nick.*—Fifteen guineas, your honour.

'*Friend.*—Don't honour me; "honour to whom honour." But won't thee take less?

'*Nick.*—(Scratching his head, and considering, perhaps, that the quaker was not to be huxtered with.) May be I might give a good luck-penny.

'*Friend.*—'But, first, will he draw a car, or little carriage? Thee must engage him.

'*Nick.*—Och! *let him alone* for that.

'*Friend.*—Will thee warrant him to plough?

'*Nick.*—To plough, is it? I'll tell you what I'll warrant—that car, cart, and plough, *are all alike* to him. (*Aside.* The devil a one of 'em will the same baste ever put his back under.) And I won't ax the money till you get on his back and try him, how pleasant and aisy he travels. For Nick knew very well that the pony was sobered enough by this time to carry any person: and quietly and smoothly did he now move under the "*friend*," who, finding no reasonable fault with him, at once offered the sum which, on coming to the fair, he had intended to expend in the purchase of horse-flesh—ten pounds—a very old saddle and bridle included in the bargain.

'*Nick.*—Why, then, if I take ten guineas for him this day, may I be—

'*Friend.*—If thee swears, thee may keep thy horse. I'll give thee no more. (*Going.*)

'*Nick.*—Well, well, you're a quaker, sure enough, then, and I must be at a word with you. You must give me a luck-penny, anyhow, to drink.

'*Friend.*—I'll give thee a shilling to refresh thyself, but don't thee exceed.

After Nick had reiterated his protestations of the pony's excellencies, the simple and upright quaker paid him his money, which Nick might have carried home, had not his besetting sin assailed him in a critical moment. There was a tent hard by; the luck-penny was in his hand; in

went Nick, and changed not only his shilling, but a pound-note afterwards; and there he remained for that day, and part of the succeeding one, until some acquaintances of the quaker, witnesses of the bargain, came in with a constable, took Nick before a magistrate, proved to the engagement, *implied*, though not, perhaps, expressed in the straightest form of words, and obliged him to surrender the purchase money, ten shillings of which, however, had been spent in the tent, where the fascinations of a drunken piper had so long detained him.

'Nick's dishonesty, for such his conduct really was in principle, however disguised by the *trickery* of words, and the character of his pony being now completely *blown* through the fair, our unfortunate jobber had to come home again just as he went, only that the pony died on the road, from ill-usage and exhaustion.

'The *gale*-day soon came round again, and Nick was at length ejected from his farm, and glad to find shelter for himself and his family in a wretched cabin on the road-side, with a small potato-garden behind it, for which he was charged, by a man almost as poor as himself, only four times its value.

'He was ever afterwards, as may be supposed, in one perplexity or another, from his total want of discretion, economy, and self-restraint; careless, idle, and improvident, while his potatoes lasted; compelled, when they were consumed, which was usually at the end of December, to slave unremittingly, in order to preserve himself from beggary; and still there was no trusting him with a shilling in his pocket, although that shilling was earned by the sweat of his brow.

'Mr. Bruce, in the hope of his reformation, and seeing that he was occasionally a laborious and ready workman, often employed him, and he was perhaps inclined to judge favourably of him now, from having observed certain indications of a desire in Nick and his wife for comfort and cleanliness. These symptoms appeared from their having renewed the thatch of the hovel with tolerable trimness, dashed and whitewashed its walls, and inserted windows where there had been only apertures before, so small as to require no other shutter at night than a wisp of straw, or the tattered breeches, out of which Nick had slipped on tumbling into bed; and above all, by their having filled up, for a cabbage garden, the green and stagnant pool which had long been in front of the door. All these improvements had been effected by Nick's energy and assiduity, within a single week, the *materials* having been supplied by Mr. Bruce. The Morans, however, in all this had something farther in view than merely pleasing their employer; they speculated (or rather Nick speculated, for his wife, *sobered* by continued misery, disliked the scheme, as tending to excite Mr. Bruce's disapprobation), on making a guinea or two, and a belly-full of whiskey to boot, by the contributions of their friends; his plan was to invite every neighbour, cousin, and well-wisher, within six miles of him, to a *subscription housewarming*, to collect within his metamorphosed habitation all those who were willing to pay for every tumbler of bad punch, and worse tea, which might be served out to them in the course of a winter's night. Such was the *short cut* by which Nick's *cunning* and *idleness*, combined with a love of company and drink, expected to accumulate what *diligence* and *temperance* alone can acquire.

'Nick's invitations were answered by few apologies: some came from

love of drinking, some from love of gossiping, many from the love of whiskey, which the entertainer's taste gave reason to expect in abundance, and a few, but very few, alas! from the simple motive of assisting the Morans with their money.

'The rooms, kitchen and bed-rooms, (and, by the way, there were three or four children in the measles huddled into a corner of the latter), were filled as well as Nick's hopes could have anticipated; and the piper, and the whiskey, and the tobacco, were in as great demand, as if every man in the room had his landlord's receipt in his pocket, a very problematical point, at least with most of them. For a considerable portion of the night all was good humour and pleasantry; but, at last, as ill luck would have it, Brien Foley, the blacksmith, who had got the *cross sup* in him, revived an old quarrel with Jemmy Cassidy, the carpenter, a man remarkable for his great size * and good humour; but on this occasion his temper was tried beyond the limits of endurance, as will appear in the sequel. Brien, whose fist, in the course of his passion, came in contact as forcibly with Jem Cassidy's nose as if he had been sledging his anvil, applied an epithet so very galling to the heart of the carpenter, as to make him return the blow with interest. This brought on a rejoinder in kind; Brien struck Jemmy; and Jemmy floored Brien; Brien's wife ran at Jemmy, and Jemmy's sister pummelled her again; party formed against party, every one striking at his particular opponent, except Nick, who being too drunk to discriminate, struck at random amongst them all. Luckily for the children, the combatants rushed into the road, which was soon a scene of clamour and contention; stools and tables torn asunder, pots and pot-hooks, kettle and frying-pan, were all in requisition; blows and screams, curses and oaths mixed together in undistinguishable uproar, were the sounds which that night broke the rest of the few orderly persons who had staid at home, and gone to bed quietly.'—pp. 18—26.

The results were most disastrous. Nick was summoned to the petty sessions, tried, and found guilty of selling spirits without licence, and committed for a month to prison, there to be kept to hard labour. From one offence, as is usually the case, he *progressed* to another, and finally was obliged to quit the country. These cases are so happily contrasted, and so neatly developed by Mr. Doyle in his humorous and engaging style, that they cannot fail to produce the best impression wherever they become known.

We hope that it is from experience that Mr. Doyle is enabled to set before us the picture of an admirable country school, planned and conducted under the auspices of Mr. Bruce. Besides the usual rudiments of ordinary education, there was attached to this Institution, after the Swiss fashion, a portion of land, which was cultivated by the boys as a model farm. Their time was regularly divided between school instruction, and attention to this farm at all seasons of the year; and when the weather prevented them

* 'One of those Irish giants, whose portraiture was well conveyed by the following description: "Plaze your honour, a boy that would pull a bullock out of a bog."'

from going a-field, they were taught to use the tools of the turner and carpenter, within doors. In the same way, the girls were trained to the usual kinds of needle-work, to washing, making and mending clothes, brewing, baking, gardening, and the culture of bees.

Another most admirable practice, described by Mr. Doyle, is the inspection, by his model of a good landlord, of the cottages and farms upon his estate, and the distribution of premiums in money, on a rigidly graduated scale, amongst his cottage tenantry. This gives him an opportunity of drawing a contrast, between the cottage and farm of our friend Michael, and those of one of his neighbours. The chapter, in which the opposite effects of the thrifty industry of the one, and of the indolent attention of the other, are exhibited, contains in itself a little volume of practical wisdom.

'On one of those days in June, when even in comparatively rude and unimproved districts, the face of nature has that smiling appearance which gladdens the heart of man, which makes him feel that even merely to exist is happiness—(happiness how infinitely increased, if while his bodily energies are excited by the renovating influence of a cloudless sky, he has reason to feel that at the same time he is dwelling in the sunshine of God's love, and that the rays of divine goodness are beaming on his heart, making his "path as the shining light that shines no more unto the perfect day!") the Bruces, the Gumbletons, Father Murphy, Doctor O'Neil, the medical superintendent of the dispensary, and several strangers invited for the occasion, assembled at the "great house" to breakfast, after which the visiting procession issued forth in all the pomp of visitorial dignity. The list of prizes comprehended many heads:—cottage premiums—green crops—including clover and vetches for summer, and mangel wurzel, turnips, cabbage and rape for winter food—stall feeding—dairy management—hedges—trees, &c. &c. The respective claims being minutely examined into, each successful candidate was classed according to his merit.

'The state of Michael Kinshella's house and farm was as follows: first as to the interior of his house; the floors which had been remarkably well and evenly laid with a composition of yellow clay and lime, was as clean as possible; the dresser well scrubbed, and filled with its pewter garniture, as bright as silver—the tables perfectly clean—a coarse clean piece of rubber cloth hung suspended from a roller for the purpose of wiping the face and hands, before and after meals, a process especially necessary in a labouring family, whose manual operations are so varied and unceasing—the sleeping room, was equally neat and comfortable, its floor boarded, its window opening on hinges to admit the air, its curtain, as well as that of the bed, neatly arranged, the sheets white and clean though coarse, and the quilt (Joanny's patchwork while a spinster) corresponding in cleanliness—there was a decent chest of cherrytree drawers too, and a rack on which Joanny's bonnet and Mick's Sunday clothes were usually hung—nor was the parlour without its appropriate furniture; a cupboard full of cups and saucers, with a somewhat ostentatious display of china plates, broken at the manor house, but ingeniously reunited, and here "wisely kept for shew," gave an appearance of snugness to the household

economy, which was rendered complete by the appearance of two chubby children—the younger one just learning to walk, tidily dressed in good strong linsey of home manufacture, and gazing with amazed yet delighted eyes on the groupe of gentry visitors.

'The dairy was next inspected; it was a very little room outside the house, and with a northern aspect, just large enough for the purpose; the small churn, and milk pail, cooler, strainer, wooden bowl and skimming dish, were each and all of them just as they should be, untainted to the smell and perfectly clean to the eye.

'The garden before the house was small but well cropped, the walks clean, fruit trees growing in the borders, and the young thorn quicks which had been planted in the breast of the surrounding fence, carefully preserved from weeds; carrots, parsnips, turnips, cabbages, onions and beans thriving well, and in a sheltered corner there stood nine or ten bee-hives.

The outside of the cottage presented a very agreeable appearance, being neatly dashed and coloured; the windows of the cottage were large, and a few hop plants and roses appeared over the front wall, nor were these plants unprofitable. Mick had sold the hops on the preceding year for five shillings, and the roses were taken by a neighbouring Apothecary in exchange for some medicines which the children required—the cow was in her shed feeding most voluptuously on vetches, secure from the attack of the gad-fly and the relaxing effects of a hot sun, and most liberally adding to the accumulations of the dung hill—there were two sheep also, confined in a little yard with a covered shed in it, fattening on the refuse of the garden vegetables and clover—a very fat pig in a dry and well littered stye, completed the stock of this improving small holder. Nor were all these matters arranged merely for the day—and then suffered to fall into disorder.

'Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, who had been in the habit of unexpectedly popping in on the Kinshellas, always found them in the same state, they never *embarrassed* these cottagers by a visit, for in their little establishment there was time and place for every thing, and every thing was timed and in its place.

'The field, too, which three years before had been in a miserable condition, now showed the effects of skill and industry, it was divided and cropped as follows:—

Acres.	Roods.	Perches.	
1	0	0	Drilled Potatoes.
0	1	0	Turnips.
0	2	0	Clover.
1	1	0	Oats.
0	2	0	Meadow.
0	0	10	Flax.
0	1	0	Orchard.
0	0	30	House, Offices, Yard and Garden.

'The lower end of Mick's field, which had been so judiciously drained, was of a moory quality and consequently inclined to grass; this was laid down for meadow; and though but half an acre in extent, it produced as much as supplied his cow in winter, aided by the turnips. According to the proposed premiums, Mick was awarded—

For his House and Garden—*the first prize*	£2	0	0
Bees	0	5	0
Clover	0	10	0
Turnips	0	10	0
Fences	0	5	0
Feeding a Cow in House winter and summer	1	0	0
	£4	10	0'

pp. 49, 54.

Let us now pass to Dick Doyle's farm.

'On Dick Doyle's farm there was a good show of crops, but unfortunately for him joined with a large portion of weeds—there was obviously much appearance of independence and comparative wealth about his farm, but at the same time a very perceptible want of *system* and of cleanliness both in the house and on the exterior premises—things were evidently arranged for the occasion—Dick's wife was but half fit for receiving the judges; in her hurry she had forgotten to throw off an abominably filthy cap, although she had a new and rather tawdry gown slipped over a flannel petticoat, the tail of which peeping below it, showed that the garment, of which it formed the lower end, had not been in a wash-tub for many months before.

'The cattle, too, instead of feeding on rich and juicy grasses in the cow house and increasing the manure, were very *unprofitably* standing in the middle of a running stream which bounded the farm, and weeds of every kind were growing in the pasture field. Dick had, in reality, but one objection to the large docks, and luxuriant thistles, namely, that they indicated the richness of the soil, a point which, with true Irish cunning, he studiously laboured to conceal from his landlord, who however took good care to observe them, and also to notice the irregularity of the potato drills; "your drills are very crooked, Dick;" "to be sure they are, your honour, and I can't help it," said Dick, "for the old bound's ditch beyant, is'nt very strait, and I always plough according to the run of the ditch, but if your honour would be after giving me the next field when Jem Cronin goes to America (and my blessing to him when he goes,) though indeed it's but a poor worn out piece all the time, I'd thry and make the ditch something straiter;" "but in the meantime," said Mr. Gumbleton, "why don't you draw a straight line for your drills, and not follow all the windings of the boundary, year after year; don't you know that the cattle work at great disadvantage when drawing the plough in a curved line instead of a direct one;" "why then I don't know, plaze your reverence," replied Dick, "but I believe the horses are so used to it now that they wouldn't draw aisy in any other way, and as the ould saying is, 'a crooked loaf may make a straight belly,' if the handful of corn comes up, it's all one which way the furrows run;" "where are your green crops Dick?" enquired one of the judges; "why then sure I have a fine field of clover forenent you there, is'nt that worthy of a premium?" said Dick, pointing to a field in which there were certainly symptoms of clover, which had been sown the year before, and would have now afforded luxuriant soiling, had it been *kept up* for the purpose, but from the time that it had begun to peep up in the preceding spring, cows, sheep, horses, and pigs,

had been turned out on it, and on this day it was almost as bare and as red as the high road. Dick's house, however, was in such *tolerable* order, that he was adjudged the lowest rate of reward, viz. 10*s.*; had he exercised care and judgment in husbandry, he might have been sure of at least half as many pounds as he now received shillings, not to take into estimation the certain profits which an improved system would have carried with it.

'Many others, however, of Mr. Bruce's tenantry proved on inspection to be much more improving than Dick, but at the same time immeasurably inferior to Michael Kinshella. The last upon the list for a cottage premium was unfortunate Nick Moran, whose house had been so recently trimmed up for the expected remuneration that there was hardly yet time for its decay; the panes of glass were still unbroken, so that there was not need for stopping up vacancies with the remnants of Nick's corderoy *unmentionables*, the crown of his *caubeen*, or the tattered fragments of Molly's dirty petticoat.

'The little cabbage garden in front was yet untouched by the pig, because the pig had been sold before cabbages had been planted, to support Nick in gaol; and the neighbours' pigs and goats had not found an entrance through the little gate in front, because the bars of that gate had been torn to pieces, in lieu of better weapons, on the memorable night of the "skrimmage," and the passage had been stopped up with stones leaving one or two projecting ones, in the way of style for the accommodation of those who went in and out; the advantages, indeed, of this style, appeared so obvious to the judges, that they recommended Nick, whose term of confinement had some time before expired, to *block up* somewhat in the same way, within its stye, the next pig which he might fortunately obtain, as the surest mode of keeping him within bounds, of saving his cabbage plants, and avoiding the sundry fines which would otherwise, in all probability, be consequent on his erratic tendencies.'—pp. 55—59.

Some of the most injurious habits of the Irish cottagers, such as their mis-spending their days at wakes and funerals, which usually end in drunkenness and rioting, their ill-founded complaints against tithes, when fairly assessed and exacted, their superstitious fears of ghosts, and their over-fondness for excitement of every description, are successively touched upon by the author, and illustrated in a most amusing manner. It gives us great pleasure to observe, that he takes frequent occasion to expose the unhappy consequences of religious animosity, and to inculcate a spirit of forbearance and charity, upon this subject, which has, more than any other, distracted the heart of Ireland, and impeded her civilization. Those societies which propose as their leading object, the amelioration of the lot of the Irish peasantry, cannot do anything more effectual for their purpose than to cause (of course with the author's consent) the whole of this little volume to be reprinted, and circulated as widely as possible.

ART. IV.—1. *The Life of Reginald Heber, D. D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta.* By his Widow. *With Selections from his Correspondence, unpublished Poems, and Private Papers; together with a Journal of his Tour in Norway, Sweden, Russia, Hungary and Germany, and a History of the Cossacks.* In two volumes, 4to. London: Murray. 1830.

2. *The Last Days of Bishop Heber.* By Thomas Robinson, A.M. Archdeacon of Madras, and late Domestic Chaplain to his Lordship. 8vo. pp. 355. Madras, printed. London, reprinted: Jennings & Co. 1830.

THESE are two affectionate tributes to the memory of a most amiable and accomplished individual and a truly exemplary Bishop. Since his lamented death the press has frequently re-echoed his name, but not more frequently than it deserves. Whether we view him as a student at the University, as a country pastor, as a husband in the privacy of domestic life, as a gentleman in the social circle, or as a prelate, visiting and enlightening, and almost consecrating by his presence the remotest wilds of India, we have just reason to esteem and admire him, as in all things excelling the ordinary classes of his fellow men. With a fervid imagination Dr. Heber possessed the kindest of hearts. However he differed from others in religion, he felt cordially interested for their spiritual happiness; nor does he appear to have admitted the idea that that happiness was endangered merely because they were not of his fold. No clergyman was ever more zealous in the support of his church; but he disdained to have its doctrines propagated by uncharitable means. His whole life may be said to have been a sacred poem. His thoughts constantly mingling with the elements, his feelings ever open to the influence of nature, poured themselves forth in aspirations for the welfare of those around him. Adversity lay lightly upon his mind; better fortune only seemed to remind him of his duties, and made him more indefatigable in the performance of them. No scholar will mark with blame the few traces which we sometimes meet with in his character of a disposition towards literary indolence, or rather intellectual enjoyment, among his classical recollections. Nor ought it to be said that his life had not fulfilled the promise of his early fame. For although, with the exception perhaps of the beautiful poem on Palestine, and some of his hymns, he has left nothing behind him that is likely to maintain permanent celebrity; yet he has done enough, even in the too brief career which was allowed him, to form a halo round his name, which will long continue to distinguish him as one of the most graceful ornaments of the Protestant church.

The Heber or Hayber family is of considerable antiquity in the county of York. The subject of this biography, Reginald, was

born at Malpas, in the county of Chester, on the 21st of April, 1783: during his childhood he suffered much from inflammatory disorders, which did not, however, prevent him from disclosing, even from his most tender years, peculiar sweetness of disposition. He is said not only to have read with fluency, but to have obtained an accurate knowledge of the Bible at five years' old, and to have felt even then the necessity and importance of prayer. He was fond of drawing architectural designs, for which he possessed considerable talent. Natural history, so far as it consists in watching the habits of insects, animals, and birds, was also amongst his earliest pursuits. It was remarked, however, that he never imprisoned any object for his examination. He was inquisitive after knowledge, devoured books rather than read them, and preserved their substance for years afterwards in his memory. His father, who was co-rector of Malpas, and patron of the rectories of Marton in Yorkshire, and of Hodnet in the county of Salop, taught him the rudiments of classical learning. Such was his progress, that at seven years' old he had translated Phœdrus into English verse. He delighted in reading and reciting poetry, and soon began to attempt flights of his own. In 1796 he was placed under the care of Mr. Bristow, a clergyman, who took twelve pupils, at Neasdon, near London. A friendship was here commenced between him and Mr. John Thornton, eldest son of Samuel Thornton, late M.P. for Surrey, which appears to have been warmly cherished on both sides as long as Mr. Heber lived.

We have the testimony of this gentleman, that young Reginald possessed a strong memory and a lively imagination; that although not remarkable for quickness of apprehension, neither was he defective in that respect; that his prose exercises displayed great maturity of thought, and his verse originality and spirit. He was devoted to Spenser's "Faerie Queene," which he often strolled away from his companions to read, and he was a great favourite with his schoolfellows, from his facility in remembering or inventing tales, which he used to tell them in the winter evenings. He had no taste for critical knowledge or the exact sciences, or that learning which dives into the structure of language. He was chiefly ambitious to shine in the elegant departments of literature. Sacred things he held in reverence, and was distinguished by a purity of thought amongst his schoolfellows, many of whom, we are pained to hear, though composing so small a community, were "habitually profane and licentious in their conversation."

Young Heber was entered at Brazen Nose College, Oxford, in November, 1800. His education having been private, he had his acquaintance to make; but the introduction of his elder brother, and his talents for conversation and literature, soon led him into an extensive circle. In order to make up for the time spent in evening parties, he used to sit up during a part of the night, and would often tie a wet cloth round his head to prevent sleep. He

gained the University prize in his first year by a poem on the commencement of the new century. In his third year he wrote "Palestine," with which every body is acquainted. It is related that whilst he was engaged in its composition, Sir Walter Scott happened to breakfast with him one morning; and having been shewn the manuscript, he said, "You have omitted one striking circumstance in your account of the building of the temple, that no tools were used in its erection." This suggestion gave birth to the fine lines—

> "No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung,
> Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung:
> Majestic silence!"

The recitation of this poem in the theatre of the University, was an epoch in young Heber's life. It surrounded him with fame at once, and it is a striking proof of the religious temperament which warmed his heart, that immediately after returning from this fascinating scene of academical triumph, he fell upon his knees in gratitude to God for the gift of those talents which had 'enabled him to bestow unmixed happiness on his parents.'

Mr. Heber was elected a Fellow of All Souls in November, 1804, and soon after took his Bachelor's degree. His examination was eminently successful in the classics, but in logic and mathematics, for which, as we have already seen, he had no taste, it was not particularly distinguished. About the middle of the year 1805 he left England, accompanied by his friend Mr. John Thornton, on a tour through Russia, the Crimea, Hungary, Austria, Prussia, and Germany, the rest of Europe being at that time a sealed book to Englishmen. Whatever is valuable in his notes upon Russia, has already appeared in Clarke's Travels. We have no intention of pursuing his route on this occasion, as the public have been long in possession of much more recent, and, we may without injustice add, much better written and better digested accounts of those countries, than the letters concerning them which incumber the first of these two volumes. Mr. Heber returned home in September, 1806, and took an active share in the canvass for his brother, as representative for Oxford, but who failed on that occasion. In the following year he took orders, and was instituted by his brother to the family living of Hodnet. After taking his degree as Master of Arts, he fixed his residence in the new sphere of his duties; but before we contemplate him in the character of a country clergyman, we shall present to our readers an interesting and well drawn picture of his life at Oxford, which has been furnished to Mrs. Heber by one of his contemporaries, whose name she is restrained from mentioning.

'"At a time when with the enthusiasm of the place, I had rather caught by heart than learnt Palestine, and when it was a privilege to any one of any age to know Reginald Heber, I had the delight of forming his acquaintance. I cannot forget the feeling of admiration with which, in the

Autumn of 1803, I approached his presence, or the surprise with which I contrasted my abstract image of him, with his own simple, social, every-day manner. He talked and laughed like those around him, and entered into the pleasures of the day with them, and with their relish: but when any higher subject was introduced, (and he was never slow in contriving to introduce literature at least, and to draw from his exhaustless memory riches of every kind,) his manner became his own. He never looked up at his hearers (one of the few things, by the bye, which I could have wished altered in him in after life, for he retained the habit,) but with his eyes down-cast and fixed, poured forth in a measured intonation, which from him became fashionable, stores of every age; the old romances; Spencer; some of our early prose writers; of Scott's published works; or verses of his own. I speak not of one day only, but of my general recollection of his habits as after that day witnessed often. One moonlight night (I do not recollect the year), we were walking together, talking of the old *fabliaux* and romances, with which his memory was full; and we continued our walk till long past midnight. He said that it was a very easy style, and he could imitate it without an effort; and as he went along, he recited, composing as he recited, the happiest imitations of the George-Ellis-specimens which I ever saw, he came to my rooms and wrote it down the next day. He called it 'The Boke of the purple faucon.'—vol. i. pp. 340, 341.

Mrs. Heber's correspondent has enabled her to insert in her work a copy of this poem, which is not without merit. We were not prepared for another trait of character, rather of a more humorous description, which the same authority ascribes to his friend.

'"He wrote what none but quick and clever men can write, very good nonsense: some of his *jeux d'esprit* appeared in the grave pages of a certain ancient magazine, in which he occasionally corresponded with himself, keeping himself down to the dullness of his model, to the infinite amusement of the few who were in the secret. One, I recollect, was a solemn inquiry from Clericus Leicestrensis, into the remedy for the devastations of an insect, which peculiarly attacked spinach,—the evil, the remedy, and the insect being all equally imaginary. Another was a sonnet on the death of Lieutenant Philip V * * who was killed at the storming of Fort Muzzaboo, on the St. Lawrence, (fort and war equally unknown) the last line was:—

'And Marathon shall yield to Muzzaboo.'

Mr. Gifford once assured me, that 'Mr. Higgins,' in the Antijacobin deceived one person at least, who seriously complained of the democratical tendencies of 'The Rovers;' the *jeu d'esprit* from which the last line is quoted, also deceived another; for it happened, by an odd coincidence, that there had been missing for some years, a certain Philip V * * whose uncle was so much pleased with discovering the scene of his death, and with this glowing eulogium from a witness of his valour, that he sent five pounds to Mr. Sylvanus Urban, for the author of the sonnet.

'"His powers of imitation and of humour were not confined to his own language. Once, as Reginald was on his way to Oxford, he stopped at the Hen and Chickens, at Birmingham, in order to take a coach thence on

the following morning. There happened to be in the inn a ball, which not only assembled persons from a distance, who consequently had engaged all the beds, but kept up such a noise throughout the night, that he could scarcely sleep even in his sitting-room. He employed and amused himself, therefore, in writing in Homeric verse a description of his situation: annexing a translation after the manner of Clarke, and subjoining the usual proportion of notes, he sent it to Lord Ebrington, then at Brazen Nose College, who kindly gave me a copy; and he fully permits you to insert it. It shows to equal advantage Reginald's scholarship and his humour.' —vol. i. pp. 345, 346.

The whole of this composition is exceedingly droll. There is the original in Greek verse, translated into Latin after Clarke's fashion, and this is followed by notes dressed up in all the formality of that commentator. Several other similar effusions escaped Mr. Heber's pen, among them a mock heroic poem, the subject of which was laid in his own college. It is not inserted in the work before us, but we have some recollection of having seen it, and of laughing heartily at the ludicrous associations with which it abounded.

In the early part of 1809, he published a poem under the sufficiently comprehensive title of "Europe," which was but an indifferent performance, and has been long since forgotten. In the spring of the year he was married to Amelia, grand-daughter of the late Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph. On taking up his residence at Hodnet, he set himself resolutely to the execution of the duties entrusted to his care. The view which his amiable biographer gives of this part of his life is peculiarly engaging.

'After his marriage, Mr. Reginald Heber settled on his rectory, and entered, at first unassisted, on the cares of a large parish. His first act was to extend through the year an afternoon sermon, which had, till then, been confined to the summer months. In order to devote himself more entirely to the discharge of his parochial duties, he, in a great measure, withdrew from the society of that world by which he was courted (though with the friends of his youth he kept up occasional intercourse, and frequent correspondence), and he made those talents which, in almost every sphere of life, would have raised him to eminence, subservient to the advancement of Christianity, and to the spiritual and temporal good of his parishioners. He became, indeed, their earthly guide, their pastor, and friend. His ear was never shut to their complaints, nor his hands closed to their wants. Instead of hiding his face from the poor, he sought out distress; he made it a rule, from which no circumstance induced him to swerve, to "give to all who asked," however trifling the sum; and wherever he had an opportunity, he never failed to inquire into, and more effectually to relieve their distress. He could not pass a sick person, or a child crying, without endeavouring to soothe and help them, and the kindness of his manner always rendered his gifts doubly valuable. A poor clergyman near Hodnet had written a poem from which he expected great emolument. Mr. Reginald Heber, to whom the MS. was sent, with a request that he would assist in getting it through the press, saw that its

sale would never repay the expenses of publishing it; he, therefore, sent the clergyman some money, and while recommending him not to risk so great a sum as the printing would cost, spoke so delicately on its deficiencies (having, as he said, a feeling for a *brother poet*), that the poor man could not be hurt at the manner in which the advice was given.

'Mr. Reginald Heber possessed, in its fullest acceptation, that "charity which hopeth all things." He not only discountenanced every tendency to illiberal or ill-natured remarks, but had always a kind and charitable construction to put on actions which might, perhaps more readily, admit of a different interpretation; and when the misconduct of others allowed of no defence, he would leave judgment to that Being, who alone "knoweth what is in the heart of man."

'In his charities he was prodigal; on himself alone he bestowed little. To those whose modesty or rank in life made secrecy an object, he gave with delicacy and in private; and to use the words of one who had been for some years his companion and assistant, and whose pastoral care the people of Hodnet still feel as a blessing, "many a good deed done by him in secret, only came to light when he had been removed far away, and, but for that removal would have been for ever hid; many an instance of benevolent interference where it was least suspected, and of delicate attention towards those, whose humble rank is too often thought to exempt their superiors from all need of mingling courtesy with kindness." The same feeling prevented his keeping any person waiting, who came to speak with him. When summoned from his favourite studies, he left them unreluctantly to attend to the business of others; and his alacrity increased, if he were told that a *poor* person wanted him, for he said that not only is their time valuable, but the indigent are very sensible to every appearance of neglect. His charities would of themselves have prevented his being rich in worldly goods, but he had another impediment to the acquisition of wealth, an indifference to his just dues, and a facility in resigning them, too often taken advantage of by the unworthy. If a man who owed him money, could plead inability to pay, he was sure to be excused half, and sometimes all his debt. In the words of the writer just quoted, "the wisdom of the serpent was almost the only wisdom in which he did not abound."'—vol. i. pp. 355—357.

Amidst these occupations, however, Mr. Heber found time for literary pursuits, towards which, from the first dawn of his mind, he felt a decided disposition. He was an early and distinguished contributor to the Quarterly Review. Soon after his marriage, he began to write the hymns which have since been published; and from time to time he practised his hand at verses for music, of which the following may be considered agreeable specimens. The first is entitled "The rising of the sun."

'Wake! wake! wake to the hunting!
Wake ye, wake! the morning is nigh!
Chilly the breezes blow
Up from the sea below,
Chilly the twilight creeps over the sky!
Mark how fast the stars are fading!
Mark how wide the dawn is spreading!

Many a fallow deer
Feeds in the forest near,
Now is no time on the heather to lie!

'Rise, rise! look on the ocean!
Rise ye, rise, and look on the sky!
Softly the vapours sweep
Over the level deep,
Softly the mists on the waterfall lie!
In the clouds red tints are glowing,
On the hill the black cock's crowing;
And through the welkin red,
See where he lifts his head,
(Forth to the hunting!) the sun's riding high!'—
vol. i. p. 373.

The second is not quite so good as this.

'The moon in silent brightness
Rides o'er the mountain brow,
The mist in fleecy whiteness
Has clad the vale below;
Above the woodbine bow'r
Dark waves our trysting tree,
It is, it is the hour,
Oh come, my love, to me!

'The dews of night have wet me,
While wandering lonelily;
Thy father's bands beset me—
I only fear'd for thee.
I crept beneath thy tower,
I climb'd the ivy tree;
And blessed be the hour
That brings my love to me.

'I left my chosen numbers
In yonder copse below,
Each warrior lightly slumbers,
His hand upon his bow;
From forth a tyrant's power
They wait to set thee free;
It is, it is the hour,
Oh come, my love, to me.'—vol. i. pp. 373, 374.

Indeed, as we have hinted already, his literary amusements seem to have been pursued sometimes with greater relish than those of a graver nature. In some of his letters to Mr. Thornton, (of which Mrs. Heber has given a great number,) he describes various literary projects which he took up and abandoned. Among these was a poem which he called 'The Desert,' in which he proposed to give an account of the 'wilder features of nature, as displayed in different latitudes.' He thought also for a while of making a transla-

tion of Klopstock's Messiah. He appears to have employed himself now and then upon a Dictionary of the Bible, with the view of remedying the defects of Calmet. His mind, in fact, was unsettled, for it was much above the sphere in which he was then placed. 'Seriously,' he says to his friend, writing in March, 1813, 'I often fear when I am in low spirits, as is the case at this moment, that for want of steadiness, whatever I begin will never come to any good; and now that your example (which certainly used to stimulate me) is taken out of the way, you will hear of me presently subsiding into your friend's description of a country magistrate,' a ruminating animal busied about turnpike roads! In the following letter, dated in May, the same year, he explains himself more fully upon the state of his mind and occupations.

'"I had hoped, my dear friend, to have been able in my present letter to promise myself the pleasure of soon seeing you and your family in London, as we had been for some months proposing such a jaunt this spring. The building, however, in which I am engaged, and my other expenses, ordinary and extraordinary, unite to condemn us to one year more of retirement. It is, in fact, a problem, which my building expenses by no means entirely solve, how it happens, that with no expensive habit that I know of in either of us, with an income beyond even our wishes, we have never succeeded in having that best sort of abundance, which arises from living within one's income. Partly this arises, I believe, from the habits of Shropshire, where the expense of a servant's hall is considerably more than that of the parlour, and partly from my own habits of heedlessness, which I fear I am not likely to get the better of.

'"It is very foolish, perhaps; but I own I sometimes think that I am thrown into that situation of life for which I am not best qualified. I am in a sort of half-way station, between a parson and a squire; condemned, in spite of myself, to attend to the duties of the latter, while yet I neither do nor can attend to them sufficiently; nor am I quite sure that even my literary habits are well-suited to the situation of a country clergyman. I have sometimes felt an unwillingness in quitting my books for the care of my parish: and have been tempted to fancy that, as my studies are Scriptural, I was not neglecting my duty. Yet I must not, and cannot, deceive myself; the duties which I am paid to execute, have certainly the first claim on my attention, and while other pursuits are my amusement, these are properly my calling. Probably had I not been a scholar, other pursuits, or other amusements, would have stepped in, and I should have been exposed to equal or greater temptations; but, I confess, when I consider how much I might have done, and how little, comparatively, I have done in my parish, I am sometimes inclined to think that a fondness for study is an unfortunate predilection for one who is the pastor of so many people. The improvement of my parish does not correspond to those pleasant dreams with which I entered on my office. My neighbours profess to esteem me, but an easy temper will, in this respect, go a great way. I write sermons, and have moderately good congregations, but not better than I had on first commencing my career. The schools, &c., which I projected, are all comparatively at a stand-still, and I am occasionally disposed to fancy that a man cannot attend to two pursuits at once, and

that it will be at length necessary to burn my books, like the early converts to Christianity; and, since Providence has called me to a station which so many men regard with envy, to give my undivided attention to the duties which it requires.

'"Wilmot, whom, next to yourself, I esteem and love most warmly, tells me that with method and a little resolution, I may arrange all that I have to do, so as that one pursuit shall not interfere with another. I wish I knew how, or that, knowing how, I had firmness to follow it. If you and your family would pass a part of your summer here, you might, like a college visitor, correct what you found amiss; and you need not be told that I shall listen to no suggestions with so much readiness as yours. Possibly, for I will own that I am in a gloomy humour, I exaggerate circumstances, but a day seldom passes without my being more or less affected by them. On the whole, perhaps, such repinings at the imperfect manner in which our duties are performed, are necessary parts of our discipline, and such as we can never hope to get rid of. Do not, however, blame me for bestowing (as Dogberry says) all my tediousness upon you, but retaliate, when you have time, by a letter equally long, and equally egotistical.

'"I conclude you have rubbed up all your Russian to converse with the Cossak; had he been the serjeant who accompanied us to Ecatherinodar, I should have been delighted to renew the acquaintance. Gifford, the Quarterly Reviewer, says all the world are Cossak-mad, and wants me to furnish him with a short article on the subject for the next number of the Review. I have not yet begun it, and know not whether I shall have time. I had previously offered a review of Sir W. Drummond's *Œdipus Judaicus*, a very wicked and foolish book, which its author has, in order to escape the reviewers, only circulated privately; on this account my offer was declined. D'Oyley, of Bennet College, has since answered him very well; and a third person, I know not who, has offered to review D'Oyley; so that I am able at present to attend pretty closely to my dictionary, and to the eastern languages and customs. The necessity of making weekly sermons I feel pretty heavily; but alas! this preference of my amusements to my especial duties, is the very feeling of which I complained."'—vol. i. pp. 392—394.

A little excursion which Mr. Heber took with his lady to Tonbridge, where he remained some weeks, seems to have had the effect of curing the listlessness which was fast creeping upon him. Nevertheless, though immersed at this period in all the bustle of brick and mortar, a new house being found necessary for his rectory, he still felt that he was destined for more active scenes. 'Since our return,' he says to his friend, 'we have been staying quietly at home, observing the small progress made during our absence in the finishing of our new house, and alternately elated and depressed with agrestic hopes and apprehensions, as the weather-glass has risen or sunk.' Again he addresses Mr. Thornton, evidently from his own experience,—'Do not, however, allow that philosophic indolence of which you talk, to seduce you. * * * A merely theoretic life must inevitably grow tiresome in the long

run; and though there may be fatigue, and will be disappointment, wherever there is ambition, yet its enjoyments are, I apprehend, keener than its regrets. Nor is this all; an active and busy man is not only happier, but better than an idle one.'

Among the correspondence inserted in the first volume, there is a long letter addressed to a Roman Catholic, in which the differences between the two churches are, of course, all summed up in favour of his own faith. This is all very natural, and we dare say was well intended, though it produced no effect. It is odd enough that although in this production he attempts to ridicule the idea of solemn prayers being uttered in the Latin language, he had himself the custom of framing short supplications to the Creator on special occasions, and that he has left them recorded in the very language which he condemned in the case of the Catholic. To the Methodists he had a great objection; yet he always treated them, and, indeed, every sectarian who differed from him, with the most exemplary charity.

When not employed in his immediate duties, he still devoted a considerable portion of his time to reviewing, and poetry. Of the latter we have rather a long and indifferent specimen in the Masque of Gwendolen.' We take from the smaller pieces, *en passant*, some pretty stanzas, which he has called a 'Carol for May Day.'

'Queen of fresh flowers,
Whom vernal stars obey,
Bring thy warm showers,
Bring thy genial ray.
In nature's greenest livery drest,
Descend on earth's expectant breast,
To earth and heaven a welcome guest,
Thou merry month of May!

'Mark how we meet thee
At dawn of dewy day!
Hark! how we greet thee
With our roundelay!
While all the goodly things that be
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee,
Thou merry month of May!

'Flocks on the mountains,
And birds upon their spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains,
All hold holyday;
And love, the life of living things,
Love waves his torch, love claps his wings,
And loud and wide thy praises sings,
Thou merry month of May!'—vol. i. pp. 476, 477.

Amidst the great variety of subjects to which Mr. Heber turned

his attention as a reviewer, was that very benevolent and highly absurd scheme of the Lady Isabella King, for founding a sort of lay convent for ladies. We say highly absurd, because there was no vow to be required, no rule to be observed, no religious bond to keep the community together. Had such an institution been richly endowed by private or public charity, there is no doubt it would find abundance of females of great respectability, to deserve and enjoy its protection. But then it would be nothing more or less than an asylum for old maids, or for young ladies destined for the honours of that condition. The enthusiasm and the inevitable duties of religion being wanting, what tie other than mere necessity could restrain a number of genteel women within the boundaries of such an establishment? The plan has been tried, and, as a convent, has decidedly failed. A 'Ladies' Association' is, indeed, said to exist near Bristol, under the presidency of the amiable individual with whom the scheme originated; but had it been any thing better than a mere country boarding house, no doubt we should have heard it trumpeted throughout the land, by the sonorous horn of Southey.

By way of appendix to the first volume, Mrs. Heber has given the fragments of a history of the Cossaks upon which her husband was for a considerable time engaged. It is too manifestly written upon the combined models of Tacitus and Gibbon, and not at all like the style of Mr. Heber. It is formal and pompous, and often affectedly epigrammatic. As to the subject, its curiosity has passed away.

The appointment of Mr. Heber as preacher, at Lincoln's Inn, his publication of the life of Jeremy Taylor, and his nomination to the Bishoprick of Calcutta, are all events of too recent a date to require from us any particular notice. It is matter of regret to us to find him obliged to complain, at the outset, of the insufficiency of the allowances made by the company, to their only Prelate. He very naturally dreaded 'being placed in a situation where there was to be a constant struggle between his duty and the interests of his wife and child.' On his mere letters patent he had to pay an *ad valorem* duty of between two and three hundred pounds—a tax certainly most objectionable. The tributes of affection which he received from his parishioners, before he left them, are extremely affecting. On the 22d of April, 1823, he finally quitted Shropshire; the feelings of the editor may be better guessed than described, while she tells that 'from a range of high grounds, near Newport, he turned back to catch a last view of his beloved Hodnet; and here the feelings which he had hitherto suppressed in tenderness to others, burst forth unrestrained, and he uttered the words which have proved prophetic, that he "should return to it no more!"'

With the general details of Doctor Heber's residence in India the public are already fully acquainted, from his own valuable journal. Those details receive some interesting illustrations, as well from the correspondence set out in the second volume, as from

Mr. Robinson's work. The bishop appears to have felt, from the moment of his landing, that he had a boundless prospect of difficulties before him. He saw at once that the episcopal authority had much to contend against, in the indifference of many Protestants and even Protestant Clergy towards it; but above all, in the number and zeal of the Methodist Missionaries. That he was prepared to yield on some points, and to introduce reforms on others, would be sufficiently apparent from the tenour of his letter to Mr. Neile, the principal professor of the Bishop's College. We shall only cite from it one paragraph, which we doubt not will please the Evangelical party in this country at all events. After expressing his hope that a really sound and apostolical discipline might be revived and established, he adds:—

'I confess that I see no place under Heaven where such a discipline is more likely to produce the best effects, or to exist in its ancient purity, than in a church like the Indian, where pluralities are unknown; where ecclesiastical courts are new, and, as yet, blameless of the abominable corruptions which, in England, defile and disgrace them; and where, according to the hint which I gave you when we first met, but which I cannot now venture to speak of publicly, a modification of our old neglected canons may be effected, in which the climate and the change of manners may be consulted, and a nearer approach obtained to those models which bear the united stamp of good sense and venerable antiquity.'—vol. ii, p. 178.

Again, although he was perfectly aware that most of the missionaries in Ceylon preached what he calls 'the gloomy doctrines' of Calvinism, he did not direct that their services should be rejected; those of sounder views he wished indeed to be preferred, or even those who, adopting the Calvinistic distinctions, kept a 'prudent silence' concerning them. He writes with great good sense to the Archdeacon of Ceylon, that

'In India, where the harvest is so enormous, and the labourers so deplorably few; where it is with the greatest difficulty that we can obtain a supply of clergymen of any description, to administer the Sacraments of the Church, or to celebrate marriages in a canonical manner,—it would be, as it appears to me, most unjustifiable to reject the help of men, who, however they may hold, on one less essential point, a different opinion from the majority of their brethren, are yet conformists to our church, of unblameable moral character, and willing, nay anxious, to submit themselves to episcopal authority.'—vol. ii, p. 180.

The Antinomians alone he considered as utterly objectionable. Indeed, so great was the want of ministers in Ceylon, that the bishop did not hesitate to ordain a person named Christian David, the first native who was episcopally admitted to orders in India. Of the labours of Doctor Heber in India, his journal furnishes the best evidence. Mr. Robinson, who for a while acted as the bishop's domestic chaplain, adds his testimony, as indeed does every individual who came in contact with his lordship, to the fervent zeal

which animated him on all occasions, in the discharge of his high functions. The second volume is almost wholly taken up with his letters addressed to various persons, upon the inexhaustible theme of the wants of the church in India. In the appendix we find, besides several tributes to his memory, three cantos of a poem entitled '*Morte d' Arthur*,' which appear to us by no means calculated to improve the literary reputation of Doctor Heber.

ART. V.—*Album Verses, with a few others.* By Charles Lamb. 8vo. pp. 150. London: Moxon. 1830.

SOME few years ago, there was in this metropolis a little coterie of half-bred men, who took up poetry and literature as a trade, and who, having access to one or two Sunday newspapers, and now and then to the magazines and reviews, puffed off each other as the first writers of the day. The public, who are always easily deluded by bold pretenders, took no trouble to inquire into the real merits of these much praised individuals; they read on every thing that was offered, whether in verse or prose, and, for aught that we know, joined in the chorus of eulogy that was poured upon the authors from the land of Cockaigne.

Among these was Leigh Hunt, Mr. Proctor, better known under the namby pamby title of Barry Cornwall, Mr. Hazlitt, some half a dozen others whose names we forget, and Mr. Charles Lamb, the inditer of the precious verses now before us. The productions of these persons were represented to be among the sweetest, the most delicate, and the most powerful compositions of the age. There was no agreeable or valuable attribute which they did not possess. Some restored the best school of English poesy; some were models of criticism; some taught us the only true style of writing poetical essays; some presented us with the genuine dignity of history, and all had the talent of playfulness and humour, and, when they chose, of cutting satire. The lax measures revived by Sir Walter Scott, in verse, they readily adopted, as being in complete unison with their rambling ideas; the egotistical style of their prose, and its peculiar decorations of figure and expression were all their own.

We were, whatever rank we enjoyed, uniformly among the journalists who detected the heresies of this cockney school, and exposed them to the ridicule and contempt of good sense. The impudence of their innovations had no charms for us; we laughed at the false lustre of their witticisms. The splitting of their thin ideas into a minute number of parts, either through conceit or for the purpose of filling up with the minimum of mental labour the greatest quantity of foolscap, we looked upon with pity, seeing that so much good material (the paper we mean) was absolutely thrown away. Their amorous strains made us sick. Their fondness for Italian skies gave us a distaste for a while for every thing that savoured of Florence or Naples. Their tragedies sent us to

sleep, and their romantic tales, whether in verse or prose, fully convinced us, with Burke, that the age of chivalry was indeed no more.

It is pleasant to reflect, that we have assisted, by our labours and opinions, to accelerate the extinction of all this gossamer tribe of literati, or at least that we have lived to witness their disappearance, one by one, from the temple into which they intruded. Their buzz is silenced. Their painted wings have lost all their pretty colour. Even their slender skeletons are gone, utterly perished. But, unhappily, as the maid whose duty it is to banish from our mansions every mischief-working insect, being about to sit down with a light heart and a merry song on her lip, imagining her work to be finished, happens sometimes to be startled from her quietude by the sudden revival of a moth or a spider, whose death she hoped she had sufficiently compassed, so do we feel surprised at the reappearance before us of Charles Lamb! Poor fellow, he looks more like a ghost than any thing human or divine. His verses partake of the same character. They exhibit the fleeting, shadowy reflections of thoughts that, in their best days, were blessed with a very slender portion of substance. They are gleaned from the albums of rural damsels, who, hearing that Charles Lamb was an author! chose to have a *morçeau* from his classic pen, to shew to their sires and lovers; from newspapers, magazines, annuals, and other periodicals, which, requiring now and then a page or two in the form of verse, were obliged to content themselves with the contributions of Charles Lamb.

At one time, from the causes which we have stated, and from the assenting and thoughtless smiles of one or two celebrated men, this individual gained a reputation for quaint wit. So quaint, indeed, does it appear to have been, that it has not kept. It has grown so musty, that it is no longer fit for use; the days of its raciness, if ever it had any, are past away, never to return. Yet relying upon the memory of former puffs, he has had the courage to believe that the republication of such worthless trifles as he has gathered together in this volume, could set up and establish in the highest rank of the trade a new bookseller. Lord Byron's poems were instrumental in assisting Mr. Murray to the eminent station which he now so deservedly maintains. Charles Lamb, forsooth, thinks that such effusions as the 'Album Verses,' will be equally serviceable to Mr. Moxon! That Mr. Moxon may prosper and flourish, and that every other man who chooses an honourable path of industry may win the meed of success, is a sentiment which we would drink in a bumper with the greatest delight. But that Mr. Moxon, or any other man, can bring honour, or any thing but ridicule on his exertions by appending his name to such a volume as this, however neatly printed, is a proposition which we must take the liberty to deny. What can be said of the following lines, addressed to Barry Cornwall, a congenial spirit, in the way of praise,

or even of endurance? They want sense, energy, diction, ever thing in short that constitutes poetry.

> 'Let hate, or grosser heats, their foulness mask
> Under the vizor of a borrowed name;
> Let things eschew the light deserving blame:
> No cause hast thou to blush for thy sweet task.
> "Marcian Colonna" is a dainty book;
> And thy "Sicilian Tale" may boldly pass;
> Thy "Dream" 'bove all, in which, as in a glass,
> On the great world's antique glories we may look,
> No longer then, as "lowly substitute,
> Factor, or PROCTOR, for another's gains,"
> Suffer the admiring world to be deceived;
> Lest thou thyself, by self of fame bereaved,
> Lament too late the lost prize of thy pains,
> And heavenly tunes piped through an alien flute.'—p. 40.

Certes Mr. Charles Lamb thinks not meanly of his poetic fame, if he imagines that such baby's food as this, such mere milk and water, has the slightest chance of raising a reputation for Mr. Moxon, as publisher. Let us see if we cannot find something better. Here is an immortal stanza written in the Album of Miss ———:

> 'Such goodness in your face doth shine,
> With modest look, without design,
> That I despair, poor pen of mine,
> Can e'er express it.
> To give it words I feebly try;
> My spirits fail me to supply
> Befitting language for 't, and I
> Can only bless it!'—p. 5.

There *was* a time perhaps when such a verse as this would have been praised, and that loudly too. Nor would Miss Daubeny, who we hope has long since quitted her leading strings, have been *then* much ashamed of the following tribute to her beauty.

> 'Some poets by poetic law
> Have Beauties praised, they never saw;
> And sung of Kittys and of Nancys,
> Whose charms but lived in their own fancies.
> So I, to keep my Muse a-going,
> That willingly would still be doing,
> A Canzonet or two must try
> In praise of—*pretty* Daubeny.'—p. 9.

Delicious to the ear of Miss Jane Towers, was, no doubt, the address of a poet who had never chanced to see her fair face:

> 'Thy looks, tones, gesture, manners, and what not,
> Conjecturing, I wander in the dark.
> I know thee only Sister to Charles Clarke!
> But at that Name my cold Muse waxes hot.'—p. 12.

Mr. Lamb has recorded in his own album some traces of remorse, for having wasted, during his poetic life, so many reams of paper. The lines expressive of his penitence put us in mind of those verses in which Homer and Virgil are supposed to have suited the sound to the sense. They are specimens of the average style of his effusions. Our only regret is that the book was not only clasped but locked, however injurious the consequences might have been to poor Moxon.

> 'Disjointed numbers; sense unknit;
> Huge reams of folly; shreds of wit;
> Compose the mingled mass of it.
>
> My scalded eyes no longer brook
> Upon this ink-blurr'd thing to look—
> Go, shut the leaves, and clasp the book.'—p. 14.

Should this volume by any chance make its escape to America, those critics who have any acquaintance with the recent history of our literature, and they are all far from being indifferent to its purity and soundness, will find here abundant materials for ridicule. Well may they declaim on the degeneracy of poetry in England, when they read the trash which is sent in the shape of verse, by one of our professed poets to another—that is, by Charles Lamb to Bernard Barton—with that most valuable of all presents, a coloured print. Hear the dribbler!

> 'When last you left your Woodbridge pretty,
> To stare at sights, and see the City,
> If I your meaning understood,
> You wish'd a Picture, cheap, but good;
> The colouring? decent: clear, not muddy;
> To suit a Poet's quiet study,
> Where Books and Prints for delectation
> Hang, rather than vain ostentation.
> The subject? what I pleased, if comely;
> But something scriptural and homely:
> A sober Piece, not gay or wanton,
> For winter fire-sides to descant on;
> The theme so scrupulously handled,
> A Quaker might look on unscandal'd;
> Such as might satisfy Ann Knight,
> And classic Mitford just not fright.
> Just such a one I've found, and send it;
> If liked, I give—if not, but lend it.
> The moral? nothing can be sounder.
> The fable? 'tis it's own expounder—
> A Mother teaching to her Chit
> Some good book, and explaining it.
> He, silly urchin, tired of lesson,
> His learning lays no mighty stress on,
> But seems to hear not what he hears;
> Thrusting his fingers in his ears,

Like Obstinate, that perverse funny one,
In honest parable of Bunyan.'—pp. 24, 25.

This may be called the Ultima Thule of bad writing. We cannot guess how by means of addition or dimunition or alteration these lines could by possibility have been worse. In different poems of some twenty or thirty lines, we have seldom read without meeting a thought, a turn of phrase, or a tendency to musical arrangement, something to shew that the writer had at least a wish to please. But here every thing is bad. The taste of presenting a coloured print to a Quaker, is atrocious in the first place. Then mark the rhymes—

Woodbridge pretty,
see the City!
clear, not muddy;
quiet study!
delectation!
ostentation!
wanton,
descant on!
Ann Knight,
not fright!
Chit
it!!
funny one!
Bunyan!!!

Here is a list which will form a most original addition to the next edition of the Rhyming Dictionary. Then look at the phraseology, the rhythm, the ideas! Turn them over again and again, and you will be convinced that no ballad half so execrable is sold in the streets either by the *song* or by the *yard*.

How we lament that we were not present when the fastidious eye of Samuel Rogers glanced over the note of condolence which gave the following picture of his deceased brother!

'Of our old Gentry he appeared a stem—
A Magistrate who, while the evil doer,
He kept in terror, could respect the Poor,
And not for every trifle harass them,
As some, divine and laic, too oft do.
This man's a private loss and public too.'—p. 38.

Talking of magistrates and evil doers, the transition is natural to a tread-mill, which Mr. Lamb has made the subject of a Pindaric ode! We shall indulge the reader with a stanza or two of this composition, which, we may truly assert, has no rival in our language.

'Incompetent my song to raise
To its just height thy praise,
Great Mill!
That by thy motion proper

(No thanks to wind, or sail, or working rill)
Grinding that stubborn corn, the Human will,
Turn'st out men's consciences,
That were begrimed before, as clean and sweet
As flour from purest wheat,
Into thy hopper.
All reformation short of thee but nonsense is,
Or human, or divine.

VI.

'Compared with thee,
What are the labours of that Jumping Sect,
Which feeble laws connive at rather than respect?
Thou dost not bumb,
Or jump,
But *walk* men into virtue; betwixt crime
And slow repentance giving breathing time,
And leisure to be good;
Instructing with discretion demi-reps
How to direct their steps.

VII.

'Thou best Philosopher made out of wood!
Not that which framed the tub,
Where sate the Cynic cub,
With nothing iu his bosom sympathetic;
But from those groves derived, I deem,
Where Plato nursed his dream
Of immortality;
Seeing that clearly
Thy system all is merely
Peripatetic.
Thou to thy pupils dost such lessons give
Of how to live
With temperance, sobriety, morality,
(A new art,)
That from thy school, by force of virtuous deeds,
Each Tyro now proceeds
A "Walking Stewart!"'—pp. 72—74.

In this production the great patron of Moxon may be said to have outdone himself. Pindar, were he to revisit this earth and read these lines, would lament that the tread-mill had not been invented in his time. What a noble theme would its rotatory motion and its sorrow-compelling-power have furnished to his muse! Oh that there were a tread-mill for the poetasters of our day! Thee, Charles Lamb, thee, Robert Montgomery, thee, Professor Wilson, thee, Shepherd of Ettrick, and ye, ye crowd of culprits who have brought down Blackwood and the New Monthly to one dead level of poetic dullness, and cumbered the stalls with your absurdities, then we should with gladness behold treading the endless circle! Fit emblem of your own muses, ever straining, never rising, labouring hard, little producing, expiating

your sins without mending your rhymes, and consuming a thousand-fold more than you earn! How far such a publisher as Mr. Moxon ought to be considered as an accomplice in your transgressions, is a question that could admit of no doubt. He ought to be adjudged the greatest offender of all, and the least degree of punishment assignable to such a convict, should be to give him an hour or two in the hopper.

ART. VI.—*An Outline of the Science of Heat and Electricity.*—By Thomas Thomson, M.D., Regius professor of the University of Glasgow. 8vo. pp. 583. London: Baldwin and Cradock; and Edinburgh: William Blackwood. 1830.

THIS admirable work supplies a great desideratum to the student in chemistry and natural philosophy, namely, a complete view of the phenomena of Heat and Electricity, as those phenomena have been detected and explained up to the present time. We may very well say that a thorough acquaintance with the laws of these two great principles is the foundation of all chemical knowledge, inasmuch as they are the chief agents in effecting those multitudinous changes of substances, which it is the business of chemistry to mark and expound. The high and deserved reputation of Dr. Thomson induced us to expect a volume which would, in every respect, answer the description of a standard performance for the service of the present generation. We have not been disappointed. The comprehensive acquaintance of the learned professor with every branch of his subject, is scarcely less to be admired than the lucid and elegant simplicity in which his vast information is conveyed. A child will understand his text—a philosopher will delight in it.

Until our own times, very incorrect notions were entertained respecting the nature of Heat. A vast deal has been done by scientific persons in Great Britain, to collect just information on this great subject, and the name of Bacon must ever be identified with it as among its most useful illustrators. It is impossible yet to say what Heat really is; and the best of our philosophers have not been able to ascertain whether or not Heat be an original and independent principle, or merely an attribute dependent on the existence of the matter with which it is found allied. Dr. Thomson, we hope, goes too far when he says that 'all the knowledge which we possess, or *can ever acquire*, respecting Heat, is that of the different effects which it produces upon bodies.' Who, fifty years ago, would have supposed that a generation such as the present one, was so near at hand, which would take the liberty of superseding the winds of heaven—those venerable and worshipped controulers of navigation,—and would choose to be steered right and left, for pleasure or commerce, by the vapour of a tea-kettle? Many have been the futile attempts to place limits to the progress

of discovery; nor should we be in the least surprised that Dr. Thomson, one day or another, by finding out the exact principle of Heat, should raise a laugh in the scientific world, against the temerity of his own predictions. One of the principal effects of Heat is that of expanding bodies, whether solid, liquid, or in a gaseous state. With this branch of the subject of heat, is connected, of course, the thermometer, of the history of which we have an excellent account by Dr. Thomson.

'The invention of the thermometer, like that of gunpowder, is involved in considerable obscurity. Drebbel, a physician at Alkmaer in Holland, is stated by Boerhaave to have made thermometers about the beginning of the 17th century. Sanctorio, the celebrated founder of statical medicine, who was a professor at Padua at the commencent of the 17th century, lays claim to the invention of the thermometer. And this claim is sanctioned by Borelli, who gives us an engraving, together with a description of the original thermometer of Sanctorio. Malpighi, also, who was a professor at Pisa, and the intimate friend of Borelli, ascribes in his posthumous works the original invention of the thermometer to Sanctorio. These testimonies are sufficient to satisfy us that Sanctorio was the first person who thought of constructing a thermometer, at least in Italy, which was at that period the peculiar seat of the sciences.

'Sanctorio's thermometer was merely a glass tube with a ball blown at the extremity, the open end of which, after the air had been somewhat rarefied, was plunged into a coloured liquid. When the air cooled it resumed its original bulk nearly, and a portion of the coloured liquid rose in the tube. This tube was divided into a number of equal portions, called degrees. When the temperature of this tube was raised, the air in it expanded, and the coloured liquid sank in the tube. When its temperature was lowered, the bulk of the air diminished, and the coloured liquid rose in the tube. The number of degrees which the coloured liquid rose or fell indicated the change of temperature. Thus Sanctorio's instrument was what is called an air thermometer; the changes of temperature being indicated by the alterations in the volume of the air confined in the tube. As the tube was plunged into an open dish filled with coloured liquid, it is evident that the rise and fall of that liquid would be affected not merely by alterations in the temperature, but also by all changes in the density of the atmosphere. When the barometer stood high, the liquid would be more elevated in the tube than when the barometer was low, even supposing no alterations in the temperature.

'The Florentine academicians about the middle of the 17th century made the first improvement on thermometers. They employed a long glass tube, blown at one extremity into a ball, which they filled up to a certain mark in the tube with spirit of wine. The extremity of the tube was then sealed hermetically, by melting it by a blowpipe. The tube was afterwards divided into 100 equal parts, called degrees, by means of small particles of white enamel. Boyle claims for himself the merit of first introducing such sealed instruments into England. At first, he says, no one would believe that a liquid would expand and contract in a tube hermetically sealed. But he convinced himself of the fact by actual trial, and was still farther

satisfied by the sight of a small thermometer constructed in this way from Florence.

'About the beginning of the 18th century, Mr. Fahrenheit, originally a merchant in Dantzic, who, after failing in business, settled at Amsterdam as a thermometer maker, substituted mercury for spirit of wine, and greatly diminished the size of the tube and the bulb. This rendered the instrument capable of measuring much higher degrees of temperature; for mercury does not boil till raised to a much higher temperature than spirit of wine.

'The instrument, as originally made, laboured under a great defect, and many years elapsed before philosophers thought of the proper remedy. No two instruments agreed with each other. The scale of degrees applied to the tube was quite arbitrary. It was differently constructed and differently applied in every thermometer; and experiments made with one could not be usually compared with those made with another.

'The most important improvement in these instruments was the contrivance of a method of applying their scales so as to make them agree with each other when exposed to the same temperature, whatever that may be. This was attempted by different methods in different parts of Europe, till at last one was hit upon so superior to all the rest, that it was soon universally employed.

'Sir Isaac Newton seems to have first proposed this method; and Fahrenheit was probably the first thermometer maker that put it into practice. It is founded on two discoveries made by Dr. Hooke. The first in 1664, the second in 1684. It was observed by Dr. Hooke that water is changed into ice when cooled down to a particular temperature, and that this temperature remains the same all the time that the water is changing into ice, or the ice into water. If we take a thermometer and plunge it into melting snow, taking care that the ball be completely covered, the quicksilver will be contracted by the cold and descend in the tube. It will at last stop and continue at the same place so long as any considerable part of the snow remains unmelted. If we now mark the part of the tube at which the mercury stopped, and repeat the experiment with the same thermometer however often, and at places and times however distant, the result will always be the same, the mercury will always descend to the same part of the tube to which it descended the first time, and will remain stationary there so long as any considerable part of the snow remains unmelted. This shows that melting snow is always equally cold, or has the power of reducing the thermometer to one steady density, which may be called the *melting snow expansion* of the quicksilver.

'The second discovery of Dr. Hooke was of a similar nature. He found that other things being the same, water always begins to boil at the same temperature. If, therefore, we take the thermometer used in the preceding experiments, immerse it in boiling water, or surround it with steam, and keep the liquor boiling around it for some time, the mercury will ascend to a certain point in the tube, and however long we continue to boil the water, it will ascend no higher. If we mark the part of the tube to which the mercury rose, and afterwards repeat the experiment ever so often in places of the same height above the surface of the sea, and when the height of the barometer is the same, the mercury will always rise to the same point as the first time. Thus boiling water has the power of bringing

mercury to another determinate state of expansion, which may be called the *boiling water expansion* of mercury.'—pp. 36—41.

The following practical observations deserve the attention of every man who uses a thermometer:

'The thermometer merely indicates the change of temperature which it undergoes itself, when applied to a hot or cold body. It will not give us a direct idea of the temperature of another body into which we plunge it, unless it bears a very small ratio in point of size to that of the body under examination. We must wait for some time till the thermometer become stationary before we draw our conclusion. If the temperature of the body examined be undergoing alteration, (either augmenting or diminishing,) the size of the thermometer applied ought to be very small, that it may acquire the temperature of the body to which it is applied as rapidly as possible. Indeed, if the thermometer be of a considerable size, it will never indicate the maximum temperature of a body, provided that temperature be of short duration. I suspended a very large and a very small thermometer near each other in a north exposure, and shaded from the sun, to determine the summer temperature of Glasgow; and I almost constantly found the small thermometer a degree or two higher than the large one, about the time of the day when the temperature was highest, and a degree or two lower when the temperature was coldest. The mean temperature of the day indicated by each thermometer corresponded, but the extremes differed several degrees.

'The temperatures which we can measure by a mercurial thermometer are confined within narrow limits. For mercury freezes at about 39° below zero, and boils at 660°. Hence we cannot employ it to measure greater heats than 660°, nor greater degrees of cold than 39°. Yet many temperatures connected with our most common processes are much higher than 660°. The heat of a common fire, the temperature at which silver, copper, and gold melts, and many other such points, offer familiar examples.'—pp. 49—50.

The *radiation* of heat is admirably explained in this volume. We need scarcely say that this property is no more than the power which heat has of passing off from the surfaces of bodies in straight lines. The subject is one which interests us all, since it explains many of the natural phenomena by which our curiosity is arrested, or from which, in our imperfect state on this earth, we derive a great deal of benefit. The phenomena of *dew* is referable to this property of heat, and the manner of its formation is too well stated by Dr. Thomson to allow us to pass it by.

'To understand the way in which dew is formed it is necessary to know that water is capable of being converted into vapour at all temperatures from 32 to 212°. Hence the atmosphere is seldom or never destitute of aqueous vapour. But the absolute quantity that can exist depends upon the temperature. At 32° it can contain only $\frac{1}{130}$th of its volume of vapour, while at 52° it can contain $\frac{1}{86}$th of its volume. When air containing vapour diminishes in its temperature, a portion of its vapour is usually condensed into water. The amount of the diminution of temperature necessary to cause air to deposit moisture depends upon the quantity of

vapour which it contains. If the quantity be as great as can exist at the given temperature, then the smallest diminution of temperature will occasion the deposition of humidity. But if air at 72° contain only as much vapour as it can retain at the temperature of 52°, it is obvious that it must be cooled below 52° before it begin to deposit moisture.

'During the day a good deal of water is converted into vapour from the surface of lakes, seas, and rivers, and from the earth itself, and mixes with the atmosphere. The temperature of the atmosphere usually sinks considerably after sunset, and is often 20° or 30° colder than at the hottest part of the day. Hence it must approach much nearer the point of depositing moisture than during the day. The greatest difference between the temperature of day and night takes place in this country in spring and autumn, and these are the seasons in which the most abundant dews are usally deposited. Dewy nights are usually clear. On cloudy nights dew seldom falls.

'Many years ago, a curious set of experiments on dew was made by M. Dufay. He placed a glass cup in the middle of a silver basin, and left both in the open air during a dewy night. Next morning the silver basin was found dry; but the glass cup was wet with dew. When the experiment was reversed by placing a silver cup in the middle of a glass basin, the glass was still moist and the silver dry. These and many other similar experiments, remained unexplained till Dr. Wells turned his attention to the subject. It is only necessary to say that the metals are bad radiators of heat, while glass is a good radiator. Hence in a cloudless night the temperature of the glass exposed to the aspect of the sky will sink much lower than that of metals. It will cool the air in its neighbourhood more, and of course dew will be deposited on it in preference. Dr. Wells found, as Mr. Six had done before him, that a thermometer laid on a grass plot in a clear night sunk 6°, 8°, 13°, or even 20° lower than a thermometer hung at some height from the ground. Because grass radiates heat well. In short, dew is deposited on those substances which radiate heat well, while it avoids, for an obvious reason, all bad radiators. These depositions do not take place on cloudy nights, because clouds radiate the heat back again, and thus prevent the temperature of good radiators from sinking much below that of the atmosphere.

'In frosty weather moisture is almost always condensed upon the inside of the windows of our apartments (during the night when the room is without fire), in the form of dew or hoar frost. The glass being a good radiator, is speedily cooled below the temperature of the room. Vapour from the air in the apartment is consequently condensed upon it, and it assumes the form of dew or hoar frost according to the temperature of the glass. This condensation is much more abundant when the window shutters are closed than when they are left open. Because in the latter case the radiation from the different parts of the room upon the window, supplies a considerable portion of the heat radiated by the glass, and prevents the temperature from sinking so low.'—pp. 165—168.

Under the head of "Fluidity," the author treats of frigorific mixtures. It is pleasant to know that in the midst of summer, cold liquids may be produced sufficient for all domestic purposes, without the aid of preserved ice or snow. The principle on which this artificial cold may be obtained, is the expeditious solution

of any salt which contains a great deal of water of crystallization. The common Glauber salts, (sulphate of soda), which may be had for a few pence a pound, is the best and the readiest salt we know of for the purpose of producing cold in summer. Suppose a person desires to cool a bottle of wine in summer to the temperature at which it should properly be drunk. Ice, we do not hesitate to say, is totally inadmissible. It is now exploded in the best companies, as being too cold, harsh, and too often actually decomposing the wine. A mixture that will reduce the temperature of wine *fifty* degrees below what it stands at in our cellars, ought to satisfy the coolest patron of the juice of the grape that ever gloried in a rubicund cheek. This mixture he can easily obtain by following this recipe. Take of Glauber salt two ounces, one drachm, and one scruple—(one pennyworth); of sulphuric acid, *undiluted*, which can be weighed in a bottle, one ounce and a scruple—(one pennyworth also); of water, which should also be weighed, five drachms, one scruple, and thirteen grains. These proportions should be accurately attended to, as the least variation in them will be attended with a great difference in the result. First mix the sulphuric acid and the water together, and since this process will cause a great deal of sensible heat, wait until the mixture becomes perfectly cool. When it is cool, then, and not until then, pound the salts so as to reduce it to a powder, which should be done as soon as possible, and then throw it into the mixture, which will soon become very cold. Such a preparation as this is the best that wine can be subjected to in order to free it from the ill effects of a badly constructed cellar.

The chapter on vaporization is full of interest; and the principle on which it is produced, the more deserves our attention, since it serves to explain natural phenomena which occur at certain seasons of the year before our eyes every day. Dr. Thomson's observations on this subject will be admitted to be curious and important.

'Every body knows that water evaporates at all temperatures, however low. After a heavy fall of rain the roads become deep, and the country becomes studded with little ponds of water. But after a few days or weeks of fair weather, the roads get dry and dusty, and the little ponds of water disappear. And this takes place not only in summer but even in winter, when the weather happens to continue dry for some time. The Mediterranean sea receives many very large rivers. The Nile, the Po, the Rhone, the Ebro, the Danube, the Nieper, the Don, and many other rivers of smaller extent empty themselves either directly into the Mediterranean or into the seas connected with it, and constituting as it were a part of this great inland ocean. Yet notwithstanding this great and regular influx of water, this sea not only does not increase in size; but a constant current sets in from the Atlantic through the Straits of Gibraltar. An evident proof that the natural evaporation from the surface of the Mediterranean, is more than sufficient to dissipate all the water thrown into it from a vast tract of Europe and Africa.'—p. 241.

But the importance of this spontaneous evaporation ought to be duly appreciated. Dr. Thomson says—

'The property which water has of evaporating spontaneously at all temperatures, is one of the most important in the whole economy of nature. For upon it the growth of plants, and the existence of living creatures upon the earth, depends. The vapours thus continually rising, not merely from the surface of the sea, lakes, and rivers, but also from the dry land, are again condensed and fall in the state of rain or dew. The rain penetrates into the earth, and makes its way out again in springs. These collecting together constitute rivers, which making their way to the sea, afford the means of living and enjoyment to numerous tribes and languages which occupy their banks. Let us suppose for a moment that this spontaneous evaporation were to cease, and let us contemplate the consequences. No more rain or dew could fall, the springs would cease to flow, the rivers would be dried up; the whole water in the globe would be accumulated in the ocean; the earth would become dry and parched; vegetables being deprived of moisture, could no longer continue to grow; the cattle and beasts of every kind would lack their usual food; man himself would perish; the earth would become a dull, inanimate, steril mass, without any vegetables to embellish its surface, or any living creature to wander through its frightful deserts.

'If the atmosphere contained no vapour whatever, the annual evaporation from the surface of water could easily be determined from the data already stated in this section, provided we were acquainted with the mean temperature of the place. But as the atmosphere is never free from vapour, we must either determine the mean quantity present by trial, or determine the actual evaporation by experiment. Now as far as evaporation is concerned, the surface of the globe presents three principal varieties; namely, water, ground covered with grass or other vegetables, and bare soil.

'Dr. Dobson made a set of experiments during the years 1772, 1773, 1774, and 1775, to determine the evaporation from the surface of water at Liverpool during these years. He took a cylindrical vessel of twelve inches diameter, and having nearly filled it with water, exposed it beside a rain gauge of the same aperture, and by adding water, or removing it occasionally, he kept the surface at nearly the same height. By carefully registering the quantities added or taken away, and comparing them with the rain that fell, the amount of evaporation was ascertained. The mean annual evaporation from the surface of water at Liverpool amounted to 36·78 inches. The mean annual fall of rain at Liverpool, as ascertained by Dr. Dobson, is (without reckoning the dew) 37·48 inches. We see at once from this that more rain falls at Liverpool than can be accounted for by the evaporation. Consequently there must be a supply of vapour from the sea, and probably from the warmer regions of the globe.

'A set of experiments upon the evaporation from ground covered with vegetables and from bare soil was made by Mr. Thomas Hoyle and Mr. Dalton, at Manchester, during the years 1796, 1797, 1798. They got a cylindrical vessel of tinned iron, ten inches in diameter, and three feet deep. There were inserted into it two pipes turned downwards for the water to run off from it into bottles. One of these pipes was near the bottom of the vessel, the other was an inch from the top. This vessel was filled up for a few inches with gravel and sand, and all the rest of it with

good fresh soil. It was then put into a hole in the ground, and the space around filled up with earth, except on one side for the convenience of putting bottles to the two pipes. Water was poured on to sadden the earth, and as much as would was suffered to run through without notice, by which the earth might be considered as saturated with water. For some weeks the soil was constantly above the level of the upper pipe, but latterly it was always a little below it,; which made it impossible for any water to run through the upper pipe. For the first year the soil at top was bare, but during the last two years it was covered with grass the same as a green field. Things being thus circumstanced, a regular register was kept of the quantity of rain water that ran off from the surface of the earth by the upper pipe (while that took place,) and also of the quantity which sunk down through the three feet of earth, and ran out through the lower pipe. A rain gauge of the same diameter was kept close by to find the quantity of rain for any corresponding time. By this apparatus the quantity evaporated from the earth in the vessel during three years was ascertained. The annual evaporation was 25·158 inches. Now, if to the rain we add five inches for dew (not reckoned in Mr. Dalton's observations), it follows that the mean annual evaporation from earth at Manchester, amounts to thirty inches. It follows, likewise, from these observations of Dalton and Hoyle, that there is but little difference between the evaporation from *green soil* and bare soil. For the evaporation during the first year, when the soil in the vessel was bare, differed but little from that of the two following years when it was covered with grass.'—pp. 259—262.

Dr. Thomson now thinks it necessary to inquire how far the rain and the dew correspond with this evaporation. The mean fall of rain over all Great Britain, he estimates at less than thirty-six inches; the mean evaporation being assumed to be thirty-two inches; the remaining four inches, which are not elevated in the state of vapour, he calculates are yearly carried to the sea by rivers. On the formation of rain, we have the following remarks:

'The formation of rain is still involved in impenetrable obscurity. Rain never falls in this country unless the sky be cloudy, and unless that peculiar kind of dense black cloud appear well known by the name of *rain cloud*. Whenever the particles constituting clouds lose their vesicular form and unite together in drops, rain falls. This change is probably connected with some electrical phenomena which are not yet understood. Clouds are attracted by mountains, and more rain falls in mountainous districts than in any other. We can conceive the mountain in the opposite electrical state from the cloud. This would account for the attraction. When the cloud came close to the mountain its electricity would be abstracted, and the vesicles in consequence might collapse into drops.

'In that part of Peru called Vallies, which lies on the north and south side of Lima, in south latitude 12° bounded on the east by the Andes, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean, it never rains at all. But during winter the earth is covered with so thick a fog as to intercept the rays of the sun. This fog appears almost every day during winter with a density that obscures objects at any distance. About ten or eleven o'clock it begins to rise, but without being totally dispersed; though it is then no impediment to the sight, intercepting only the direct rays of the sun by

day, and that of the stars by night. Sometimes it is so far dispersed that the disc of the sun becomes visible, but the heat from his rays is still precluded. In the winter season these vapours dissolve into a very small mist or dew, which they call *garua*, and thus every where moisten the earth. These garuas never fall in any quantities sufficient to damage the roads or incommode the traveller; but they render the most arid and barren parts fertile. They convert the disagreeable dust in the streets of Lima into mud.

'Now in that country the wind always blows from the south; that is from a colder to a warmer region. Sometimes it veers a point or two to the east. But it always blows between the south and south-east. When the fogs come on the south wind is barely felt, and a scarcely perceptible air seems to come from the north, which forms the fog.

'The obvious reason why it never rains in that country is, that the wind constantly blows from a colder to a hotter part of the world. We see also the cause of the fogs. They are occasioned by the mixture of the hot air from the north with the colder air from the south.

'Rain is produced by irregular winds. If the winds were always to blow steadily in the same direction no rain whatever would fall.

'When a country is quite flat, as is the case with Egypt, it seldom rains, although the winds are not quite steady. In Egypt it very seldom rains. During June, July, August, and part of September, the wind blows from the north. During the latter part of September it blows from the east. The winds are most variable about the winter solstice. From that to March they are mostly southerly.

'The heavy rains that fall in India always take place during the shifting of the monsoons, and while they last the winds are always variable. Even in this country steady dry weather is always accompanied by a steady direction of the wind, whereas in rainy weather the winds are unsteady and variable.

'These facts are sufficient to show the connexion of rain with the variable nature of the winds.'—pp. 275—277.

Under the head of Combustion, we have the annexed description of the nature of flame:—

'Flame is the rapid combustion of volatilized matter. The tallow or the wax is melted and drawn up to the top of the wick of a candle. Here it is boiled and converted into vapour, which ascends in the form of a column. This vapour is raised to such a temperature, that it combines rapidly with the oxygen of the surrounding atmosphere, and the heat evolved is such as to heat the vapour to whiteness. Flame then is merely volatile, combustible matter heated white hot. The combustion can only take place in that part of the column of hot vapour that is in contact with the atmosphere, namely, the exterior surface. The flame of a candle then is merely a thin film of white hot vapour, enclosing within a quantity of hot vapour which for want of oxygen, is incapable of burning. But as it advances upward in consequence of the outer film being already consumed, it gradually constitutes the outer surface of the column, and assumes the form of flame. And as the supply of hot vapour diminishes as it ascends, and at last fails altogether, the flame of a candle gradually tapers to a point. That this is the nature of flame has been beautifully shown by my late friend Mr. Oswald Sym, in a paper which has been greatly admired, but which

has not perhaps attracted all the attention which it deserves. Mr. Davies, in a very interesting paper, has fully confirmed the accuracy of Mr. Sym's observations.'—pp. 309, 310.

The second part of this work, which the author devotes to electricity, is much more limited than we could have wished. We have no notion whatever of that fastidious sense of delicacy which would prevent a professor of chemistry in Glasgow University, from entertaining the whole subject of electricity, because, forsooth, by taking such a range he would infringe on the province of the professor of natural philosophy. In this metropolis of ours, the very pandemonium of jobbing, interchanges of accommodation such as this excite no surprise. But that the freedom of instruction should be controlled, or made subservient to the monopolizing regulations of a few professors in the simple and patriarchal regions of Scotland, is more than we were prepared to expect. Dr. Thomson, in yielding to this abuse, has ventured to explain only those branches of electricity which are most intimately connected with chemistry. The whole of the accurate knowledge which we possess of this interesting science (electricity) is of modern achievement. Dr. Thomson traces minutely and with rigorous impartiality as to men and countries, every step of the progress which electricity has made to its present improved condition. To the work itself we must refer the student for a thorough acquaintance with some of the laws of this wonderful principle, and the best practicable modes of employing it as an agent in decomposition, and other processes, in which its power is so signally displayed. But we cannot omit some passages on the electricity of the atmosphere, which, in its manifestations at certain periods of the year, but too formidably calls forth the attention of mankind. The phenomena of thunder and lightning are thus explained by our author:—

'Air, and all gases, are non-conductors; but vapour and clouds, which are composed of it, are conductors. Clouds consist of small hollow bladders of vapour, charged each with the same kind of electricity. It is this electric charge which prevents the vesicles from uniting together, and falling down in the form of rain. Even the vesicular form which the vapour assumes, is probably owing to the particles being charged with electricity. The mutual repulsion of the electric particles may be considered as sufficient (since they are prevented from leaving the vesicle by the action of the surrounding air, and of the surrounding vesicles,) to give the vapour the vesicular form.

'In what way these clouds come to be charged with electricity, it is not easy to say. But as electricity is evolved during the act of evaporation, the probability is, that clouds are always charged with electricity, and that they owe their existence, or at least their form, to that fluid. It is very probable that when two currents of dry air are moving different ways, the friction of the two surfaces may evolve electricity. Should these currents be of different temperatures, a portion of the vapour which they always contain, will be deposited; the electricity evolved will be taken up by that vapour, and will cause it to assume the vesicular state constituting

a cloud, Thus we can see in general how clouds come to be formed, and how they contain electricity. This electricity may be either vitreous or resinous according to circumstances. And it is conceivable, that by long continued opposite currents of air, the charge accumulated in a cloud may be considerable. Now, when two clouds charged, the one with positive, and the other with negative, electricity, happen to approach within a certain distance, the thickness of the coating of electricity increases on the two sides of the clouds which are nearest each other. This accumulation of thickness soon becomes so great as to overcome the pressure of the atmosphere, and a discharge takes place, which occasions the flash of lightning. The noise accompanying the discharge constitutes the thunder clap, the long continuance of which partly depends upon the reverberations from neighbouring objects. It is therefore loudest and largest, and most tremendous, in hilly countries.

'A thunder storm in this country commonly commences in the following manner. A low dense cloud begins to form in a part of the atmosphere that was previously clear. This cloud increases fast, but only from its upper part, and spreads into an arched form, appearing like a large heap of cotton wool. Its under surface is level, as if it rested on a smooth plane. The wind is hushed, and every thing appears preternaturally calm and still.

'Numberless small ragged clouds, like teazled flakes of cotton, soon begin to make their appearance, moving about in various directions and perpetually changing their irregular surface, appearing to increase by gradual accumulation. As they move about they approach each other, and appear to stretch out their ragged arms towards each other. They do not often come in contact; but after approaching very near each other, they evidently recede either in whole, or by bending away their ragged arms.

'During this confused motion, the whole mass of small clouds approaches the great one above it: and when near it, the clouds of the lower mass frequently coalesce with each other, before they coalesce with the upper cloud. But as frequently the upper cloud coalesces without them. Its lower surface, from being level and smooth, now becomes ragged, and its tatters stretch down towards the others, and long arms are extended towards the ground. The heavens now darken apace, the whole mass sinks down; wind rises and frequently shifts in squalls; small clouds move swiftly in various directions; lightning darts from cloud to cloud. A spark is sometimes seen coexistent through a vast horizontal extent, of a zigzag shape, and of different brilliancy in different parts. Lightning strikes between the clouds and the earth—frequently in two places at once. A very heavy rain falls—the cloud is dissipated, or it rises high and becomes light and thin.

'These electrical discharges obviously dissipate the electricity, the cloud condenses into water, and occasions the sudden and heavy rain which always terminates a thunder storm. The previous motions of the clouds, which act like electrometers, indicate the electrical state of different parts of the atmosphere.

'Thunder then only takes place when the different strata of air are in different electrical states. The clouds interposed between these strata, are also electrical, and owe their vesicular nature to that electricity. They

are also conductors. Hence they interpose themselves between strata in different states, and arrange themselves in such a manner as to occasion the mutual discharge of the strata in opposite states. The equilibrium is restored, the clouds deprived of their electricity collapse into rain, and the thunder terminates.

* * * * *

'These electrical discharges sometimes take place without any noise. In that case the flashes are very bright, but they are single flashes passing visibly from one cloud to another, and confined usually to a single quarter of the heavens. When they are accompanied by the noise which we call *thunder*, a number of simultaneous flashes, of different colours, and constituting an interrupted zigzag line, may generally be observed stretching to an extent of several miles. These seem to be occasioned by a number of successive or almost simultaneous discharges from one cloud to another; these intermediate clouds serving as intermediate conductors, or stepping stones for the electrical fluid. It is these simultaneous discharges, which occasions the rattling noise, which we call thunder. Though they are all made at the same time, yet as their distances are different, they only reach our ear in succession, and thus occasion the lengthened rumbling noise so different from the snap, which accompanies the discharge of a Leyden jar.

'If the electricity were confined to the clouds, a single discharge (or a single flash of lightning) would restore the equilibrium. The cloud would collapse and discharge itself in rain, and the serenity of the heavens would be restored. But this is seldom the case. I have witnessed the most vivid discharges of lightning, from one cloud to another, which enlightened the whole horizon, continue for several hours, and amounting to a very considerable number, not fewer certainly than fifty, and terminating at last in a violent thunder storm. We see that these discharges, though the quantity of electricity must have been immense, did not restore the equilibrium. It is obvious from this, that not only the clouds but the strata of air themselves, must have been strongly charged with electricity. The clouds being conductors served the purpose of discharging the electricity with which they were loaded, when they came within the striking distance. But the electric stratum of air with which the cloud was in contact, being a non-conductor, would not lose its electricity by the discharge of the cloud. It would immediately supply the cloud with which it was in contact with a new charge. And this repeated charging and discharging process would continue to go on till the different strata of excited air were brought to their natural state.'—pp. 442 – 446.

We should observe, that the explanations of Dr. Thomson are facilitated by a great number of well executed plates, so that we do not hesitate to award to this volume the distinction of being the best elementary work extant, on the fundamental sciences of heat and chemical electricity.

ART. VII.—*The Cabinet Cyclopædia—History—England.* By the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh, M.P. Vol. i. 12mo. pp. 382. London: Longman and Co. and Taylor. 1830.

EITHER from a weak invention in the art of puffing, or from a weaker and baser effort of sheer malignity, a charge was recently

brought forward against Dr. Lardner of having, among other similar practices, presented this volume to the public under the authority of a name to which it had in reality no pretensions. The charge has been laboriously and rather ostentatiously refuted; for with the simple and unequivocal answers of Sir James Mackintosh and Sir Walter Scott, the matter should at once have been terminated, whereas the learned Doctor has thought necessary not only to print a long and pompous vindication of his own, but also two or three notes from other celebrated authors, whose promised works have not yet made their appearance. Whether the latter have deposed by way of compurgators, or witnesses to the characters of the accused, or as pledges for their own good behaviour, we are at a loss to conjecture. In either case their testimony was more than superfluous. The over-zealous advice of Dr. Southey to cause the inventor of the puff, or the accusation (we really cannot say which it was), to be prosecuted in a court of law, savours little of the temperament of the man who erewhile sang the glories of Wat Tyler.

One need but open the first page of this volume in order to be convinced, that the writer of it could have been no other than the able and distinguished person whose name it bears. It is impossible to mistake Sir James Mackintosh's style. Whether in writing or in speaking, his manner of composition is the same. He is always ambitious of originality of logical arrangement, and shining diction. But his chief peculiarity is his love for generalizing, for reducing facts to theories, or rather for spinning out of ascertained data general reflections. In gratifying this mental propensity, he very frequently bewilders the memory of his readers, thought we doubt whether, from the great subtlety of his own intellect, he is ever conscious that he wanders out of the way which he has proposed to follow. He seems often to imagine that he is expounding clear principles, when his readers feel that he is in truth dealing in difficult and abstruse problems. Hence the little work before us, whatever be its merits in other respects, is a collection of criticisms rather than a narrative. It is an essay upon the history of England, so far as it goes, containing a review of leading events and of their consequences; the author now sketching prominent characters, next discussing a point of constitutional law, refuting the assertions of preceding historians, examining the authorities by which they were guided, shewing the better evidence which he prefers, and all this in the body of his text, after the fashion of a commentator.

That the learned author's observations are often sound, and, when not too much refined, highly instructive, we have no disposition to deny. We admire the singular acuteness and felicity with which he has traced the early history of those institutions which are the grand bulwarks of our liberties. His notices of the Saxon, Roman, and feudal laws, his reflections on the great charter, his

views of the origin of juries, and of the infancy and wondrous growth of our parliamentary constitution, are replete with learning and ability, and often adorned by eloquence of a superior order. But the narrative portions of his work, which should properly comprehend the results of his criticisms, and be not easily separable from his reflections, fade into the exercise of a schoolboy when compared with the splendid composition of Hume, or the beautiful and transparent style of Dr. Lingard. In this respect, so far as one volume enables us to judge, Sir James Mackintosh has but added one to the histories of England, which are unreadable to the general mass of educated persons. The student, the lawyer, the learned foreigner, anxious to be acquainted with the rise and development of our institutions, will repair to this work as a source of abundant knowledge; but unless the glaring defects of the narrative, its long and intricate, often obscure, sentences, its rough and gravelly course, be amended in the succeeding volumes, it never can be popular.

We suspect that the learned author had originally commenced his historic labours on a more comprehensive scale: indeed it has been understood for years that his leisure from parliamentary duties was devoted to this dignified occupation; and hence, perhaps, have arisen most of the imperfections of which we have reason to complain. His mind having been imbued with legal studies, he would naturally direct his chief attention to the constitutional part of our history, and his pen having been long practised in criticism, he would be contented with mere notes of facts, giving the larger space to his favourite train of observation. The decided and brilliant success which has borne Lingard's production beyond every attempt at competition, would have rendered a new work of similar proportions an unprofitable speculation. Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia offered the opportunity for an epitome; but the necessary limitation of a history within the compass of an abridgment, by no means excuses inattention to fluency and clearness of narration. On the contrary, if we may judge from the labours of Goldsmith and Bossuet, and from the little historical *Resumés* which, since the restoration, have emanated from the French press, we should say that the necessity of presenting a series of facts within a confined space, is rather favourable than injurious to energy, rapidity, and beauty in this department of literature. Besides, it must be admitted that eight volumes of the size now before us, closely printed in small letter, present a range for the display of talent, which can hardly be said to be restricted. It would be ludicrous to give the name of a compend to a publication exceeding three thousand pages, and which might, if the author chooses, amount to double that number.

The reader will, perhaps, be surprised to see from the pen of Sir James Mackintosh, such a sentence as the following. Speaking of the *Picts*, he says:—'It will not be wondered that every thing

relating to this last tribe should be involved in thick darkness, by those who consider that they ceased to be a nation, and became, by conquest or succession, subjects of the Scotch princes in the early part of the ninth century, when nothing is known of the internal revolutions of Caledonia.'—(pp. 31, 32.) We need hardly remark that there is no good authority for using the verb 'wonder' in the sense in which it is here applied, without "*at*" after it. The sentence is, besides, ambiguous. By whom is every thing relating to the Picts 'involved in thick darkness?' Apparently, according to the tenour of the words, 'by those who consider that they ceased to be a nation,' which is certainly not what the writer intended to convey. Neither is it clear that 'those who consider' were not 'they who ceased to be a nation, and became, by conquest or submission, subjects of the Scotch princes in the early part of the ninth century!'

Again, writing of Canute, the author says:—'When the fame of his northern conquests, and of his peaceable establishment in England *were* generally spread, he visited Rome (1032) as a pilgrim, repairing to holy places.'—(p. 62.)—It was of course through mere carelessness that '*were*' here slipped into the place of "was,"—a breach of grammatical rule, however, which ought not to have been overlooked on revisal. A similar excuse, if it be one, cannot be alleged in favour of the following sentence. 'As the animosity between the Danes and Saxons is to be considered as the real, though often unseen, cause of those contests for the throne, which appear to originate in the ambition of individuals, so the final prevalence of the Saxons is to be imputed to their superiority in numbers and civilization, and to their impatience of a barbarous yoke, which is better preserved by the history and remembrances of the more improved people.'—(pp. 63, 64.) What is better preserved? Assuredly 'the barbarous yoke,' according to the natural construction of the sentence, otherwise the last member of it has no connection with any thing that has gone before. If this be the true construction, and we can discover no other, what does the author mean? Does he intend to say that the Saxons, who were the more improved people, preserved by their history and remembrances the yoke of which they were so impatient? If so, he states that which was not the fact, and was far from being consistent with the character which he ascribes to the Saxons. The sentence would have been sufficiently clear and complete without the last member, which we must look upon as an excrescence, connected probably with something that has been omitted, but having nothing whatever to do, that we can perceive, in the position which it now occupies.

We meet with many sentences equally ill written, though not quite so perplexing, as we advance. As for instance 'Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the son of William's mother by a plebeian husband, had the chief share in the administration of the territory rather militarily occupied than securely conquered after the battle of Hastings, which

appears to have consisted of the country eastward and southward of a line drawn from the western boundary of Hampshire to the northern point of the coast of Norfolk, together with some parts of the counties of Salop and Hereford.'—(p. 101.) It is obvious that the words 'which appears to have consisted,' refer grammatically either to Hastings or the battle that was fought there, thus making the passage mere nonsense, The latter part of the sentence is still more loosely written. It would seem as if the 'line drawn from the western boundary of Hampshire,' were also to find its way into Salop and Hereford, which however Sir James could not have intended to say. To what cause, to carelessness or confusion of ideas, are we to attribute the following blundering medley? 'The successive reduction of Oxford, Warwick, Nottingham, Leicester, Derby and Lincoln, after an obstinate resistance, attested by the ruined condition of these towns at the survey of the kingdom a few years after, sufficiently point out the extreme frontiers of the territory won at Hastings, the basis of William's operations, and the line by which he advanced.'—(p. 103.) In the first place it is ungrammatical to say that 'reduction,' 'point out.' In the next place, we do not clearly comprehend how the reduction of the towns in question could at the same time point out the 'extreme *frontiers* of the territory won at Hastings, the *basis* of William's operations, and the *line* by which he advanced.' Those towns could not have been, in a military sense, at once the basis of the conqueror's operations, and the frontiers of his territory. The expression 'line' is most inaptly applied to mark the zig-zag course which William must have taken, in order to reduce Oxford, Warwick, Nottingham, Leicester, Derby and Lincoln, in the order in which they are here enumerated.

Had we been searching for an example of bad composition, in order to render ourselves or others cautious against falling into it, we could scarcely have discovered, in the whole range of our literature, a more apposite model in its way than the following sentence. After mentioning the fact that Henry I. had sent over an army to Normandy, to conquer the dominions of his brother Robert, and that the latter had come to England to throw himself upon the mercy of Henry, our historian adds:—'The king, with angry murmurs, turned aside; and Robert, *whose* spirit was awakened by this unbrotherly repulse, returned to the duchy to try his fortune, *whither* Henry pursued him, and after an obstinate conflict at Tinchebrai, on the 27th of September, 1106, in *which* Robert made the last display of his brilliant qualities as a commander and soldier, he was completely routed, and sent prisoner to England; *where* his imprisonment appears at first to have been mild, but having yielded to the impulse of nature in attempting to escape from prison, by the command of his unrelenting brother his eyes were put out, and after passing near thirty years of blindness in several fortresses, he died in 1135, at Cardiff Castle, in Glamorganshire, at the age of

eighty, *when* all the other chiefs who had shared the glory of rescuing Jerusalem had been laid low.'—(p. 128.) The confusion of relatives in this sentence makes it the best recipe that can be given for obscure and inelegant writing. Then observe its unwieldy length and the number of facts which are unnecessarily crowded into it; 'prisoner' and 'imprisonment' so close to each other, and the carelessness which leaves it dubious whether it is the said imprisonment or the eyes of the ill-fated Robert which 'yielded to the impulse of nature,' either being within the construction of the sentence, though evidently not within the meaning of the author. Finally, we would ask whether 'all the other chiefs' had been laid low in the year 1135, or 'at the age of eighty,' or both? We have seldom seen a worse piece of writing than this, in whatever way it be contemplated.

We shall adduce only one example more of Sir James Mackintosh's narrative style and grammatical correctness. 'Henry (III.) was again tempted into a fruitless invasion of France, which would have been attended with the loss of all his continental dominions, if the throne of France had not been then filled by St. Louis, who to the highest capacity for government and prowess in arms, added a scrupulous regard to the dictates of conscience, which, perhaps, no human being in any age or nation has surpassed. He returned in the next year loaded with debt and disgrace.' Who returned? According to the construction, Louis, though Henry, of course, is meant.

It would be an endless labour, and very far from being an acceptable one to us,—who would be unworthy of our able predecessors in the management of this journal, if we did not hold in very high estimation the splendid talents and great acquirements of Sir James Mackintosh,—to separate from the text of this volume, small as it is, the many glaring instances of negligence with which it abounds. Half the value of a history, at least of a history designed for popular use, consists in its style, and if this be not carefully wrought with a view to have every part of the work not only clearly understood, but in some measure recommended by gracefulness of expression and compactness of array in the composition, it will inevitably fail to accomplish its purpose.

One other prominent fault in this work, we must notice before we proceed to its merits. In the ardour of reflection, the author never thinks it necessary to restrain his reasonings within the period of which he is actually writing. He illustrates, or attempts to illustrate, what has happened six or seven hundred years ago by the events of his own day, and thus frequently so mixes up one age with another, that when he resumes his narrative we are at a loss to know in what century we left off, and are obliged to go back to find out the dates. In an essay upon history, we admit that this breadth of discussion, if we may so express ourselves, is not only allowable but necessary, and affords a fine field

for the development of such historical treasures as those which Sir James has accumulated. But in a professed history of England, those flights of the philosopher, from past ages to the present, tend to confuse the mind, and destroy that unity of design in which the muse of history delights quite as much as she of epic poetry or of the tragic drama.

There is one great historical virtue in which Sir James Mackintosh shines to the highest advantage, and is not surpassed by any man who has trodden this department of literature—we mean impartiality. If there be any bias in his mind, it is that of which no English author need be ashamed, and without the guidance of which, no individual would be worthy to sketch any portion of our annals. The love of liberty, hatred of oppression, a sacred regard for the characters of those who have fallen martyrs to our constitution, and a disposition to trace our rights and privileges to the most venerable and secure foundations, appear in every page of this production. To say that our author has not been led away from the calmness of the historian to the anger of the accuser, on some occasions when tyranny is seen in conflict with freedom, would perhaps be a questionable proposition. But let the recreant and the base adulators of power blame Sir James Mackintosh for any passages in his work which evince his feelings in this way. To teach us what our liberties are, to inflame our hearts with a passion for them, and to nerve our arms in defence of them, if ever they should be attacked (of which, by-the-bye, there never was less danger than in these times, when we can truly boast of a patriot king), we deem to be among the noblest duties of the historian of the British empire. These duties Sir James zealously performs. At the same time he contrives to preserve undisturbed the scales of even-handed justice. All the old prejudices against churchmen, the foolish stories of their vices and their miracles, he has shaken off with the true vigour of genius and of manly honesty. He has judged each character by its own merits, and has carefully distinguished between the crimes which mark the age, and the deeds for which the individual is alone responsible. Neither is our author prone to undistinguishing praise, even in the instances of those great names which stand out from the canvas, shining in the fame of centuries. Witness his reflections on the character of Alfred.

'In any age or country such a prince would be a prodigy. Perhaps there is no example of any man who so happily combined the magnanimous with the mild virtues, who joined so much energy in war with so remarkable a cultivation of the useful and beautiful arts of peace, and whose versatile faculties were so happily inserted in their due place and measure as to support and secure each other, and give solidity and strength to the whole character. That such a miracle should occur in a barbarous age and nation; that study should be thus pursued in the midst of civil and foreign wars by a monarch who suffered almost incessantly from painful

maladies; and that it so little encroached on the duties of government as to leave him for ages the popular model for exact and watchful justice,—are facts of so extraordinary a nature, that they may well excuse those who have suspected that there are some exaggerations and suppressions in the narrative of his reign. But Asser writes with the simplicity of an honest eye-witness. The Saxon Chronicle is a dry and undesigning compend. The Norman historians, who seem to have had his diaries and note-books in their hands, choose him as the glory of the land which was become their own. There is no subject on which unanimous tradition is so nearly sufficient evidence, as on the eminence of one man over others of the same condition. The bright image may long be held up before the national mind. This tradition, however paradoxical the assertion may appear, is in the case of Alfred rather supported than weakened by the fictions which have sprung from it. Although it be an infirmity of every nation to ascribe their institutions to the contrivances of a man rather than to the slow action of time and circumstances, yet the selection of Alfred by the English people as the founder of all that was dear to them, is surely the strongest proof of the deep impression left on the minds of all of his transcendent wisdom and virtue. Juries, the division of the island into counties and hundreds, the device of frank pledge, the formation of the common or customary law itself, could have been mistakenly attributed to him by nothing less than general reverence. How singular must have been the administration of which the remembrance so long procured for him the character of a lawgiver, to which his few and general enactments so little entitled him?

'Had a stronger light been shed on his time, we should have undoubtedly discovered in him some of those characteristic peculiarities which, though always defects, and generally faults when they are not vices, yet belong to every human being, and distinguish him from his fellow-men. The disadvantage of being known to posterity by general commendation, instead of discriminating description, is common to Alfred with Marcus Aurelius. The character of both these ornaments of their station and their species seems about to melt into abstraction, and to be not so much portraits of man as models of ideal perfection. Both furnish an useful example that study does not disqualify for administration in peace or for vigour in war; and that scrupulous virtue may be combined with vigorous policy. The lot of Alfred forbad him to rival the accomplishments of the imperial sage. But he was pious without superstition; his humbler knowledge was imparted with more simplicity; his virtue was more natural; he had the glory to be the deliverer as well as the father of his country; and he escaped the unhappiness of suffering his authority to be employed in religious persecution.'—vol. i. pp. 40—42.

The author's observations on the establishment of the Christian church, and upon its connexion with the See of Rome, are highly creditable to his sagacity and candour.

'The only institution of the civilised Romans which was transmitted almost entire into the hands of the barbarians was the Christian church. However imperfect their conversion might be, it was sufficient to guard that venerable establishment from overthrow. The bishops succeeded to much of the local power of the Roman magistrates; the inferior clergy

became the teachers of their conquerors, and were the only men of knowledge dispersed throughout Europe: the episcopal authority afforded a model of legal power and regular jurisdiction, which must have seemed a prodigy of wisdom to the disorderly victors. The synods and councils formed by the clergy afforded the first pattern of elective and representative assemblies, which were adopted by the independent genius of the Germanic race, and which, being preserved for many ages by England, promise in the nineteenth century to spread over a large portion of mankind. The ecclesiastics only had any acquaintance with business; they only could conduct the simplest affairs with regularity and quiet; they were the sole interpreters and ministers of whatever laws were suffered to act, or felt to exist. To these powerful means of influence must be added the inexhaustible credulity of the superstitious barbarians, disposed to yield a far more blind deference than the enquiring Romans had ever paid to their priesthood. A gorgeous worship dazzled nations who scarcely rose above the senses. The pretensions to miraculous power lent the clergy extensive aid, for which they were one day to pay a high price in the general unbelief to which these pretensions gave rise in less docile and acquiescent times. All the other institutions of the empire were worn out. Christianity, however, altered in its doctrines, was still a youthful and vigorous establishment; and the power which it speedily exercised in blending the two races by gradually softening the ferocious courage of the Germans, so as to render it capable of union with the reviving spirit of the Roman provincials, afforded an early instance of its efficacy in promoting and securing civilisation. It must be added, that the Christian clergymen of that age surpassed their contemporaries in morality, which never fails in the end to resume some part of its natural authority over the most barbarous and even the most depraved. By these and the like causes the clergy were raised to an extraordinary influence, and had the utmost means in their hands to serve and to injure society. In the beginning the benefits of their power outweighed its evils. It was long mixed and doubtful; had it not been curbed, it would have been at length fatal to the exercise of reason and to the authority of civil government.

'The contests of the state with the see of Rome belong to a later period. It is at present only necessary to observe, that to their communion with the patriarchal church, which, from the earliest period had been venerated as the mother of the western churches, the European clergy were indebted for the uniformity of opinion, the occasional infusion of some scanty knowledge, and the unity of means as well as identity of purpose, which converted them into a well disciplined army, whose most distant movements corresponded with and supported each other.'—vol. i. pp. 43, 44.

The secret that the English system of government is the work, not of a day, nor of a century, not of the Saxons or the Normans, but the result of happy accidents, and of the silent operations of ages, was, if not discovered, at least ably expounded, for the first time by Fox and Burke. Their fine wisdom may be seen guiding the reflections of Sir James Mackintosh on many points of our history; on none more effectually than those which relate to the early stages of the infancy of our constitution.

'The antiquarians of the seventeenth century investigated the state of

our ancient constitution industriously, and often learnedly, but aided by little critical estimate of authorities, and guided by no philosophical spirit. The greater number of these praiseworthy collectors, who began their labours at the period of the contest carried on in that century between the house of Stuart and the people of England, adapted their representation of our ancient laws to the part which they took in the momentous controversy of their own age. The contest was decided by the Revolution of 1688, but the mistaken opinions of the contending parties survived the determination. In two fundamental errors only did the Whig and the Tory antiquaries concur. They both held that the Saxon government was a well-ordered system, and that the right of the people to liberty depended on the enjoyment of it by their forefathers. Both treated the terms which denote political and legal institutions, as retaining an unalterable signification through all the changes of six hundred years; and hence both were led to believe that the same laws and government which they saw around them during the period of their controversy, from the birth of Bacon to the death of Newton, could have existed in the time of the first Saxon freebooters. The Tories represented the Saxon kings not the less as absolute monarchs, because they acted by the advice of men of sense and weight chosen by themselves; and these writers treated all the privileges of the people as either usurpations or concessions, chiefly obtained from weak princes. The Whigs, with no less deviation from truth, endeavoured to prove that the modern constitution of king, lords, and commons, subsisted in the earliest times, and was then more pure and flourishing than in any succeeding age. No one at that time was taught, by a wide survey of society, that governments are not framed after a model, but that all their parts and powers grow out of occasional acts, prompted by some urgent expediency, or some private interest, which in the course of time coalesce and harden into usage; and that this bundle of usage is the object of respect and the guide of conduct, long before it is embodied, defined, and enforced in written laws. Government may be, in some degree, reduced to system, but it cannot flow from it. It is not like a machine, or a building, which may be constructed entirely, and according to a previous plan, by the art and labour of man. It is better illustrated by comparison with vegetables or even animals, which may be, in a very high degree, improved by skill and care, which may be grievously injured by neglect or destroyed by violence, but which cannot be produced by human contrivance. A government can, indeed, be no more than a mere draught or scheme of rule, when it is not composed of habits of obedience on the part of the people, and of an habitual exercise of certain portions of authority by the individuals or bodies who constitute the sovereign power. These habits, like all others, can only be formed by repeated acts; they cannot be suddenly infused by the lawgiver, nor can they immediately follow the most perfect conviction of their propriety. Many causes having more power over the human mind than written law, it is extremely difficult, from the mere perusal of a written scheme of government, to foretel what it will prove in action. There may be governments so bad that it is justifiable to destroy them, and to trust to the probability that a better government will grow in their stead. But as the rise of a worse is also possible, so terrible a peril is never to be incurred except in the case of a tyranny which it is impossible to reform. It may be necessary to burn a forest containing much useful timber, but giving

shelter to beasts of prey, who are formidable to an infant colony in its neighbourhood, and of too vast an extent to be gradually and safely thinned by their inadequate labour. It is fit, however, they should be apprised, before they take an irreparable step, how little it is possible to foresee whether the earth, stripped of its vegetation, shall become an unprofitable desert or a pestilential marsh.

'If these be truths applicable to all men, they are more obviously evident in the case of barbarians, where it would be peculiarly absurd to expect a lawgiver of foresight enough to provide for all emergencies, or a people so reasonable as to forego all their most inveterate habits of thinking, of feeling, and of acting, for the sake of making a fair experiment on a new system of laws and government.

'The Saxon chiefs, who were called kings,* originally acquired power by the same natural causes which have gradually, and every where, raised a few men above their fellows. They were, doubtless, more experienced, more skilful, more brave, more beautiful than those who followed them. Their children might derive some superiority from the example and instruction of the parents, and some parts of the respect which they commanded might overflow on their more distant progeny. The Anglo-Saxon kings were regarded as the descendants of Odin,—the offspring of the gods;† and when, after their conversion, this pedigree ceased to be sacred, it continued to be illustrious. The extinction of all the Odinian race, except in Wessex, somewhat contributed to the greatness of the house of Cedric; and the total absence of this pretension may have, in some degree, conduced to the feeble resistance opposed to the Normans by Harold. A king was powerful in war by the lustre of arms, and the obvious necessity of obedience. His influence in peace fluctuated with his personal character. In the progress of usage his power became more fixed and more limited. But every fact from which this usage sprung, must have been prior to law, of which it is more the office to record than to bestow such powers. It would be very unreasonable to suppose that the northern Germans who had conquered England, had so far changed their characteristic

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* '*Adelung*, the excellent German lexicographer, approves of the derivation of this word in its small variations from *konnen* to be "able," which corresponds to our verb "can." It originates in power or command. He mentions two other derivations as ingenious: one from *kind*, a child, with *ing* or *ig*, a patronymic termination, meaning a child of the royal family, to whom the choice was limited; another from *hund* or *chund*, which in some old dialects is used for a hundred, which would derive the Teutonic king from the *centeni* or hundredors mentioned by Tacitus as chosen in each *pagus* or *gau*. The first seems to be the most natural and satisfactory etymology. Ihre, the Swedish glossarist, supposes the root of *can*, as well as of all the rest, to be "*kennen*," to know, the earliest source of authority. According to his account, there were kings in the smallest subdivisions of the Scandinavian territory. I wish to be understood when I speak of the derivation, as merely expressing my opinion, that two or more words are of the same family, without deciding which of them was most early used.'

† '*Dis Geniti.*

habits from the age of Tacitus, that the victors became slaves, and that their generals were converted into tyrants. It is, accordingly, certain that all these princes governed with the advice and consent of national assemblies, of which constituent parts it is difficult to determine with certainty, but which may be safely pronounced to be of an irregularly popular composition.* This assembly was called *Witenagemote*, a meeting of wise or knowing men. It is acknowledged that it contained the prelates, earls, and many thanes, the principal proprietors of the kingdom. Its consent is recited in the preambles of the Saxon laws, as necessary to their validity; indeed, the repetition of the same terms for centuries, as descriptive of its members, is a proof of the stability and legality of their power. The authority of a barbarous chief needs the support of inferior chiefs, and of their influence over the multitude; for without it, laws and legal commands would be more likely to be scorned than executed. Undoubtedly, there is on trace among the Anglo-Saxons either of representative commoners, or of a peerage like the modern. Not only the prelates and aldermen, or earls, but a great, though unascertainable, part of the thanes, the inferior nobility, or, in modern language, the gentry, were members of the *witenagemote*. A freeman, not noble, was raised to the rank of a thane by acquiring a certain portion of land, by making three voyages at sea, or by receiving holy orders. Now, if all considerable holders of land (the only wealth then known), had a right to sit in this assembly, and if all freemen might become members of this open aristocracy, by various and easy means, the association of such a body with the king in making laws, and their extensive share in the disposal of the crown itself, sufficiently justify us in affirming that the Anglo-Saxons possessed the rudiments of a free and popular government. It is true, that all who had seats by ancient use, did not, in later times, continue to attend. After the subordination of the other kingdoms to Wessex, and the rise of a single *witenagemote* for the whole country, it was scarcely possible for the poor, or the distant, to be present. As the privilege had been conferred by no law, disuse gradually abrogated what usage had established. The preambles of the laws speak of the infinite number of the liegemen† who attended, as only applauding the measures of the assembly. But this applause was neither so unimportant to the success of the measures, nor so precisely distinguished from a share in legislation, as those who read history with a modern eye might imagine. It appears that under Athelstan, expedients were resorted to, to obtain a consent to the law from great bodies of the people in their districts, which their numbers rendered impossible in a national assembly. That monarch appears to have sent commissioners to hold *shire gemotes* or county meetings, where they proclaimed the laws made by the king and his counsellors, which being acknowledged and sworn to at these *folkmotes*, became, by their assent, completely binding on the whole nation. It must never be forgotten, in considering these subjects, that only acts of power against

* 'The uniform language of the laws and chronicles supersedes the necessity of any citation of authority.'

† '"Infinita fidelium multitudo:" "liegemen to the Dane," Shakspeare; who, with the sanction of Spencer, in prose as well as verse, may warrant the revival of this convenient word.'

law are properly usurpations. Acts of power *before law* cannot be called by the name of usurpations, without representing the prerogatives of kings, the privileges of parliaments, and the rights of the people, alike as usurpations, which would strip the term of all meaning. Wherever there is a doubt concerning the extent of the powers exercised by these great assemblies, we must throw into their scale the weighty consideration, that the king, instead of fear or jealousy of them, felt a constant desire to strengthen every important act of his government by their concurrence.' —vol. i. pp. 71—76.

Sir James shews very successfully, that if the Saxon Witenagemote was not in every respect the model, it was certainly the origin of our Parliament. The essential point of difference between the two institutions is, that the ancient assembly, though it consisted of several orders, sat together, and did not comprehend representatives of the commons, under that name. What seems, however, remarkably striking is this, that it comprised members who were of a rank in the county similar to that of many of our present knights of the shire. We shall see by and by the able manner in which the author extricates from a cloud of conjectures, the natural and obviously true history of our representative system. But we cannot quit the eloquent pages in which the author reviews the annals of the Anglo-Saxons, without dwelling a moment on those which are dedicated to their language.

'From the Anglo-Saxons we derive the names of the most ancient officers among us; of the greater part of the divisions of the kingdom, and of almost all our towns and villages. From them also we derive our language; of which the structure, and a majority of its words, much greater than those who have not thought on the subject would at first easily believe, are Saxon. Of sixty-nine words which make up the Lord's Prayer, there are only five not Saxon;—the best example of the natural bent of our language, and of the words apt to be chosen by those who speak and write it without design. Of eighty-one words in the soliloquy of Hamlet, thirteen only are of Latin origin. Even in a passage of ninety words in Milton, whose diction is more learned than that of any other poet, there are only sixteen Latin words. In four verses of the authorised version of Genesis, which contain about a hundred and thirty-words, there are no more than five Latin. In seventy nine words of Addison, whose perfect taste preserved him from a pedantic or constrained preference for any portion of the language, we find only fifteen Latin. In later times the language was rebelled against the bad taste of those otherwise vigorous writers, who, instead of ennobling their style like Milton, by the position and combination of words, have tried to raise it by unusual and far-fetched expressions. Dr. Johnson himself, from whose corruptions English style is only recovering, in eighty-seven words of his fine parallel between Dryden and Pope, has found means to introduce no more than twenty-one of Latin derivation.* The language of familiar intercourse, the terms of

* The examples are collected, and the materials for calculation prepared, in Turner ii., App. i. 1828.

jest and pleasantry, and those of necessary business, the idioms or peculiar phrases into which words naturally run, the proverbs, which are the condensed and pointed sense of the people, the participles, on which our syntax depends, and which are of perpetual recurrence;—all these foundations of a language are more decisive proofs of the Saxon origin of ours than even the great majority of Saxon words in writing, and the still greater majority in speaking. In all cases where we have preserved a whole family of words, the superior significancy of a Saxon over a Latin term is most remarkable. "Well-being arises from well-doing," is a Saxon phrase which may be thus rendered into the Latin part of the language:—"Felicity attends virtue:" but how inferior in force is the latter! In the Saxon phrase the parts or roots of words being significant in our language, and familiar to our eyes and ears, throw their whole meaning into the compounds and derivations, while the Latin words of the same import, having their roots and elements in a foreign language, carry only a cold and conventional signification to an English ear. It must not be a subject of wonder that language should have many closer connections with the thoughts and feelings which it denotes, than our philosophy can always explain. As words convey these elements of the character of each particular mind, so the structure and idioms of a language, those properties of it which being known to us only by their effect, we are obliged to call its spirit and genius, seem to represent the character or assemblage of qualities which distinguish one people from others. As at the beginning of these remarks we freely observed on the shallow pedantry which sought its own favourite system realised in the Saxon government, so we shall conclude them by remarking, that those who look below the surface of forms and institutions, will discover, that the spirit of equity and freedom breathed into our government by the Saxons, has never entirely departed from us; that a considerable disparity of rank has been reconciled by us as it was by them, with nearer or more distant approaches to legal equality; and that we follow their example in still employing regal and aristocratical temperaments to render the ascendancy of the people more safe for public order, and therefore more ensured against dangerous attack.'—vol. i. pp. 81—83.

Into the general subject of Saxon literature, Sir James would of course have been prevented, by the want of space, from entering, even if he had not confessed the inadequacy of his attainments in that respect. We cordially concur with him in lamenting 'the humiliating contrast of the labour bestowed by the continental nations on the legends of Iceland, with the incurious disregard with which the English nation have hitherto treated the literary monuments of their forefathers.' From this theme the author passes to the contemporary literature of Wales, and Scotland, and Ireland. We can only transcribe his observations upon Ossian, and Mr. O'Connor's edition of the valuable Irish Chronicles.

'The Scottish chroniclers are too late to be sufficient authorities on this period, in which we know nothing certainly from them but the general fact of the union of the Scots and Picts under a Scottish dynasty. The Celtic tribes were celebrated for the love of poetry. The old songs of every people, which bear the impress of their character, and of which the beauties, whether few or many, must be genuine, because they arise only from feel-

ing, have always been valued by men of masculine and comprehensive taste. Some fragments of the songs of the Scottish Highlanders of very uncertain antiquity, appear to have fallen into the hands of Macpherson, a young man of no mean genius, unacquainted with the higher criticism applied to the genuineness of ancient writings, and who was too much a stranger to the studious world to have learnt those refinements which extend probity to literature as well as to property. Elated by the praise not unjustly bestowed on some of these fragments, instead of ensuring a general assent to them by a publication in their natural state, he unhappily applied his talents for skilful imitation, to complete poetical works in a style similar to the fragments, and to work them into the unsuitable shape of epic and dramatic poems.

'He was not aware of the impossibility of poems, preserved only by tradition, being intelligible, after thirteen centuries, to readers who knew only the language of their own times; and he did not perceive the extravagance of peopling the Caledonian mountains in the fourth century with a race of men so generous and merciful, so gallant, so mild, and so magnanimous, that the most ingenious romances of the age of chivalry could not have ventured to represent a single hero as on a level with their common virtues. He did not consider the prodigious absurdity of inserting, as it were, a people thus advanced in moral civilization, between the Britons, ignorant and savage as they are painted by Cæsar, and the Highlanders, fierce and rude as they are presented by the first accounts of the chroniclers of the twelfth and fourteenth centuries. Even the better part of the Scots were, in the latter period, thus spoken of:—"In Scotland ye shall find no man lightly of honour or gentleness: they be like wyld and savage people." The great historian who made the annals of Scotland a part of European literature, had sufficiently warned his countrymen against such faults by the decisive observation that their forefathers were unacquainted with the art of writing, which alone preserves language from total change, and great events from oblivion. Macpherson was encouraged to overleap these and many other improbabilities by youth, talent, and applause: perhaps he did not at first distinctly present to his mind the permanence of the deception. It is more probable, and it is a supposition countenanced by many circumstances, that after enjoying the pleasure of duping so many critics, he intended one day to claim the poems as his own; but if he had such a design, considerable obstacles to its execution arose around him. He was loaded with so much praise that he seemed bound in honour to his admirers not to desert them. The support of his own country appeared to render adherence to those poems, which Scotland inconsiderately sanctioned as a sort of national obligation. Exasperated, on the other hand, by the, perhaps, unduly vehement, and sometimes very coarse attacks made on him, he was unwilling to surrender to such opponents. He involved himself at last so deeply, as to leave him no decent retreat. Since the keen and searching publication of Mr. Laing, these poems have fallen in reputation, as they lost the character of genuineness.* They had been admired

* 'Mr. Laing himself admitted that Macpherson was a man of truly poetical genius, and that much of the poems is of no inconsiderate merit; and even adds, that he read them with pleasure after the detection. Yet no one will number a feeble administration of literary justice among the

by all the nations and by all the men of genius in Europe. The last incident in their story is perhaps the most remarkable. In an Italian version, which softened their defects, and rendered their characteristic qualities faint, they formed almost the whole poetical library of Napoleon;—a man who, whatever may be finally thought of him in other respects, must be owned to be, by the transcendent vigour of his powers, entitled to a place in the first class of human minds. No other imposture in literary history approaches them in the splendour of their course.

'They have, however, thrown a colour of fraud over Celtic poetry which is not likely to be effaced: for the Irish and Scotch are not even yet likely to join their exertions for the recovery, literal translation, and impartial illustration of such fragments of the ancient songs of both these nations as are still extant. The fragments published in Ireland by Miss Brooke, in 1789, are, indeed, commendable for retaining the form of fragments; for not making too confident pretensions to high antiquity, and for not attempting to remove those anachronisms which the unlettered bards could hardly escape. But the translations give no picture of bardic style; they relate to Irish events of former days; but they are written in the prevalent style of a very modern age.

'In one respect Irish history has been eminently fortunate. The chronicles of Ireland, written in the Irish language, from the second century to the landing of Henry Plantagenet, have been recently published, with the fullest evidence of their genuineness and exactness. The Irish nation, though they are robbed of many of their legends by this authentic publication, are yet by it enabled to boast that they possess genuine history several centuries more ancient than any other European nation possesses in its present spoken language: they have exchanged their legendary antiquity for historical fame. Indeed, no other nation possesses any monument of its literature, in its present spoken language, which goes back within several centuries of the beginning of those chronicles. The ancient date of the MSS. concurs with the same internal proof as in the Saxon Chronicle to support the truth of the outline of their narrative: they are edited by the learned and upright * Doctor Charles O'Connor, the lineal descendant of Rodric O'Connor, king paramount of Ireland at the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion. Dr. O'Connor lived only to complete this monument of the literature of his country, of which his forefathers were the last native and independent rulers.'—vol. i. pp. 86—89.

The establishment, or rather completion (for it would seem to have begun before) of the feudal system in the reign of the Conqueror, the commencement of the Crusades in the reign of his successor, and a curious legal inquiry into the question 'were the Crusades just?' afford to the learned author opportunities for the display of his well-known attainments in municipal and international law. The story of the far-famed Thomas-a-Becket is

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frailties of my late invaluable friend, as acute, learned, diligent, and inflexibly honest an enquirer as ever explored historical truth.'

'* To whom we may justly apply, with small change, a line of Dryden:—
'"True to his faith, but not a slave of Rome."

summed up with judicial impartiality; it is sufficiently manifest that if the charge had been addressed to a jury, the verdict would have been "not guilty." No history of these times could be written without glancing at that singular stage in the progress of society which is usually designated under the name of chivalry. The passage in which this interesting subject is discussed, is one of the best executed portions of this little volume.

'In the beginning of the twelfth century the only powerful body of lamen in Europe inhabited small fortresses scattered over the country, from which they rushed forth in quest of plunder, and where they returned to shelter themselves and their spoils. Never before were so many dwelling-houses called "little camps." Access to these dwellings was not easy. Intercourse between them, except for short orgies, was little known. Young women in that unsafe time were almost as much confined by the care of fathers, as in the East by the jealousy of husbands. The young warrior could but barely steal a glimpse of damsels of his own age and condition. Hence it naturally happened that these ladies were sometimes regarded, at least for a time, with a warmth of passion and depth of admiration unknown to happier times. When men were engaged in the constant exercise of national or private war, superiority in valour was the virtue which most commanded esteem and applause. The timid female valued it as highly from awe as the sturdy warrior from fellow-feeling. It was the chief source of personal distinction; and a single failure in it carried with it a forfeiture of honour, a prize too bright to be bought by less than the unsullied prowess of a whole life. The excellent virtue of veracity was held in the same honour, and an offence against it was followed with the like shame; for it was then rather admired as a proof of courage than esteemed as a part of integrity. They despised falsehood, as flowing from the fear of speaking truth. They imposed on women, under pain of ignominy, the inflexible practice of those severe virtues which they themselves least observed and least understood, partly to quiet their own jealousy, partly, also, because where love was a worship it required a more perfect purity in its object. Another point of honour grew up at the same period, that of fealty or loyalty, in some degree on the same grounds with that of veracity, which is akin to fidelity: in some measure, also, from habits of obedience in military service, strengthened in process of time by the inheritable character which was attached to office and command.

'In so turbulent and insecure a state of society a few of a more generous nature were led, by their temper or their circumstances, to taste the delight of employing valour for the protection of the feeble against the spoiler. Women, or rather young and beautiful damsels, were admired for their attractions, pitied and defended for their weakness. The ministers of religion were protected because they were venerable, and because they were unwarlike. Religion itself, guarded only by unseen powers and remote punishments, claimed from the generous warrior the use of his sword against her human enemies. In time, all the weak became objects of defence. The pupils of the school of chivalry were taught to take up arms against wrong, however they might often be deceived in their judgment as

* Castella.

to what constituted it. The grand defect of this system, in its best state, was, that it was confined to so small a portion of mankind. In its purest form, it never prevailed among the majority of the class who exclusively pretended to it. Even among the few who were its most brilliant ornaments, it must not be supposed that it was found in that regular and consistent state which general description is insensibly led to bestow on it. But every modification of a society, in any degree lettered, works out for itself a correspondent literature, which bears the stamp of its character, and exhibits all its peculiarities. The writers who soon supplanted the biographers of saints, and became for their day the delight of Europe, represented in their romances a picture of chivalry, in which the heroes were purified from their defects, and invested with powers to cope with preternatural beings, or to subdue the most tremendous monsters. These imaginary pictures were applied by admiring posterity to the favourite heroes of a past age. Each generation placed perfect chivalry in the time of their fathers. Fiction was confounded with truth; and at length it came to be thought that the roads of Europe were really covered with wandering redressers of wrong in some former age, better and happier than that in which the believers and admirers had the fortune to live.

'Casting from us these fooleries, we may reasonably believe that generous dispositions, disinterested attachments, prompting men to face danger and death for others, adorned by courteous manners, and delicate gallantry, which often made the service of a superior as pure from selfishness as the relief of an inferior, and obtained obedience from a warm heart, instead of buying it from a mercenary dependant, were more prevalent in the middle age, and partly owing to its disorders, than some of them can be, at least under the same form, in that better order of society, which has no such indispensable need of them, and which, therefore, more rarely affords scope for their exercise and cultivation. It is indubitably true, that the whole system of manners, which distinguishes the modern civilisation from the classical, and from the Oriental, has received a tinge from the usages and sentiments of chivalry, which, though mingled with peculiarities, not warranted by morality, is, on the whole, advantageous to the human race.

'Chivalry is composed of the feelings and manners of the feudal system. It naturally happened, that the military tenants of the crown who served on horseback, and composed the main strength of a feudal army, had a plan of training for their youth, and formalities by which they were admitted to serve with their seniors. Hence the outward and mechanical modes of conferring knighthood: hence the fraternities of knights, some independant, most of them founded and patronized by princes, who afterwards arose. Among the smaller circumstances in the exterior of the system of feudality and chivalry, were hereditary surnames and armorial bearings; usages to which some tendency may be traced among many nations: but which were most natural and necessary where the vassals of each lord formed a sort of separate people; became more than commonly indispensable where all military commands depended on the distinction and array of communities and tribes, acting together by visible signs and short names, as in the crusades; which were not only the main scene on which the power of chivalry was displayed, but the school where its usages were taught most effectually, and spread through a wider circle. It is one of the most curious facts in literary history, that the writers of the romances

of chivalry are almost unknown to us by name, and that these romances themselves, once the sole reading of Europe, have almost wholly perished. Most readers, perhaps, now best know the peculiarities of the chivalrous code from the immortal romance which was written to expose them; but which, as under the form of a satire against one transient folly, it ridicules all injudicious and extravagant attempts to serve mankind, has survived the remembrance of the particular fooleries lashed by it, and will endure as long as it is beneficial to turn goodness to the choice of wise means, and to the pursuit of attainable ends.'—vol. i. pp. 174—178.

The outlines of our history being so well known to our readers, or being so easily collected from the work before us, we make no apology for passing at once from the reign of Richard of the Lion Heart to John. The great event of this passionate and feeble tyrant's career, is the acquisition by the Barons of the great charter. The most striking details of this immortal achievement, are given by Sir James Mackintosh with the most scrupulous care, and with more than his usual felicity of narration. After relating the transactions that led to the signing of this imperishable document, and giving a brief analysis of its principal provisions, the eloquent jurist concludes his observations in a strain of glowing eulogy, worthy of a Chatham or a Burke. The introduction, towards the close, of the names of our Bacons, Shakspeares, Miltons, and Newtons, is remarkably happy and beautiful. It exhibits, as it were, all the glories that crown the undying recollections of our noblest poets and philosophers, united to those which have been wreathed by the hand of victory around our liberties.

'It is observable that the language of the Great Charter is simple, brief, general without being abstract, and expressed in terms of authority, not of argument, yet commonly so reasonable as to carry with it the intrinsic evidence of its own fitness. It was understood by the simplest of the unlettered age for whom it was intended. It was remembered by them; and though they did not perceive the extensive consequences which might be derived from it, their feelings were, however unconsciously, exalted by its generality and grandeur.

'It was a peculiar advantage that the consequences of its principles were, if we may so speak, only discovered gradually and slowly. It gave out on each occasion only as much of the spirit of liberty and reformation, as the circumstances of succeeding generations required, and as their character would safely bear. For almost five centuries it was appealed to as the decisive authority on behalf of the people, though commonly so far only as the necessities of each case demanded. Its effect in these contests was not altogether unlike the grand process by which nature employs snows and frosts to cover her delicate germs, and to hinder them from rising above the earth till the atmosphere has acquired the mild and equal temperature which insures them against blights. On the English nation, undoubtedly, the charter has contributed to bestow the union of establishment with improvement. To all mankind it set the first example of the progress of a great people for centuries, in blending their tumultuary democracy and haughty nobility with a fluctuating and

vaguely limited monarchy, so as at length to form from these discordant materials, the only form of free government which experience had shown to be reconcileable with widely extended dominions. Whoever in any future age or unborn nation may admire the felicity of the expedient which converted the power of taxation into the shield of liberty, by which discretionary and secret imprisonment was rendered impracticable, and portions of the people were trained to exercise a larger share of judicial power than was ever allotted to them in any other civilised state, in such a manner as to secure instead of endangering public tranquillity: whoever exults at the spectacle of enlightened and independent assemblies, who, under the eye of a well-informed nation, discuss and determine the laws and policy likely to make communities great and happy;—whoever is capable of comprehending all the defects of such institutions, with all their possible improvements, upon the mind and genius of a people, is sacredly bound to speak with reverential gratitude of the authors of the Great Charter. To have produced it, to have preserved it, to have matured it, constitute the immortal claim of England on the esteem of mankind. Her Bacons and Shakspeares, her Miltons and Newtons, with all the truth which they have revealed, and all the generous virtue which they have inspired, are of inferior value when compared with the subjection of men and their rulers to the principles of justice; if, indeed, it be not more true that these mighty spirits could not have been formed except under equal laws, nor roused to full activity without the influence of that spirit which the Great Charter breathed over their forefathers.'—vol. i. pp. 220—222.

As the great charter was not in itself the commencement of our liberties, but only the solemn declaration of them in the form of law, so neither was it any thing like the consummation of that invaluable constitution which we now enjoy. The reign of Henry III. may be fixed upon as the true period of the origin of the present form of parliament. Its author was Sir Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who at the battle of Evesham 'died unconscious of the imperishable name which he acquired, by an act which he probably considered as of very small importance,—the summoning a parliament, of which the lower house was composed, as it has ever since been formed, of knights of the shires, and members for cities and towns,' 'He thus,' continues the eloquent commentator, 'unknowingly determined that England was to be a free country; and he was the blind instrument of disclosing to the world that great institution of representation, which was to introduce into popular governments a regularity and order far more perfect than had heretofore been purchased by submission to absolute power, and to draw forth liberty from confinement in single cities, to a fitness for being spread over territories which, experience does not forbid us to hope, may be as vast as have ever been grasped by the iron gripe of a despotic conqueror.' Upon this important theme Sir James evinces that fine sagacity which he usually carries with him into all questions of constitutional law. We must find room for a few more of his remarks.

'The following general observations may, perhaps, throw some light on the transition by which the national assembly passed from an aristocratical legislature, representing, perhaps not inadequately, the opinions of all who could have exercised political rights if they had then possessed them; through the stage of a great council, of which the popular portion consisted of all tenants in chief who had the power and the desire to attend such meetings; and at last terminated in a parliament, of which members chosen by the lesser nobility, by the landholders, and by the industrious inhabitants of towns, were a component part. With respect to the elections for counties, the necessary steps are few and simple. The appointment of certain knights to examine and redress the grievances in their respective counties, was likely to be the first advance. The instances of such nomination in the thirteenth century * were probably, in some measure, copied from more ancient precedents, overlooked by the monkish historians. It is scarcely to be doubted, that, before the Great Charter of John, the king had employed commissioners to persuade the gentry of the provinces to pay the scutages and aids, which, though their general legality was unquestionable, were sure to be often in arrear. They were, doubtless, armed with power to compromise and to facilitate payment by an equitable distribution of the burden among the military tenants. It is a short step from this state of things to direct the inferior military tenants of the whole kingdom, to send deputies to the capital, empowered to treat with the crown respecting these contributions on general and uniform principles. The distinction made by charter between the greater barons, who were personally summoned, and the smaller barons, who were only warned to attend by general proclamation, pointed out very obviously the application to the latter of the principle of representation, by which alone they could retain any influence over the public councils.

'The other great change, namely, the admission of all who held land from any lord mesne or paramount, not by a bas tenure, to vote in the election of knights of the shire, has been generally regarded as inexplicable. Considerable light has lately been thrown upon it by one of the most acute and learned of our constitutional antiquaries.† It is universally agreed, and, indeed, demonstrated by the most early writs, that the suitors at the county court became afterwards the voters at county elections. It is now proved that the numerous free tenants of mesne lords, in every county of England, did suit and service at county courts, certainly in the reigns of Henry III., and of Edward I.; probably in times so ancient, that we can see no light beyond them. As soon, therefore, as the suitors acquired votes, the whole body of the freeholders became the constituents in counties.

'Some part of the same process may be traced in the share of representation conferred on towns. In all the countries which had been provinces of the Roman empire, these communities retained some vestiges of those elective forms, and of that local administration which had been bestowed on them by the civilising policy of the Roman conquerors, and which, though too humble to excite the jealousy, or even to attract the observation, of the petty tyrants in whose territory they were situated, yet undoubt-

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* 'Hallam, Hist. Mid. Ages, ii. 215.

† 'Mr. Allen, master of Dulwich College. Edinburgh Review, xxvi. 341.'

edly contributed to fit them for more valuable privileges in better times. The splendid victory of the Lombard republics over the empire, and the greatness of the maritime states of Venice and Genoa, Pisa and Florence, rendered Italy the chief seat of European civilisation. In Germany, some towns on the Rhine, and on the northern shore, slowly acquired a republican constitution, imperfectly dependant on the imperial authority.

'In Switzerland, towns became substantially independent, like those of Italy, and, as in the ancient world, reduced the surrounding territories under their rule. In these countries, the government of the towns was either retained by the people, or by degrees confined to a few, exhibiting, like the cities of Greece, many of the shades between these extreme points, and most of the combinations of which such elements are capable. In France, in the Spanish peninsula, and in the British islands, their deputies became component members of the legislative assemblies. Those of Spain were present at the cortes of 1169, forty-six years before the Great Charter, the most early infusion of a representative principle into an European legislature; which has been ascribed to the necessity of bribing men by political privileges to garrison as well as inhabit towns exposed to the perpetual attacks of the Mahometans, from whom they had been recently conquered. In France, the exemption of towns from the jurisdiction of the tyrannical lords of their neighbourhood, which has been falsely attributed to the policy of Louis le Gros, desirous of raising up rivals to the imperious barons, in truth extended at the same time to a territory twice or thrice as extensive as his principality between the Somme and the Loire, and appears to have been extorted from him, as well as from other lords, by a simultaneous movement originating in the inhabitants of some cities in Flanders and northern France.*

'In England, the charters were early granted which exempted towns from baronial tyranny, and sanctioned the usages and by-laws which regulated their internal government. Those burghs, which were part of the ancient demesne of the crown, were subject to the payment of the feudal incidents. Talliage was exacted from them all; an impost founded on a conjectural and very uncertain estimate of the fortunes of individuals. The nature of this very arbitrary imposition made it difficult to settle the amount, and to procure the payment of it without intercourse between the king's agents and the burgesses, or their authorised proxies. These negotiations were generally committed to the judges of assize. Special commissioners often supplied their place. Nothing was more natural than to simplify these dealings by convoking a general meeting of delegates from burghs in London, to negotiate the talliage of the towns with the king's plenipotentiaries. When the consent of parliament was made necessary to the levy of talliage, of subsidies, and, in effect, of all taxes, as well as of the feudal dues in the latter years of Edward I., the burgesses became integral and essential parts of the legislature. The union, so pregnant with momentous and beneficial consequences, of the deputies of the minor nobility in the same house with those of the industrious classes, was not systematically adopted till a somewhat later period; but the tendency of

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* 'Thierry, Lettres sur l' Histoire de France, 248—509, with the ample authorities from Dom. Bouget.'

two bodies of elective members, whose chief concerns in legislation were of the same nature to form an united body, is too apparent to require more than the shortest allusion.

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'It would have been vain to have legally strengthened parliament against the crown, unless it had been actually strengthened by widening its foundations, by rendering it a bond of union between orders of men jealous of each other, and by multiplying its points of contact with the people, the sole allies from whom succour could be hoped. The introduction of knights, citizens, and burgesses into the legislature, by its continuance in circumstances so apparently inauspicious, showed how exactly it suited the necessities and demands of society at that moment. No sooner had events thrown forward the measure, than its fitness to the state of the community became apparent. It is often thus, that in the clamours of men for a succession of objects, society, by a sort of elective attraction, seems to select from among them what has an affinity with itself, and what easily combines with it in its state at the time. The enlargement of the basis of the legislature thus stood the test which discriminates visionary projects from necessary repair, and prudent reformation. It would be nowise inconsistent with this view of the subject, if we were to suppose that de Montfort, by this novelty, paid court to the lower orders to gain allies against the nobility,—the surmise of one ancient chronicler, eagerly adopted by several modern historians. That he might entertain such a project as a temporary expedient, is by no means improbable. To ascribe to him a more extensive foresight, would be unreasonable in times better than his. If the supposition could be substantiated, it would only prove more clearly that his ambition was guided by sagacity; that he saw the part of society which was growing in strength, and with which a provident government ought to seek an alliance; that amidst the noise and confusion of popular complaint, he had learned the art of deciphering its often wayward language, and of discriminating the clamour of a moment from demands rooted in the nature and circumstances of society.'—vol. i. pp. 240—246.

The division of the two houses, which subsequently took place, and the influence of representation upon society, are successively treated by the learned author in his happiest manner. The period when the commons first sat separately from the peers is uncertain. It cannot, perhaps, be considered as completed until the reign of Edward II., in which the constitution is usually considered as having been established. The effect of the principle of representation is thus developed.

'Its operation on the whole order of society became, in course of centuries, still more worthy of attention; though, as it acted by opinion rather than by law, it was neither easy to trace and measure its unfelt progress, nor in a few words to describe its nature, and to afford clear proof of its insensible but extensive influence. Its source was evidently the parliamentary union of the lesser nobility with the burgesses, which could not fail in due time to produce a correspondent union throughout society. In the reign of Edward II.* the fords between the orders were so passable,

* 'Palgrave.'

that commoners seem to have been called to the peerage. It was not till the time of Henry VI. that the word "gentleman" began to be used in somewhat of that modern sense which distinguishes it legally from a nobleman, and morally from an uneducated plebeian. In the farther stages of the progress, heralds and genealogists began to complain of its indiscriminate application, while in their antiquarian pleasantry they represented it as being usurped by every idle and useless upstart.

'The principle of birth continued to lie at the foundation of the body of gentry, and lent to every newly-received candidate some portion of a feeling which is so much mingled with the moralities of education, with the means of generosity, and with lasting exemption from grievous and disreputable toil, that, except where it is counteracted by jealousy, it never can fail, with or without the aid of legal privilege, to be an agreeable object of contemplation, whether in our own possession or that of others. But in the course of ages the body gradually opened their arms to receive among them all men of liberal education and condition. It became a species of voluntary aristocracy, which after some silent trial adopted every man who appeared to be distinguished from the multitude. It was bestowed neither by kings nor laws: and it was only to be withdrawn silently, on strong appearances that the delicacies and refinements of honours, which were imposed when the rank was granted, had been disregarded by some of its possessors. One of its last and most modern results was, an unbroken chain of connection extending from the steps of the throne to the lowest limit of liberal education. It would be easy to multiply examples of gentlemen of moderate fortune, whose affinities and relationships now spread nearly to the opposite points. Distant as the extremities are, the steps are in the intermediate degrees short, and made without effort. Every accurate observer may easily convince himself how much all the parts of the chain are fastened together by links, more in number and strength than would at first be thought probable.

'The natural subserviency of this intermixture of interests and attachments to the quiet and harmony of the community, is too obvious to need illustration. Hence it in a great measure came to pass that the fiercest civil dissentions of after-times were not between orders, but between parties, each of whom contained in itself a portion of every order, checking the tendency of each other to extremities, and affording inducements to moderation as well as channels of compromise. Hence perhaps also that extraordinary union of the principles of stability and advancement, which has enabled the British constitution to pass unbroken through so vast an extent of time and place; to control an absolute monarchy in India; and, after political separation, to witness its laws and institutions flourishing among the North American democracies. Nothing short of a union of the most seemingly discordant classes, linked together by ties too deep for common observation, could fit it to be a bond of union between the most ancient times of which we have an account, and the most remote futurity which our imagination can anticipate.'—vol. i. pp. 268—270.

For many reigns after the establishment of our parliamentary constitution, its history is but little more than a series of struggles for its defence on the side of the barons and the people, and for its overthrow on that of the sovereigns. The present volume ends

with the commencement of the long and diversified reign of Henry VI. We sincerely trust that health and vigour of mind may be spared to Sir James Mackintosh to finish his undertaking. We have not hesitated to warn him of his faults and to admire his perfections. If his remaining volumes be no better written than this, in the narrative portions of them, his work will unquestionably sink under the brilliant history of Dr. Lingard. Even should Sir James be more careful in that respect, we fear that at best his work will be consulted by posterity chiefly for its commentaries upon the constitutional chapters of our annals,—a most important department indeed of English history, and well worthy of that exclusive attention which Sir James Mackintosh is of all our living writers, perhaps, the best calculated to bestow upon it.

ART. VIII.—*Wallenstein's Camp: from the German; and Original Poems.* 12mo. pp. 167. London: Murray. 1830.

IT must be gratifying to literary men to observe that there is at least one nobleman, immediately connected with the government, and holding an office of great labour and responsibility, who continues the connection, which in former times was much more vigorously kept up, between the higher functions of the state and the republic of letters. It was apprehended that Lord Levison Gower, on becoming secretary for Ireland, would have given up his accomplished mind to official details, which, however tolerable to his laudable ambition, were well calculated to keep the muses at a distance. We are pleased to find that this is not altogether the case, and that although the greater portion of his time is necessarily devoted to the important department confided to his care, he can still retire from it occasionally to those fairy haunts in which he has already found so many charms, and may always expect to meet with a favourable reception.

It is understood that the lamented Canning seldom, during any part of his active life, passed a day without refreshing his fine fancy among the classic shades. His favourite author was Horace, and next to the best Latin writers, he preferred the "Arabian Nights." The latter work had peculiar charms for his mind, and exercised over it so great and so soothing a power, that he always had recourse to it when more than usually annoyed and oppressed by the vexations of office. Indeed, whoever looks forward to a lengthened public career, and wishes to provide for himself a mental haven of peace, in which he might moor his bark when assailed by the tempest of factious strife at home, or of war abroad, can no where find such a halcyon asylum, unless he have power to wield with effect the magic wand of the muses. Admitted to their favour, he may often smile upon the storm, and sometimes gather strength to meet or direct it, when many a gallant vessel besides may be seen yielding to its fury. The hope is, we believe, generally

entertained that the government of this country may long continue to be assisted and adorned, and perhaps ultimately to be guided, by the modest but able statesman who has favoured us with this little volume; and therefore it is that we rejoice in seeing him thus lay up betimes treasures in the paradise of literature, which may be equally efficacious in subduing the pride of triumph, as in dispelling the gloom of despair.

The feelings, however, which his literary relaxations are capable of exciting in favour of a young nobleman, disinterestedly engaged in the public service, ought not to prevent us from expressing a wish that Lord Levison Gower would not much longer continue to fetter his fancy in the wide and sometimes unprofitable field of translation. The principal works of Schiller are now sufficiently known to the English reader; or, if there be any thing produced by the German Shakspeare, or any of his literary brethren, which we do not yet possess in our own language, there is a sufficient number of men amongst us of moderate capacity, who may with impunity labour in this mine of intellect. But be it the ambition of the present author to lift his mind to higher pursuits, to expand the wings of his fancy, and immortalize, in polished numbers, the beings of his own conception. The few original poems which we have in the little volume before us, give evidence of power of imagination and thought, which ought not to be confined within the narrow limits of translation.

At the same time, it would be an injustice to deny that the version of 'Wallenstein's Camp' is a work of great merit. One of great labour, of cheerless and fatiguing perseverance, it must undoubtedly have been. We remember to have seen in some periodical publication, a loose paraphrase of some parts of this performance, which two French writers had also metamorphosed into their language. But the 'Camp' has, so far as we know, never before been made thoroughly accessible to the English reader. It was intended by Schiller to be a sort of chorus after the ancient Greek style (though upon a larger scale than Euripides or Sophocles ever indulged in), serving as an introduction to the active life and to the death of his hero. The character of Wallenstein is disclosed in it; it makes us acquainted with some of his principal instruments, and prefigures, as it were, the deeds which are to be done. We do not mingle as yet in the dust, and clamour, and blood of the battle; but we behold the soldiers preparing their arms for the coming strife, we hear them conversing in their military and fearless dialect, painting their own portraits, uttering their complaints, giving vent to their rapacious desires, and shewing the dangerous materials of which they are made. We are, in a word, introduced into the camp of Wallenstein, in which all that is picturesque and exciting in the tented life of a soldier, waiting for the sound of the trumpet that is to summon him to the field, is placed before us in the most animated and diversified colours. What can be more

grotesque, and at the same time more appropriate, than the opening of the first scene? 'Sutlers' tents; in front of them a slop-shop; soldiers, of many different uniforms and insignia, passing backwards and forwards; tables all occupied; Croats and Hulans cooking at a fire; sutler's wife serving out wine; soldiers' children throwing dice on a drum; singing in the tents.' We are thus introduced to the mercenary band of adventurers that is collected before us, and we perceive at once that they are a motley, restless group, a set of gamblers in the game of life, and reckless of all consequences.

A peasant and his son approach the camp, and their conversation leads us to a more intimate knowledge of this crew, whose vices the demoralized peasant seeks to turn to his own advantage.

'SON.

'Father, some ill will sure ensue.—
Let us avoid the soldier crew;
Even if life and limb they spare,
Their insolence is hard to bear.

'FATHER.

'What if their bearing be somewhat rough,
To eat us they hardly are rude enough.
See, there have new ones joined their train,
Fresh from the banks of the Saal and Maine.
Booty they bring, things rare and fine,
Cunning and skill may make them mine.
A captain whom his comrades stuck
Left me some dice of certain luck;
And soon on these I'll prove my skill,
If they hold their original virtue still.
We must look wretched as wretched may be;
They are wasteful and loose and free,
Swallow fair language and see no trick,
Make fast winnings and lose them as quick.
If in bushels our goods they gain,
We by spoonsful must get them again;
They set rudely the stroke of sword,
We by cunning must sweep the board.

[*Singing and shouting in the tent.*

How they shout!—May God sustain
Us poor peasants, who pay for all.
Eight long months the swarm has lain
In the labourer's bed and stall;
Far and wide in all our plains
Neither feather nor hoof remains;
We for hunger and sheer distress
Must gnaw our joints in wretchedness.
Not more sad our old estate,
When the Saxon was at our gate.—
And the name of the Emperor's men they bear.

'SON.

'See from the kitchen comes out a pair.
By their looks they have little to serve our need.

'FATHER.

'They are of us, of Bohemia's breed.
Carbiniers of Terschka's train
In these quarters long have lain;
And these are just the worst of all;
Spread their shoulders and strut so tall,
As if they were far too good to deign
With the peasant a flask to drain.
But to the left apart I see
Round the fire sharpshooters three—
By their dress they are Tyrolese;
Emmerick, come, I will have at these;
Birds of gay note and gaudy feather,
Loving to flock and chatter together.'—pp. 13—16.

Under the pretence of begging, the peasants gain admission to the camp, where instead of food, they are characteristically offered only wine. We learn, from a conversation between a sergeant and a trumpeter, that the pay of the troops has been recently doubled,—a delightful concession of which they could not divine the cause, unless it was that some great event was upon the eve of taking place, a conjecture the more plausible, as

'The generals do not muster here,
The couriers do not hurry through,
For want of other work to do.'

The appearance of an Austrian diplomatist in the camp,

'A blood-hound of the emperor's chase,
The footsteps of the duke to trace,'

confirms these suspicions, but the troops are for the Duke.

'SERGEANT.

'Mark well, they trust us not, and fear
The stern close Friedlander's brow severe.
He has risen too high, and fain
They would tumble him down again.

'TRUMPETER.

'But we upright shall hold him, we—
Were all the rest like you and me.

'SERGEANT.

'Our regiment here, and the four beside,
By Terschka led, are sure and tried.
The most determined of all his host
Pledged to maintain him in his post.
He named our captains, and through the roll
We are his and will be, body and soul.'—pp. 18, 19.

A little incident of a sharpshooter duping a Croat, by inducing him to exchange a costly necklace which he stole, for a pair of pistols and a cap; a transaction witnessed by the trumpeter, who

keeps silence under the hope of sharing in the booty, further developes the notions of right and wrong which prevail amongst these encamped soldiers. But a still broader light is thrown upon them in the following striking verses.

'ARTILLERY SOLDIER (*to the* SERGEANT).
'How fares it, brother Carbinier?
Must we much longer here be pent
Now that the Swede has struck his tent?
'SERGEANT.
'Are you so soon upon the fret?
The roads are not in order yet.
'ARTILLERYMAN.
'Not I: we sit in comfort here.
But the last messenger relates
That Ratisbon has oped her gates.
'TRUMPETER.
'Then must we get our reins in hand.
'SERGEANT.
'Forsooth to guard Bavaria's land.—
No mighty haste to bring relief
To those who hate and harm our chief.

'SCENE V.—*The former:—two* YAGERS, SUTLER'S WIFE, CHILDREN, SCHOOLMASTER.

'TRUMPETER.
'Whose corps is that? the two, I mean,
Dizened in silver lace and green.
'SERGEANT.
'Holk's Yägers. There is 'broidery there
Which scarce could be matched at Leipsig's fair.
SUTLER'S WIFE (*brings wine.*)
'Good morrow, masters.
FIRST YAGER.
'Why, bless me, dame,
'Tis surely the Gustel.
'SUTLER'S WIFE.
'Kind sir, the same;
From Blasewitz village.—And save us all!
Why 'tis Master Peter—we named The Tall;
Who brought to the regiment one fine night
His father's dollars all fresh and bright,
At Gluckstadt's city.
'FIRST YAGER.
'And quitted then,
For a soldier's musket, the office pen.
'SUTLER'S WIFE.
'We were well acquainted in times long past.
'FIRST YAGER.
'And meet, old lady, in Pilsen at last.
'SUTLER'S WIFE.
'Tis the chance of war; we are here to-day,
And gone to-morrow—and far away.

This war is a besom; we wander and tramp,
As it sweeps us onward, from camp to camp.
I have made some journeys.

'FIRST YAGER

'So I should say.
You bear the marks.

'SUTLER'S WIFE.

'They brought me as far,
With the baggage-waggons, as Temeswar,
When they hunted fierce old Mansfield down.
With the Duke to Stralsund then I stray'd,
And lost in the trenches my stock in trade.
So I followed the succours to Mantua's town;
Came back with Feria: then I went
With a Spanish corps on a tour to Ghent;
And came to see how Bohemia looks,
Pouch some old debts, and make up my books.
I look to have payment for money lent,
If the Prince should help me—and there's my tent.

'FIRST YAGER.

'And what is become of your old ally—
The Scotsman who kept your company?

'SUTLER'S WIFE.

'The knave! one morning off he flew;
He and my little savings too.
The scapegrace yonder—he left me that.

'CHILD.

'Is it my papa you mean?

'FIRST YAGER.

'The brat
'Will be wanted one day when the state needs men,
And must feed at the Emperor's cost till then.

'SCHOOLMASTER.

'To your lessons—march.

'FIRST YAGER.

'How slow it treads;
'Already the schoolroom's air it dreads.

'SUTLER'S MAID.

'Aunt, they are going.

'SUTLER'S WIFE.

'Well, I hear.

'FIRST YAGER.

'Whence does that roguish face appear?

'SUTLER'S WIFE.

'My sister's child.—From Austria's land.

'FIRST YAGER.

'Aye, aye, a niece: I understand.

'SECOND YAGER *(holding back the girl.)*

'And why, sweet child, so fast away?

'GIRL.

'There are guests to serve, and I may not stay.

[*Extricates herself and exit.*

'FIRST YAGER.

'A choicer bit is seldom seen.
And the aunt.—The time has been,
When for that little mask was spent
The best blood in the regiment.
Well, faces change, and time will run;
Much we must see beneath the sun.
[*To the* TRUMPETER *and* SERGEANT.
Your health, my masters.—We sit with you,
By your permission.'—pp. 20—26.

The sutler's wife's story of her wanderings, breathes the very air of the camp. To have been robbed of her savings by a Scotch lover or husband, and left with a child to take care of; and the appearance of the Austrian beauty whom she calls her niece, are also highly characteristic features in her diversified career. It must be owned that all this portion of the dialogue, which is understood to present many perplexing difficulties to the English translator, is rendered with equal freedom and grace.

The sergeant, a formal sort of fellow, who affects a great regard for discipline, gives to his new companions a cordial reception. Their fine dress, their hose, and lace, and plumed hat, and fine linen, excite, naturally enough, the jealousy of the trumpeter. The sergeant disdains such happiness, greatly preferring to them the honour of being the 'Friedlander's Own,' whose uniform was of rather a more sober description. What, says the yager, have we not also the honour of serving the Duke? We almost see the sergeant answering him with a toss of the head.

'SERGEANT.

'Yes: you are a part of the general throng.

'FIRST YAGER.

'And to what by distinction do you belong?
I think that the uniform draws the line—
I shall gladly abide by this coat of mine.

'SERGEANT.

'I pity your notions, but cannot condemn;
You live with the peasants, and think with them.
The air, the manner, the tone to gain,
One must be in the Duke's peculiar train.

'FIRST YAGER.

'Oh, yes: in trifles you hit it off;
You can spit like the Friendlander—ape his cough;
But the spirit, the genius, with which to his aid
His dukedom was won, and his fortune made,
Are not to be learnt on the guard's parade.'—pp. 27, 28.

The second yager comes to the assistance of his companion, and gives a singularly wild and frightful account of the scenes in which they had already been engaged, shewing how well fitted they are for the cause which they have now taken up. The scene is long, but it is interesting, and admirably translated.

'SECOND YAGER.

'Question, and ask us, what men we be—
The Friendlander's huntsmen wild are we.
We shame not the title; for free we go
Over the country of friend or foe;
Over furrow and ridge, through the yellow corn,
They know the yell of Holk's Yäger-horn.
In the lapse of an instant near and far,
Swift as the sin-flood there we are—
As the red fire-flame through the rafters breaks
In the dead of the dark night when no man wakes:
To fight or to fly they may neither avail,
Drill and discipline both must fail;
In the sinewy arm may the maiden strain—
War has no pity, she struggles in vain.
Now ask, if ye doubt me—ask far and wide;
In Baireuth and Cassel, and elsewhere beside.
Where'er we have marched they remember us well;
Their children's children the tale shall tell—
For the age to come, and for others too—
Where Holk and his squadrons have once marched through.

'SERGEANT.

'Hear how he talks. Is the soldier found
In the riot and waste which he spreads around?
The sharpness makes him—the dash, the tact,
The cunning to plan and the spirit to act.

'FIRST YAGER.

'Tis liberty makes him! That I should hear
Such phrases unmeet for a soldier's ear—
That I should have left the rod and the school,
The inky desk and the pedant's rule,
In the tent of the soldier again to find
The galley-slave work which I left behind.
I will swim with the current, and idle stray
For change and for novelty every day;
To the will of the instant give myself o'er,
Look not behind me and look not before:
For this I'm the Emperor's, body and limb,
My cares and my troubles make over to him.
Let him order me straight where the battle is hot,
Through the smoke of the cartridge, the hailstorm of shot,
Or o'er the blue deeps of the hurrying Rhine:
Let the third man be down to the end of the line,
I will march where he will, so that freedom be mine;
But as for restraint I must beg for a truce,
And for every thing further I make my excuse.

'SERGEANT.

'In truth what you ask is no mighty affair;
'Tis but little, in conscience, you claim for your share.

'FIRST YAGER.

'What a coil and a turmoil, in word and in deed,
With that plague of his people—Gustavus the Swede.

His camp was a church and a chapel each tent,
And to it at morning and evening we went;
To psalms and to prayers round the standard we flew,
By the morning reveille and the evening tattoo;
And if we but ventured an oath or a jest,
He would preach from the saddle as well as the best.

'SERGEANT.

'He ruled in religion and godly fear.

'FIRST YAGER.

'And as for the girls they must fly the camp,
Or straight to the altar both parties must tramp.
This last was too much, and I left him here.

'SERGEANT.

'The Swede, on this head, now is less severe.

'FIRST YAGER.

'So I rode where the Leaguist had just sat down,
And opened his trenches 'gainst Magdeburgh town.
Aye, there was a different game to play—
All was jovial, merry, and gay;
Dice and women, and plenty of wine—
The stakes were deep and the sport was fine:
For the fierce old Tilly knew how to command.
Though he governed himself with an iron hand,
He could blink at our faults, and the soldier would claim
The license denied to his own old frame;
And if from the chest he had little to give,
He went by the proverb of live and let live.
But Tilly's fortunes might not stand fast,
And he lost his all on the Leipzick cast;
All crumbled at once and to pieces fell—
No scheme would answer, no blow would tell;
Where we came, and where we knocked,
Faces were surly, and doors were locked.
We begged and we wandered the country round,
For the old respect was not to be found;
So to mend my fortunes I marched away
To the Saxon's forces, and touched his pay.

'SERGEANT.

'You nicked the moment: no doubt you fell
On Bohemia's plunder.

'FIRST YAGER.

'It went not well;
For their cursed discipline held us tight,
And we dared not demean us as foes outright.
We had castles to guard which we longed to burn—
With compliments, speeches, at every turn,
The war was a jest, and we played our part
In such childish sport with but half an heart.
In a wholesale fashion we might not deal,
No honour nor profit to win or steal;
And to fly from a life which I liked so ill
I had well nigh returned to the desk and quill,

But the sword still carried it over the pen,
For the Friedlander's levies began just then.

'SERGEANT.

'And how long here may you look to stay?

'FIRST YAGER.

'You joke: while the Friedlander holds the sway
For my desertion take you no fear—
Where can the soldier sit better than here?
We have war to deal with in form and soul,
And the cut of greatness throughout the whole;
And the spirit that works in the living form,
Whirls on in its course like the winter storm—
Trooper, like officer, on with the rest.
I too step forward among the best;
I too on the citizen learn to tread,
As the general steps on the prince's head.
Such customs the good old times recall,
When the blade of the soldier was all in all.
There is one transgression: by word or look
To gainsay the word of the Order-Book.
All that is not forbidden, is free—
No man asks of what creed ye be:
All things to the army belong or not,
I with the former have cast my lot—
I to the standard am pledged alone.

'SERGEANT.

'You please me, Yager; in sooth your tone
Is that of ourselves, of the Friedlander's own.

'FIRST YAGER.

'He bears not his staff like some petty sway
Which the Emperor gave and can take away;
He serves not, he, for the Emperor's gain—
And how has he propped the Emperor's reign?
And what has he done to protect the land
From the terrible Swede and his Lutheran band?
No, a soldier kingdom he fain would found;
Light up and fire the world around,
Measure out and conquer his own domain.

'TRUMPETER.

'Hush, who would venture so bold a strain?

'FIRST YAGER.

'I speak what I think, and I speak it plain—
'Twas the general's saying, that words are free.

'SERGEANT.

'He stood as he uttered it close to me;
And added, moreover, I call to mind,
"That deeds are dumb and obedience blind:"
And these are his spoken words I know.

'FIRST YAGER.

'I wot not if these were his words or no,
But however he said it the thing is so.

'SECOND YAGER.

'For him the chances are ever the same;
Not, as with others, they turn and veer.
The fierce old Tilly outlived his fame;
But the Friedlander's banner is charmed to fly
To certain triumph and victory—
He has spell-bound fortune to his career.
Those who follow him to fight,
Own the aid of darker might;
For friends and foes alike will say,
That the Friedlander holds a devil in pay.

'SERGEANT.

'He is proof; and of that no man can doubt.
I saw him in Lutzen's bloodiest rout,
Where the muskets' cross-fire chiefly swept,
As coolly as on the parade he stepped.
His hat, I saw it, was riddled with shot,
In his boots and buff coat the lead was hot;
But the hellish salve was so well rubbed in,
That not a bullet might raze the skin.

'FIRST YAGER.

'What miracles now? who credits such stuff?
He wears a jerkin of elk-skin tough,
Through which no bullet may find its way.

'SERGEANT.

'Once more 'tis the witches' salve I say,
Cooked up with sigil and sign and spell.

'TRUMPETER.

'Dark doings these with the fiends of hell.

'SERGEANT.

'They say that he reads in planet and star
Things to happen both near and far;
But others believe—and I know they are right—
That a small grey man at the hour of night,
Through the bolted portals is wont to glide,
Has brushed by the sentinel's very side,
Challenged and scream'd to has never replied;
And something of import was ever near,
When the little grey man has been known to appear.

'SECOND YAGER.

'He is sold to the devil I doubt indeed,
Which causes the jovial life we lead.'—pp. 27—38.

A recruit, a young man of superior station, is brought to the camp, who abandons his old grandmother and young bride for the excitements of a soldier's life. The sergeant, in order to encourage him, sets before his view the noble path of ambition and fortune which his new career opens to his pursuit: the scene then becomes one of dancing and merriment, and while all are engaged in singing, flirting, romping, shouting, a Capuchin friar suddenly makes his appearance, and treats the party to a sermon. This

discourse is a singular composition. It was the fashion at one time for the friars in Germany, as well as in France and in Spain and even in England, to intermingle scraps of Latin with their pulpit addresses. Some happily imitated specimens of the Spanish rustic sermons may be seen in that humorous satire, not much inferior in its way to Don Quixote, called *Fray Gerundio en campos.* In writing this discourse Schiller was perhaps more anxious to fill up the outlines of the friar's character, than to satirize a peculiar style. Even the mere English reader, unacquainted with the original, must perceive that in translating this strange discourse, Lord Levison Gower had an extremely difficult task to perform.

'SCENE VIII.

'Enter a band of miners, and play a waltz.—The First Yäger dances with the Waiting-Girl, the Recruit with the Sutler's Wife.—the Girl slips away, the Yäger after her, and seizes hold of the Capuchin, who enters at this moment.

'CAPUCHIN.

'Shout and swear, ye devil's crew—
He is among ye, and I make two.
Can these be Christians in faith or works?
Are we Anabaptists, Jews, or Turks?
Is this a time to feast or play,
For banquet, dance and holiday?
When the quickest are slow, and the earliest late is,
Quid hic otiosi statis?
When the furies are loose by the Danube's side,
And the bulwark is low of Bavaria's pride,
And Ratisbon in the enemy's claw,
The soldier still looks to his ravenous maw;
For, praying or fighting, he eats and swears,
Less for the battle than the bottle he cares;
Loves better his beak than his blade to whet—
On the ox, not on Oxenstiern, would set.
'Tis a time for mourning, for prayer, and tears—
Sign and wonder in heaven appears;
Over the firmament is spread
War's wide mantle all bloody red,
And the streaming comet's fiery rod
Betokens the rightful wrath of God.
Whence comes all this?—I now proclaim
That from your sin proceeds your shame:
Sin, like the magnet, draws the steel,
Which in its bowels the land must feel;
Ruin as close on wrong appears,
As, on the acrid onion, tears.
Who learns his letters this may know,
That violence produces woe,
As in the alphabet you see
How W comes after V.
When the altar and pulpit despised we see,
Ubi erit spes victoriæ?

Si offenditur Deus. How can we prevail,
If his house and preachers we assail?
The woman in the Gospel found
The farthing dropped upon the ground;
Joseph again his brothers knew—
(Albeit a most unworthy crew;)
Saul found his father's asses too:
Who in the soldier seeks to find
The Christian's love and humble mind,
And modesty and just restraint,
He in the devil seeks a saint;
And small reward will crown his hopes,
Though with a hundred lights he gropes.
The Gospel tells how the soldiers ran
In the desert of old to the holy man—
Did penance, were baptized, and prayed.
Quid faciemus nos? they said;
Et ait illis—he answers them:
Concutiatis neminem—
No one vex, or spoil, or kill;
Nec calumniam—speak no ill;
Contenti estote—learn not to fret
Stipendiis vestris—at what you get.
The Scripture forbids us, in language plain,
To take the holiest name in vain:
But here the law might as well be dumb;
And if for the thundering oaths which come
From the tip of the blasphemous soldier's tongue,
As for heaven's thunder the bells were rung,
The sacristans would soon be dead.
And if, for each wanton and wicked prayer,
Were plucked from the blasphemous soldier's head,
As a gift for Satan, a single hair,
Each head in the camp would be smooth and bare
Ere the watch was set and the sun was down,
Though at morn it were bushy as Absalom's crown.
A soldier Joshua was like you,
And David tall Goliah slew;
They laid about them as much and more,
But where do we read that they cursed and swore.
Yet the lips which we open to curse and swear,
Are not opened wider for creed or prayer;
But that with which the cask we fill,
The same we must draw and the same must spill.
'Thou shalt not steal'—the Scriptures tell,
And for this I grant that you keep it well;
For you carry your plunder and lift your prey,
With your vulture claws, in the face of day;
Gold from the chest your tricks convey:
The calf in the cow is not safe from you,
You take the egg and the hen thereto.

Contenti estote, the preacher has said—
Be content with your ammunition bread.
But the low and the humble 'twere sin to blame,
From the greatest and highest the evil came;
The limbs are bad, but the head as well:
No one his faith or his creed can tell.

'FIRST YAGER.

'Sir Priest, the soldier I count fair game;
So, please you, keep clear of the general's name.

'CAPUCHIN.

'*Ne custodias gregem meam!*
He is an Ahab and Jerobeam;
God's people to folly he leads astray,
To idols of falsehood he points the way.

'TRUMPETER.

'Let us not hear that twice, I pray.

'CAPUCHIN.

'Such a Bramarbas, with iron hand,
Would spoil the high places throughout the land.
We know, though Christian lips are loth
To repeat the words of his godless oath,
How Stralsund's city he vowed to gain,
Though it held to heaven with bolt and chain.

'TRUMPETER.

'Will no man throttle him, once for all?

'CAPUCHIN.

'A wizard, a fiend-invoking Saul—
A Jehu, or he whom Judith slew,
By a woman's hand in his cups who died;—
Like him who his Master and Lord denied,
Who was deaf to the warning cock that crew—
Like him, when the cock crows, he cannot hear.

'FIRST YAGER.

'Shaveling liar, thy death is near.

'CAPUCHIN.

'A fox-like Herod in wiles and lies.

'TRUMPETER *and* YAGERS (*pressing upon him.*)

'The lie in his slanderous throat: he dies.

CROATS (*interfering.*)

'They shall not harm thee. Discourse thy fill;
Give us thy sermon, and fear no ill.

'CAPUCHIN.

'A Nebuchadnezzar in pride and sin,
Heretic, pagan, his heart within;
While such a Friedland has command,
The country is ever an unfreed land.

'[*During this last speech he has been gradually making his retreat. The* CROATS, *meanwhile, protecting him from the rest.*]'—pp. 45—52.

Meantime the knavery of the peasant who had obtained admission to the camp, and who had attempted to cheat some soldiers

at play with his false dice, is discovered, and he is driven away from their presence. Intelligence arrives that a part of the army is to be detached to the Netherlands: the men who liked their quarters at Pilsen, and who had no disposition at that time to exchange a life of riot and rapine for one of greater regularity, determined to abide by the standard of Wallenstein. They were called, indeed, the army of the Emperor; but such was their great leader's influence over them, that already they begin to separate his service from that of their imperial master. A cuirassier commences the mutiny by swearing that he would sooner desert his regiment than join the Cardinal-Infant in the Netherlands. The trumpeter convinces himself that he had sold his blood to the Emperor, but not to a cardinal. A yager declares,

> 'On the Friedlander's credit and word alone,
> The emperor's service became our own;
> And but for his sake, be it understood,
> The emperor never had had our blood.'

This declaration is backed by that of another yager,

> 'The Friedlander raised us; and 'tis our pride
> To follow his fortune, and none beside.'

The sergeant, after collecting eloquence from a cup of Melnecker, fully discusses the question in his usual authoritative way, and shews that the real object of the Emperor is first to weaken, and finally to disperse the camp at Pilsen, which was suspected of being more attached to Wallenstein, the Friedlander, than it ought to be. He asks his comrades whence they all came. From Ireland, some answer, others from Lombardy, Switzerland, Weimar, and various places. But how are such troopers,

> —'Drifting together, like winter snow,
> From all the quarters of all the sky
> Into one united company,'

formed as it were a solid and indissoluble mass?

> 'Who has forged us so fast and tight
> That none can divide us or disunite?
> Who but the duke?'

Who but Wallenstein? The conclusion is left to a cuirassier to draw.

> 'What use in talking? My words are few;
> There is much to speak of—one thing to do:
> United, the army may well defy
> The council, the court, and the chancery;
> In Bohemia here let it fix its station,
> In spite of order and proclamation.
> We will not march, and we will not fight—
> They stain our honour who take our right.'—p. 68.

This resolution was completely in unison with Wallenstein's projects. He had long before felt that his influence was upon the

decline at court, and impelled by his insatiable ambition, he conceived the bold design of converting Bohemia into a kingdom, of which he was to be himself the sovereign. The commanders of the imperial troops he had assembled at Pilsen, apparently for the purpose of concerting with them the relief of Ratisbon, but really with the view of ascertaining how far he might depend upon them in carrying into effect the scheme which he contemplated. The language of the cuirassier is looked upon as treasonable by one of his companions; but the sergeant comes again to the aid of his master, and shews that there is no treason at all in the matter; that the Duke was a man of great dignity; that he wore his hat in the presence of the Emperor; was quite as elevated in rank as the princes of Cologne and Munich, and that he, moreover, coined money upon which were impressed his own image and motto. 'The case is clear,' cries the sergeant,

> 'What prince is better in all the land?
> He strikes his money like Ferdinand.
> Highness is styled. It follows of course,
> He can levy and keep a soldier force.'

This doctrine is resisted by the first arquebusier, who takes up the part of the Emperor, and is encountered with such rigour on all sides that he is obliged to quit.

The translation speaks for itself. The language is vigorous, lucid and poetical, and in no respect unworthy of the original. We have now, for the first time, the Wallenstein in a complete form. The two plays which contain the remainder of his career, have, as our readers know, been already rendered by the same distinguished author to whom we are now indebted for the 'Camp.'

A pretty little poem from Schiller, entitled 'Resignation,' and a monody on Lord Byron from Müller, precede the few original verses with which Lord Levison Gower has favoured us in the present collection. One of these, 'Boyle Farm,' has been in private circulation for some time, and has acquired even in that modest shape, a certain degree of celebrity. We shall indulge the reader by giving one or two extracts from 'The Mill, a Moravian Tale, founded on facts,' a composition fraught with deep interest, and extremely well written. It opens with a description of the romantic situation of the mill, and of the once beautiful maid to whose father it belonged.

> 'Time was when yonder wheel went round,
> With mirth and music in its sound,
> To wealth and beauty's ear;
> For scarcely Olmutz' walls contain'd
> A wealthier man than him who reign'd
> Lord and possessor here;
> And not Moravia's circle wide
> Could show the rival fair who vied
> With Ebba's charms. How oft he smiled

Complacent on that only child;
Bade some assenting neighbour trace
Her mother's beauty in that face;
Told how that dark Sclavonic eye
Recall'd his wife to memory,
And how the heiress of the charms,
Which once had bless'd his youthful arms,
Should be, when he too was no more,
The heiress of his worldly store.
They say that spirits haunt the gloom
Of that deserted roofless room—
They say that spirits make their moan
At midnight round the old hearth-stone,
Where once the father and his child
The length of wintry nights beguiled.
I can believe the sinful dead
May haunt it now, but they had fled
From Ebba's voice of old, when there
She raised the hymn of evening prayer.'—pp. 108, 109.

A soldier who bore about him the marks of honourable war, a Milan of no higher rank than a corporal, found his way to the mill, where by those tales of peril that are so well calculated to win the heart of woman, he succeeded in making an inroad upon Ebba's heart; nor was he less acceptable to the father. Eventually it is settled that they shall be married, but before the ceremony takes place, the father wishes that Conrad, so the Italian was named, should obtain his discharge from the army. This object is gained. The discharge arrives; Conrad hastens to their favourite bower,

—'that spot of hallowed ground,
By many a meeting known,
With shadowing alders fenced around,
And flowers of spring o'ergrown,'

to meet his expectant bride—but no Ebba was there

—'to greet his view—
No sign of footsteps on the dew—
No trace upon the shore.'

The same day the Milan rejoined his regiment, to the surprise of his comrades. Ten years roll on. The adjutant has occasion to send a letter to Olmutz with the greatest possible expedition. Conrad is fixed upon for the performance of this duty.

'Soon to that summons Conrad came;
Like some dark portrait from its frame
More than a form of flesh and blood,
Erect and montionless he stood.
It seem'd as if the blasting stroke,
Which on his youthful fortunes broke,

The toils of many a fierce campaign,
And ten long years of wasting pain,
In powerless rage had scored the brow,
Which all their influence could not bow.'—pp. 118, 119.

It was winter. The waters were out, and in order to accomplish the journey within the given time, Conrad is told that he must go by the way of *the mill.* This direction startles him. He asks whether the business might not be deferred until morning: he is charged with cowardice—

'With one instinctive grasp his blade
He clasp'd, relax'd it and obey'd.'

The horrible part of the story is then told in a rapid, and highly poetical style.

'The adjutant sits in the lonely room
Of the solitary inn,
But he cannot slumber in its gloom,
For the tempest's furious din.
He thinks on the word he gave,
And the Hulan's strange reply,
And he wonders how one so brave
Who had never fear'd to die,
Who at Aspern rode on his squadron's right,
Should tremble to ride on a stormy night,
Should pray like a woman to wait till morn;
And the grim old adjutant laugh'd in scorn.

'Is it a sound of mortal strain
Which breaks on his listening ear,
Or the yell of the sable huntsman's train,
Who follow the skeleton deer?
'Tis the scream of mortal pain,
Or of agonizing fear;
And it echoes again, again,
And the terrible sounds draw near.
Less shrill is the midnight blast,
As it sweeps o'er flood and fell,
And the charger's foot-tramps fall less fast
Than that oft-repeated yell.
Can the voice which whisper'd love of old
With such prevailing power,
Which rallied the flying, and led the bold,
In danger's bloodiest hour—
Can it sound like the harrowing scream
Of the wretch who fears to die,
When he wakes from his dismal dream
And the scaffold meets his eye?
'Tis Conrad.—Steed and rider sink,
Exhausted on the threshold's brink,
"She follows me pale from her watery grave
From her strangling fingers, oh! save me! save!

She clings, she chokes me, she thrills my brain
With the scream which she gave in her perishing pain."
Thus raved he, till exhaustion's sleep
Closed o'er his senses, dull and deep.
'Tis morn. By curious interest led,
His comrades close around his bed;
With fingers on that clay-cold hand,
The surgeon takes his silent stand;
And from the neighbouring convent there
The old Carthusian kneels in prayer.
He wakes—and draws that hand away,
Whose pulses speak of life's decay.
"These scars attest thy practised skill,
When it prolong'd an unblest life,
And saved me from severer ill;
Thou know'st I shrunk not from the knife.
But mine are wounds which not thy steel
Nor hostile swords can give or heal."
He call'd the old Carthusian near—
"Father, 'tis thine a tale to hear,
Such tale as since its earliest time
Thy dark confessional ne'er heard,
Since kneeling there repentant crime
First pour'd the sob and whisper'd word.
Body and soul at once to save
Alike from hope and fear,
In hope of grace beyond the grave,
In dread of judgment here;
Secret and low to thee alone
Is pour'd the penitential groan;
No hope above, no fear below,
Impede my tale, which all may know."

'Calm and distinct that tale began,
E'en from his youth the story ran;
And when with trembling voice he came
To her, to Ebba's sainted name—
On those young hours of sunny light,
So soon involved in horror's night,
His course awhile he seem'd to stay,
Like Satan lingering to survey
The paradise of love and joy
It was his mission to destroy:
Awhile his vampire wing delaying,
A moment from his purpose straying.
Awhile by memory thus subdued,
The dark narration he pursued;—

'"That morn I sought the appointed spot,
"I said that Ebba met me not:
"'Twas false, I found her there; not I,
"The fiend within me forged the lie;

" That fiend which since our race begun
" Has haunted us from sire to son.
" In bridal pomp her neck was bound
" With pearls in many a goodly round.
" Then woke the fiend's resistless charm,
" With strength from hell he nerved my arm
" To tear those glistening rows away,
" And I was spell-bound to obey.
" She shriek'd—I struck—with blow on blow,
" Urged by the fiend, I laid her low.
" The demon pointed to the stream.
" I bore her, dragg'd her there; one scream,
" Unheard by all but me, she gave,
" And sunk, and sleeps beneath the wave.
" Father, for many a lingering year
" That ceaseless scream has thrill'd my ear;
" The tumult of the bustling camp,
" The charging squadrons' hurrying tramp,
" The batteries' roar, the trumpet's knell,
" The volley and the exploding shell—
" I heard them not, that dreadful call
" Still piercing through, above them all.—
" Father, beyond the Mill there stands,
" Blasted and sear'd like me,
" Made branchless by the lightning's brands,
" A solitary tree.
" 'Twas by the forked lightning's glare,
" I dug my place of treasure there
" To hold those precious pearls, the whole
" Vast price for which I gave my soul,
" Witness and wages of the deed
" For which this forfeit life must bleed.
" My days are numbered: well I know
" I soon must die the rabble's show;
" But if a thousand years were flown
" Before the scaffold claim'd its own,
" The fearful night but now gone by
" Could never fade from memory's eye;
" Their long oblivion could not hide
" The horrors of that ghastly ride.

" She rose, she sprung: look, father, here,
" See how the fingers of the dead
" The flesh of living man can sear."
He slowly raised his languid head,
And round the sinewy neck 'twas plain
Some strangling pressure's sable stain;
It served with surer aim to guide
The headsman's stroke by which he died.
No more: beyond yon distant pines
Too fast the autumnal sun declines,
When evening's shades have closed around

Let those remain who will,
Not mine to trespass on the ground
Where spectral sounds and sights abound.
Adieu! thou haunted Mill.'—pp. 121—128.

Assuredly no one can read such a tale as this, without perceiving that Lord Levison Gower possesses talents which fit him for a much more noble career in poetry, than that of a translator. We are not his lordship's flatterers. Indeed why should we be? He needs not such to assist a fame, that must make its own brilliant way, if it be but done justice to by him upon whose exertions it is solely dependent.

Art. IX.—*Travels in Russia, and a Residence at St. Petersburgh and Odessa, in the years* 1827—1829: *Intended to give some account of Russia as it is, and not as it is represented to be, &c. &c.* By Edward Morton, M.B., &c. &c. &c. London: Longman and Co. 1830.

Dr. Morton is one of those very inconvenient persons in society who are determined on all occasions, great or small, to have an opinion of their own; and the worst of it is, that this resolution they will very often carry into effect, without any great regard to the justice of the said opinion. Many a well-tempered man would be astonished to be told that Dr. Granville's "St. Petersburgh" was the cause of Dr. Morton's 'Travels in Russia,' but such is the fact. The former gentleman went on his travels with a fair proportion of that forbearance for difference of habits and manners, which men of education and experience usually acquire; and, consequently, he saw something worth applauding in Russia. He also made allowances for the condition of a country merely in the puberty of its civilization; he endured her imperfections, and praised her improvements, not as the refinements of an old country, but as meritorious for her opportunities. The reader must now be reminded that Dr. Granville resided in Russia, as the medical attendant of Count Vorontzof. In this office he was succeeded by Dr. Morton. Now, remembering the latter gentleman's distinctive propensity in particular, and coupling it with that general principle of mutual repulsion which pervades the members of the faculty, we cannot expect that Dr. Morton would endure for a moment any thing that was either said or done by Dr. Granville. We are not told what a revolution the new Doctor made in the household of the Russian Count; but there can be no doubt that the medical treatment of the latter was a complete antithesis to that of the former. If Dr. Morton, however, was as zealous in overturning the curative system of his predecessor as he has been industrious in contradicting his observations as a traveller, we have only tremulously to express a desperate hope, that the family of Count Vorontzof have completely escaped the perils of the process.

That Dr. Morton started in the St. Petersburgh packet for his destination with a most resolute dislike of Russia and its inhabitants, is evinced unequivocally in his book. Good, easy man, he imagined

that Russia was too simple to imitate the practices of her betters, and he complains of the strictness of her custom-house officers. The Doctor is highly delighted at the recollection of a rebuff which he gave to one of these intruders. When the packet anchored off Cronstadt, it was boarded by these officers, when the baggage of the passengers was deposited in their cabins respectively, and the doors sealed. The Doctor applied to one of these persons for liberty to take out his razors and some linen. The officer refused, humourously observing, that "Doctors wear their shirts for twelve days." "To this," says the offended physician, "feeling nettled at his impudence, I replied, very probably in Russia, but not in England." Here was a national hit: the answer was interpreted for the Russian, and gave him, no doubt, a due sense of the vast intelligence and wit of him who uttered the expression. How could the Doctor judge favourably of St. Petersburgh? With his beard unshaven, his linen unaltered, and his person, we presume, thereby exceedingly prejudiced, it would be strange indeed if our traveller could have a heart to be pleased with any thing. But he does condescend to admit, that the houses are handsome. This admission is only the presage to a heavy denunciation, for the lower parts of the best houses are let to filthy publicans, the rooms are destitute of carpets, the furniture is rude, and lamps of japanned or painted and gilt tin only are suspended from the ceilings. Then the public buildings are not to be compared to those of London: the Post Office of St. Petersburgh is nothing to that of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and there is no such edifice any where in Russia as Westminster Abbey! Indeed! What amazing penetration to discover this. The Doctor sums up his observations on the city, with the following observations:

'In Russia, as I have before observed, every thing is made for outward appearance and for show: the government, as well as private individuals, are all influenced by this principle, and it may be found every where and in every thing, if the observer will only take the trouble to trace it. Thus we see large houses with little in them: fifty employés having scarcely the means of existence, with little to do, instead of half that number well paid and well occupied: finally, crosses, ribands, and stars, instead of liberal pay or pensions; and magnificent promises never fulfilled;—the shadow for the reality:—Such, such is Russia.'—pp. 26, 27.

The Doctor next applied himself to the study of the Russian people, and with what success his examination was likely to be attended, even under the most favourable circumstances, may be inferred from the sort of notions with which he undertook the task. He says,

'As to the difficulty of deciding upon the virtues and vices of fifty millions of inhabitants, that is not by any means so Herculean a labour as may at first sight appear, *but may soon be effected, and with considerable accuracy*. We have only to consider of what parts the population in question is composed, and then to ascertain the ruling propensities of these parts respectively, and *we shall form a correct idea of the whole.*'

The Doctor's way of 'ascertaining the ruling propensities' of a people, is certainly very conformable to his own description, that is to say, it is very capable of being 'soon effected.' 'A traveller (we quote his own words) may obtain a very good idea of the lower class as he *passes along the road*; (!) and from the conduct which he meets with at the *post houses*,' &c., and "he will find some exquisite specimens of varieties among the second (class) at the custom-houses and other public establishments, with which he is *compelled to transact business.*" Most devoutly do we pray that such a doctrine as this will never be known abroad, for should a Russian come amongst us and take his observations on the Doctor's principle, what a pretty figure we should make in a description. God forbid, that the honest peasantry of this country should ever be confounded with the prowling poachers that are to be met with "along our roads," and no Englishman could avoid shuddering at the thought of allowing the harpies of the custom-house, and the insolent Jacks that fill the lowest places in our public offices, to be taken as specimens of our merchants, shopkeepers, and artizans. The mind must be curiously constituted indeed, that proposes such a test for investigating the character of a people. In God's name, what would become of our faculty, if Dr. Morton was to be offered as a fair representative of our physicians? The Doctor, however, is worthy of the doctrine, as the doctrine is worthy of the Doctor. His practice, we mean as an observer, is in excellent keeping with his principle. His first appearance in public, that we hear of, is at a masquerade at court. This was an abominable business, because it was violating New Year's Day. The Doctor next attended the ceremony of blessing the waters of the Neva, but he soon got tired of the shew; and being too distant to inspect the actual ceremony, the Doctor philosophically declines to avail himself of foreign assistance, 'having no wish,' he observes, 'to repeat particular details of the frivolous and superstitious formalities which the professional votaries of the Greek church are so fond of displaying to their ignorant and slavish disciples.' Thus, then, we have got rid of the public buildings, the whole population, the principal customs, and the religion of Russia, which is doing very well for the first fifty pages. As a conclusive proof of the *animus* by which the Doctor was chiefly influenced during his residence in Russia, we think his decision as to the cause why Constantine surrendered the crown to his younger brother, deserves to be considered. Does he impute philosophic indifference to the self-denying heir to the imperial throne? No such thing; the sagacious Doctor is not so charitable. Whatever motive is least creditable to Constantine, and most injurious to the character of the people who are ready to obey him, that motive our ingenious Doctor prefers to all others. He says,

'The most probable conclusion seems to be that Constantine, who must have well remembered all the dreadful particulars attendant upon the

murder of his father, the unfortunate Paul, feared to assume the imperial dignity under the impression that he should experience a similar fate.'

Any man, fond of the curious and eccentric, who reads this precious work, will be soon convinced how much more probable it is that Dr. Morton should be the fool in his explanation, than that Constantine should be the fool in his conduct. The character of the Russian imperial family, forbids us from being surprised at any act of noble self-denial which one of its members may perform; nor is it by any means an equivocal criterion of the true magnanimity of a given action, that it should stand as a mystery for the everlasting confusion of a certain order of minds.

The Doctor met with only one handsome Russian woman during his residence in the Muscovite empire. The other ladies of his acquaintance who possessed any pretensions to beauty, were of foreign extraction. Every eye, it is said, makes a beauty. If the converse of this obtains, we can easily understand why Dr. Morton saw only ugliness in Russia. The imagination is really the tyrant of the senses; it degrades them into the agents of its worst excesses. Once a man wishes to hear and see in a particular way, the ear and eye become forthwith his most humble servants. The very stoves of the Russian capital excite the Doctor's ire; they do not afford an equal heat throughout the room; they prevent the air in the apartments where they are employed from being renewed; in short, they are totally dissimilar to the origin of artificial heat in this country during the winter months, and *therefore* they are unnatural, and to be abominated.

Hitherto our comical Doctor was stationary. We have now to survey him as a locomotive animal. We do not think that land travelling, any more than a sea voyage, improves his temper. There were state regulations in Russia to secure travellers from delay and imposition, but every one of these orders were instantly repealed the moment Dr. Morton started on his way. Every single functionary who was in the remotest manner connected with the means of carrying his Doctorship on his route, became all of a sudden a conspirator against his person and his purse; and, numerous as are his remonstrances, he seems to be a most forbearing complainant, considering the multitude of his grievances. The postmasters are infamous, and the Russian system of posting is infamous.

'When I travelled,' says the Doctor, 'with Count Vorontzof, I admit, that, for obvious reasons, we met with no delay, or any improper conduct from the postmasters or the secretaries; but when I journied alone, I was *fleeced, cheated, abused, and laughed at.*'

Laughed at—to be sure he was—*quis temperet a risis* in such a case? We are neither postmasters nor secretaries at all, much less postmasters or secretaries of Russia, and yet we do now and again luxuriate in—we give our honour—a perfectly unpremedi-

tated langh against our traveller. We deem it a duty to confess that we have misgivings as to the fact of Dr. Morton being *fleeced* and *cheated*. He is far too advanced in years for such a hoax as that, but that he was *laughed* at over and over again, we have as little doubt as if we had only just witnessed the ecstatic tear of the Muscovite peasant, as he stood in a convulsion of merriment at the door of the post-house, whilst the fantastic Doctor was waiting for his relay.

Mr. Morton shifts the scene, and we betake ourselves from St. Petersburgh to Odessa. Ere we get to our destination, the Doctor discovers something on the road-side to complain of. To find all things between Odessa and the metropolis perfectly convenient and satisfactory would have killed, we really believe, the physician outright. But his time was not come, and as he could not complain with any degree of justice of what was on his right or on his left, neither of the sky above nor of the road beneath, what, in the name of wonder, has he to remonstrate against? Why, the mile-stones! 'The verst-posts,' says he, 'I had observed were of red marble, *an extravagance which appeared to me as misplaced as it is useless.*'

Had these expensive registers of distance only the reasonable attribute of correctness, the Doctor would, perhaps, have forgiven at least the redness of the marble; but that was not the case; and yet it is wonderful how successful is the Doctor in recording the number of *versts* that he has travelled. We solemnly believe, that during the whole of his journey he never kept his eyes off the mile-stones; they were every thing to him; they were his scenery, his lakes and rivers, and his personal adventures, and his moving accidents; and we can hardly discover, from St. Petersburgh to Odessa, whether or not the Doctor was conscious of any other company than that of the mile-stones, the whole way. The following passage is a very fair specimen of his descriptions, in which it cannot be denied, that the fine fancy of the Doctor is as conspicuous as the discrimination of his judgment.

'The animals were immediately put to (at Sophia), and after a delay of only a few minutes we recommenced our journey at a gallop,'—(Gilpin's mode of travelling—but '*recommenced* the journey' —no Doctor, you only continued it, for to "recommence," you must have gone back to St. Petersburgh,) 'which was kept up without intermission for three versts, when we passed a village consisting of not more than a dozen small miserable houses:' (and this is all he says.) 'Having proceeded a few versts further we entered a thick forest,'—(now for a grand and terrific touch of the deep shade,) 'which continued to bound the road on both sides' (any thing else?) 'without interruption—*until the end of the stage.*' (What a strange sight! but the eleventh verst discloses still more wonderful things.) 'At the eleventh verst there is a *slight elevation* of the road with' (what does the reader imagine?) 'a small

village; and at the twelfth, another village!' Can such things be credible? Is the Doctor availing himself of his letters of marque to capture our weak understandings? But *en avant*, at the thirteenth verst nothing happened worthy of being recorded; but at the fourteenth, the Doctor was compensated for this deficiency. 'When passing the fourteenth, we observed a pretty chateau on our right; and just beyond the *sixteenth*,' (account for the two, Doctor,) 'according to the verst posts, which, *by the way*,' (the Doctor puns,) 'have not the distances correctly marked on them, we reached the Gatchiva barrier, consisting of a neat stone arch. At the eighteenth verst—' but enough of the Itinerary. We cannot, however, omit mentioning that one evening the party started so late that the Doctor had not light to continue making his notes, and, if we remember aright, it was upon this very evening too that a bottle of Sherry wine was frozen in the carriage,—what a curious coincidence! Another singular occurrence took place at a post called Borovitchi, which we must borrow our author's language to describe:—'We took tea upon our arrival at the last-named place, and the majority of our party shortly after retired to rest!'

Such is the general character of the important events to which this memorable journey to Odessa gave rise; and arrived there, we are very happy to see the Doctor turned from the interesting topographer we have found him, into a still pleasanter historian. Since Count Vorontzof was Governor-general of Odessa, the Doctor thought it incumbent on him to collect materials for a complete history of a town so highly favoured by the Emperor of Russia. We must do the Doctor the justice to say that he describes the town with some ability.

'Odessa is built upon a regular plan, in the modern style of architecture: its streets are spacious, and its buildings large; and, as another author justly observes, it may be denominated "Petersburgh in miniature." Upon ascending the steep limestone rock on which the town is situated, the Strada Chersona* suddenly bursts upon the view. This is a handsome street, about half a mile in length and very broad, planted on each side the carriage-way with white acacias, and having pavements of soft stone (now worn into deep holes) on each side for foot passengers. In the Strada Chersona are several handsome buildings: to the left, on entering it, stands the town hospital, a large and rather elegant structure: higher up, on the right, is the house formerly occupied by Count Vorontzof, at present by Jusuph Pacha; and on either side are large magazines, built so as to resemble houses, and by no means destitute of architectural beauty. It terminates, finally, in a large irregular space, containing the cathedral, the guard-house, and a building lately erected by the recently established fire insurance company. Turning to the left, we find ourselves in the Strada Ribas, a street about two-thirds the length of the preceding, and which rises considerably from each extremity towards its centre: in this is

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'* The names of the streets are painted in Russ and in Italian.'

situated the entrance to the public garden and one façade of the Lyceum of Richelieu. Having proceeded about three-fourths of its length, the Strada Ribas is intersected at right angles, in both directions, by another street considerably longer than either of the preceding: this is called the Strada Richelieu, its direction being nearly from south-west to the opposite point of the compass. Inclining once more to the left, and entering that portion of the last-mentioned street which lies to the north-east of the Strada Ribas, we see the English magazine and the enormous house of the civil Governor on our right; and the Club, as it is called, on our left. This end of the Strata Richelieu terminates in an open space, about the centre of which is situated the theatre; whence there is a magnificent view of part of the Black Sea, with the quarantine port and the shipping below. Crossing this place diagonally, and bending again to the left, we reach the New Boulevard; the rising walls of the new Exchange being at its nearest extremity, and at its farthest the mansion of Count Vorontzof. The reader has thus been led through the court end of the town, and the streets chiefly worthy of notice have been enumerated;—the last-mentioned objects, however, require a few words in addition. The site of the New Boulevard was, a few years ago, occupied by some ruinous barracks, and paltry houses inhabited by the lowest classes of society; but its advantageous situation and the beauty of its prospect being duly appreciated, it was determined to convert the ground to its present destination. The Boulevard is about half a mile in length: it consists of a single row of houses facing the sea, most of them being on a large scale; and, had one regular plan of architecture been adhered to, the whole would have formed a magnificent pile of building; but every person who took ground has been allowed to build according to his own taste, and thus houses of all heights and descriptions are found in the same row; even a magazine for corn appearing among them! which, from the waggons constantly loading and unloading before it, must be a perpetual nuisance to the inhabitants in the immediate vicinity. In the centre of the Boulevard, upon a raised pedestal of red granite, is placed a bronze statue of the Duke de Richelieu; a well-merited tribute from the inhabitants of Odessa to the memory of their departed Governor-general, but so badly executed, that it is said to bear no resemblance whatever to the Duke. A broad carriage-way runs close to the houses, the space from this to the edge of the cliff being planted with several rows of young acacias, and the walks between them covered with sand from the sea-shore. The New Boulevard is a great improvement to the town, and forms an agreeable promenade in the summer evenings. At its north-western extremity is situated the new house of Count Vorontzof before alluded to, which was, during the late imperial visit to Odessa, the residence of their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Russia. This is a large plain building, like all in Odessa, plastered over: it has one very great defect, namely, that of being placed so low that from the Boulevard only the upper part is visible, thus appearing as if it were sunk in a well: this completely destroys the effect of what might otherwise have been an imposing structure. It has very large stables built opposite to the grand entrance, and is surrounded by a garden said to be "*à l' Anglaise*," terminated towards the Boulevard by a handsome iron railing cast by Mr. Baird at St. Petersburgh, being the first and only railing of that material which has ever been put up in Odessa. Upon entering the house, the

state rooms are found on the ground floor; and above, the domestic apartments. The former are rendered remarkable by containing the identical doors, shutters, and chimney-piece, belonging to the Michailof Palace at St. Petersburgh, the residence of the unfortunate Emperor Paul, and the scene of his murder. They were sold, as I was informed, by the present Emperor, when Grand Duke, to Count Vorontzof; his Majesty being, at that time, owner of the palace in question, which has since been dismantled, and devoted to the purposes of a public establishment; the room wherein the murder was committed having been walled up, so as to prevent even the possibility of its situation being any longer distinguishable. The state apartments consist of the billiard, dining, and ante rooms, the grand saloon, the library, and the Turkish chamber. These rooms are splendid; the floors of all, except the Turkish chamber, are parquetted; and, what is rarely seen in the mansions of Russian noblemen, are well supplied with elegant furniture, the greater part of which was brought from England. On public days they are all thrown open to the visiters. The Turkish chamber is the most elegant, although the least, among them. It is very high, and has a light Gothic roof, painted pale green, with a great deal of beautiful gilding about it; and round the sides, for about six feet in height, Turkish or Persian shawls are tasefully suspended: several silken divans, and other articles of furniture, appear in convenient situations, and a Persian carpet covers the floor; nor are valuable and rare articles of *vertù* wanting in their appropriate places. Freely as I shall criticise other parts of this mansion, it is but justice to say that I never saw a more elegant or chastely decorated apartment than this Turkish chamber. But the greatest object of curiosity in the governor-general's house, during my stay at Odessa, was a Turkish talisman; the inefficacy of which, however, as a safeguard, had been sufficiently proved by the fate of its previous possessor, who was killed in one of the engagements between his countrymen and the Russians, when this badge of superstitious credulity, consisting of numerous Eastern characters inscribed upon a piece of parchment, being found on the neck of the fallen chief, and forwarded to the Emperor as a trophy, was graciously presented by his majesty to Count Vorontzof, as a memento of his esteem, with the request that it might be hereafter preserved in the Turkish chamber.'—pp. 198—203.

The houses are thus described:—

'The houses may be said, in general, to be of two stories; sometimes of three; and, in a very few instances, of four. They are constructed of stone formed by a congeries of small cockle shells, so soft, when first removed from the quarry, as to be easily cut with a hatchet; they are then plastered over, and painted either of a light green, blue, yellow, or pink colour; the cornices, architraves, pilasters, &c., being white. The roofs chiefly consist of iron plates, which are painted bright green; but tiles made in the Crimea, slates, and wood, are also thus employed. The magazines for corn are often of astonishing magnitude;—they are built so as to resemble houses, the windows being supplied either with jalousies or shutters painted green: the largest of these buildings is situated on the south-eastern extremity of the town, and (according to an admeasurement by pacing) appears to be about 140 yards long by 20 wide; its height may be possibly 60 feet: it contains three floors, besides cellars.'—pp. 206, 207.

All this, as in the case of St. Petersburgh, is mere show, for the Doctor assures us that, with very few exceptions, the interior of the houses 'present little besides bare walls.' The roads in and about Odessa, it seems, are really execrable, being badly built and of bad materials. By an ingenious improvement they are all made concave, so as to secure as much water as possible on the surface. The Doctor is as indignant at this and other drawbacks to Odessa, as if the town was to be the established residence of the dynasty of the Mortons for the next century. The climate he describes as bad, and children, he says, cannot be reared at Odessa; so that as a resource for invalids Odessa is condemned. The details which the Doctor gives us in illustration of the present state of Odessa, are so ample, and have so much the appearance of accuracy, that we do not hesitate to consider them as forming a very useful guide to that town. They are, by far, the most valuable part of this book. The Doctor being strictly confined to facts and registers becomes at last rational and useful. What credit may be attached to his speculations on the Turkish war, we are not able to say; but, as a witness, he deserves at least to be heard.

'It appears to be a generally received opinion in England, that the late Turkish war was popular among the Russians: but from all I heard and saw, while resident within the autocratic dominions, I am inclined to doubt the correctness of this belief. That the war was agreeable to certain individuals, who reaped, or hoped to reap, important advantages from it, is perhaps true; but I by no means think that, even previously to its actual commencement, it was popular with the majority of the influential nobility of the country, or subsequently with the higher classes of military officers; more particularly, as I happen *to know* that much dissatisfaction was produced in many quarters from circumstances which took place during the early part of its progress. Previously to our leaving St. Petersburgh, it was well known in the court circle that the Emperor would be present at the future seat of operations, whenever the war might break out; and I was confidently assured that Count Vorontzof was to have the command in chief of the army, and that any difficulty which might arise from his being junior to other generals would be easily obviated by the omnipotence of the Emperor; scarcely, however, had we reached Odessa, before it became evident that these anticipations were not to be realized, and that others had more influence with the source of power. That dissatisfaction prevailed among the officers of all ranks, after their imperial master joined the army, will scarcely be doubted, perhaps, when I mention that one of them, who had just returned from Varna, informed me that the Emperor's conduct on many occasions was most hasty and impetuous, and that he was continually interfering with the arrangements of the commander-in-chief: while, he added, "it is well known that his majesty never had any opportunities himself of gaining practical experience in war, and therefore what could have induced him to imagine his own opinion more correct than that of an old general, who had previously been twice before the walls of that very fortress, is most unaccountable." Another officer observed, "the Emperor is so accustomed to issue an ukase at St Petersburg,

and to have it obeyed as a matter of course, that he expects impossibilities to be performed in war, if *he only order* them to be attempted." Thus a great loss was uselessly sustained at Varna upon one occasion, in consequence of his determination to command, when he even insisted upon the General-in-chief reprimanding the troops, although that officer was of opinion that they had done all that men could perform. It was also mentioned that at Varna, Count Vorontzof had ordered all officers when on duty only to wear foraging caps, instead of cocked hats and feathers, the latter having rendered them remarkable objects for the Turkish riflemen, and thus occasioned considerable loss of life; but as soon as the Emperor arrived he commanded the officers to appear in full uniform, and the cocked hats and feathers to be resumed! From these and other facts we may fairly conclude that the Emperor was not more popular with the army after his first campaign than before; and of this he most probably became himself aware, for on the return from Varna, I heard that it was confidently expected His Majesty would not again take the field, and the result has fully proved this opinion to have been correct. It is not a little remarkable, that the first campaign, conducted by Russian generals, under the Emperor in person, was dilatory, and in many points a complete failure; while the second, confided to the *unaided* talents of a *German*, proved as rapid as it was eminently successful, and untarnished, or at any rate not so obviously tarnished, by the employment of gold in aid of the sword. I shall never forget the bitter irony with which an officer of rank, just returned from the army, spoke to me respecting the taking of Varna. "The Emperor," said he, "was surrounded by a set of military sycophants, whose inordinate flattery was so palpable as to become ridiculous: thus it was always said by those courtiers, 'Your Majesty has taken Varna,' 'when your Majesty took Varna,' &c. as if," continued he, "it had been the Emperor who reduced that place, and not Count Vorontzof! Had we waited for the former to take Varna, it would have been in possession of the Turks at the present moment!" He also alluded, in similar and equally sarcastic terms, to the fact of a medal having been struck in Prussia upon the fall of Varna, with the bust of the Emperor Nicholas on one side, instead of the General's who commanded during the siege. Hence it appears the military were not pleased at having their sovereign in the camp; and that the ministers of state liked it no better, may be easily imagined, when it is remembered they were kept in consequence on board a vessel near Varna, where they had to submit to every possible inconvenience, while they no doubt knew that affairs would have gone on much better without their presence, and the interference of the Emperor, and they might therefore as well have been with their families at St. Petersburgh.'—pp. 360—364.

An account of the Imperial Visit to Odessa in 1828; some notices of Varna; and an extraordinary case of the ill-treatment of a British subject by the Emperor of Russia, follow in succession. With respect to the last matter, we wonder that the Doctor has not memorialized our Government.

The motives which induced the Doctor to quit Russia, we are only left to guess at. He informs us that whilst he was busy in his researches, circumstances occurred which made him, "from *a*

sense of professional duty as an English physician, to resign the appointment he held under a written protest, and to demand a passport for England.' This language is in the Preface, and scattered throughout the work we find such mysterious expressions as these—'Every genuine Muscovite adopts the same faithlessness of conduct in his private transactions as his government.' 'Some of the Russian Seigneurs are very fond of having English medical attendants.' 'They act the part of kindness and liberality with admirable skill.' 'Upon their arrival in Russia the mask will be gradually laid aside: the persons thus engaged will find themselves called upon to perform what they never agreed to do: and, moreover, will soon be treated so that, if they have the feelings of Englishmen and gentlemen, they will be unable to submit, will remonstrate and finally demand a passport.' (p. 107.) Now, finally demand a passport is what the Doctor has done; and we suspect that the treatment which he describes as justifying such a resolution, was exactly what preceded it in his own case. In justice to Count Vorontzoff, this matter should be cleared up; and really if the Doctor was only used by him as an upper servant, made to follow in his train, or sit in the dicky when the quicksilver in Reaumur was squeezed into the globe, we think that so natural a reason for his Russian antipathies ought not to have been omitted.

Art. X.—*The Lives of British Physicians.* No. XIV. of the Family Library. London: Murray. 1830.

Although upon a miniature scale merely, this little collection of lives forms a most instructive model of the way in which biography should be written. Every part of the life of each person here commemorated, is drawn out in its proper proportion with respect to the rest, and a severe fidelity seems to influence every line of the writer. Highly suitable was it that a task of this nature should have been entrusted to a medical man, for that the author is a member of the profession, we cannot doubt for a moment; and we may add, that one who has the command of such faculties and rare attainments as this volume displays, cannot be an unsuccessful or an obscure person in his calling. The great art of biography is to keep the reader and the hero in steady communication with one another; this is what our author has accomplished; he never obtrudes himself to show how learned or how ingenious he is, never seeks to strike us with his profundity, or dazzle us with his fancy. The events of each life flow easily and smoothly through his perspicuous and graceful narrative, and so natural are the reflections with which now and again he points an incident, that we feel them to be only the embodying of those contemplations which we are carrying on in our bosoms. A tone of exalted philosophy gives to this book a greater value than, as a history of some eminent men, it would have possessed. The technical knowledge of the writer

renders him perfectly competent to the duty of appreciating the labours of those who are the subjects of his pen; and upon the whole we may say that this book has inspired us with the highest respect, not more for the acquirements of the author than for the refinement and dignity of his sentiments as a professional man.

The two first lines, those of Linacre and Caius, display the long and early connection which was kept up in this country between medicine and learning. We could have wished that the writer had included the life of Andrew Borde, a clever and eccentric man, who, it must be admitted, made no small impression on the state of medicine in his time. These persons deserve to be remembered with gratitude by posterity, as having promoted, if not indeed introduced, the study of classical literature in this country.

Harvey's is the first name in the history of British medicine, that merits the applause due to that of a discoverer. The great achievement of that illustrious physician, though familiar to most of our readers, is put in such a new and attractive form of description, that we will readily be pardoned for extracting it.

'Of the utility of the circulation, every one will be immediately aware, when it is mentioned, that one of its chief purposes is to distribute to every part, every extremity, nook, and corner of the body, the nourishment which is received into it, by one aperture:—What enters at the mouth, by means of this function, finds its way to the fingers' ends. To effect this difficult purpose, two things are necessary. 1st. A proper disposition of the blood-vessels, which has been not unaptly compared to the laying of the water-pipes in a populous city. 2d. The construction of the engine at the centre, viz., the heart, for driving the blood through them. In the case of the conveyance of water, one system of pipes is sufficient; but in the living body another system of vessels is required, to reconvey the blood back to its source. The body, therefore, contains two systems of blood-vessels, called arteries and veins. The next thing to be considered, is the engine which works this machinery: for this purpose there is provided in the central part of the body a hollow muscle, viz., the heart, by the contraction of whose fibres the four cavities of which it consists are squeezed together, so as to force out of them any fluid they may happen to contain. By the relaxation of the same fibres, these cavities are in their turn dilated, and of course prepared to admit any fluid which may be poured into them. Into these cavities are inserted the great trunks, both of the arteries which carry out the blood, and of the veins which bring it back. The arteries arise from cavities called ventricles; the veins pour their contents into cavities denominated auricles. By the successive contractions and dilations of these several cavities of the heart, it has been calculated that all the blood in the body passes through the heart about once in four minutes. Consider what an affair this is, when we come to very large animals! The aorta (which is the name given to the chief artery) of a whale is larger in the bore than the main pipe of the water-works at London-bridge, and the water roaring in its passage through that pipe is inferior in impetus and velocity to the blood gushing from the whale's heart.

'To render this short account more precise, it must be observed, that

with the apparatus mentioned above, two distinct circulations are carried on. For besides circulating generally through the body, the blood must come somewhere into contiguity with the air, in order to purify it, and change its colour from dark to bright red. Hence the heart is, as it were, a double organ, having a double office to perform: of its four cavities, two are employed to carry on the general circulation, while the remaining auricle and ventricle keep up the smaller circulation through the lungs, where the bloods meets with the atmospheric air.

'Stated in this summary way, nothing seems easier, more obvious, or more readily understood, than the physiology of this great and important function; but until the time of Harvey it was involved in the greatest obscurity, and mixed up with all manner of contradictory absurdities. And yet before his day many things were made out; the valves of the veins, for instance, were known; the pulmonary circulation was understood, and several other essential points had been established; still the great inference had never been drawn. So often are we on the very threshold of a discovery, which by some fatality we miss; and when it is at length made, have only to express our astonishment that we were so marvellously purblind as to overlook it!'—pp. 32—34.

Our author is careful to observe, that great as was the discovery of Harvey he left it incomplete, and it is to the researches of subsequent physiologists that we owe our knowledge of the contractile power of the coats of the arteries, and the minute communication between the veins and arteries. It is a sad truth, that Harvey's credit declined after he had promulgated his great discovery. The physicians of his age looked upon him as a speculator to whom no praise was due. But it is very certain, on the other hand, that his doctrine was generally acknowledged, not only in England but by the faculty throughout Europe, in less than twenty-five years after he had disclosed it. But his practice did not revive with the growth of his fame. Our author offers a conjecture in explanation of this circumstance, which we own strikes us as exceedingly just. He thinks that Harvey's habits of abstract speculation, in which he too devoutly engaged towards the close of his life, disqualified him from cultivating the esteem and confidence of the public, and that it was to this incapacity, and not to the envy and hostility of his professional brethren, that Harvey ought to have ascribed the diminution of his patients.

The next life is that of Sir T. Browne, the author of the "Vulgar Errors," and "Religio Medici." A perusal of it cannot fail to prove instructive, inasmuch as it exemplifies in a most striking manner the facility with which men can discover the mote in their neighbour's eye, whilst they are insensible to the beam in their own.

Medical science is vastly indebted to the illustrious Sydenham. In an age when quackery lorded it triumphantly over common sense, this great man set an example of judicious and practical conduct, by which the reign of bold and fraudulent craft was precipitated to its ruin. He renounced all theoretical pursuits, and

cipitated to its ruin. He renounced all theoretical pursuits, and sought only to render the ascertained truths of science useful in their application. The name of Sydenham is connected with one of the most appalling events in our domestic history—the plague of 1665. The rapid progress of the contagion seemed to have confounded the little proportion of reason wherewith the majority of the London faculty had been provided. They recommended the most absurd measures both individually and generally; and in the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, they found very prompt agents for the execution of all their mad and mischievous expedients. What shall we think of the wisdom of the civic conclave, which ordered, on a certain day, huge fires to be kindled through all the streets and open places of London, to purify the air! The fires were kept up for three days, until, by the interposition of Providence, a plentiful supply of rain came to extinguish them, otherwise there was no saying how long or how extensively the plague might have devastated the metropolis. Sydenham was a personal witness of the beginning and termination of this calamity, and in the latter stage he lent his powerful assistance to hasten its extinction.

'His method of practice was to bleed very largely; and he relates the case of a noble lady, of about twenty-one years of age, of a sanguine complexion, to whom he was called in the beginning of May 1665 (before he left London), who was bled once or twice, but not sufficiently, and whom he thought he might have saved by a more liberal use of the lancet. In proof of the benefit of bleeding, he mentions an occurrence, related to him by the Hon. Francis Windham, governor of Dunster Castle, in Somersetshire, during the civil wars. It happened that, at that calamitous period, the plague also raged in many parts of England, and it chanced to be brought from another place to Dunster, where some of the soldiers dying suddenly with an eruption of spots, it seized many others. Among the troops was a surgeon, who had been a great traveller, but who was at that time serving as a common soldier, and who humbly entreated the governor of the castle to permit him to do all he could for the relief of his fellow-soldiers, afflicted with this dreadful disease; leave being obtained, he took away a vast quantity of blood from every sick person, on the first attack of the disease, before there was any sign of swelling: he bled them till they were ready to drop down, for he bled them all standing, and in the open air: nor had he any vessel in which to measure the blood: afterwards he ordered them to lie in their tents, and though he gave no medicine at all after the bleeding, yet, of the many whom he thus treated, not one died. On the propriety of copious and frequently repeated bleeding, Sydenham appeals to those physicians who continued in town while the plague raged, and confidently asks if they had ever observed, when this practice had been employed before any tumour appeared, the death of any one patient to ensue. He, however, met with much obstruction in the employment of his method of cure, and says, with great simplicity, "I will give an instance of an injury I once did, but without guilt, not because I let blood, but because I was not allowed to take away as much as was necessary. Being

sent for to a young man of a sanguine complexion, and strong constitution, who had been seized with a violent fever two days before, with giddy pains of the head, violent vomitings, and such like symptoms, and finding, upon inquiry, that he had no sign of a swelling, I immediately ordered that a large quantity of blood should be taken away, which had the appearance of blood drawn in a plurisy, and I prescribed also a ptisan, with cooling juleps and broths. In the afternoon he was bled again, and on the following morning lost the same quantity. Towards the evening of this day I visited my patient, and found him much better; but his friends, notwithstanding this improvement, were violently opposed to further bleeding. But I earnestly contended that it should be repeated again, saying, that he needed only undergo the operation once more, and he would be safe; on the contrary, if they continued obstinate, it would have been better that no blood had been taken away at all, and that the cure had been attempted by perspiration; in short, I predicted that the patient would thus die. The event confirmed the prognosis, and while we were disputing the matter, the purple spots broke out, and he died in a few hours."

'Sydenham concludes his chapter on the plague in the following remarkable words. "If the reader shall find that I have anywhere erred in theory, I beg his pardon; but as to practice I declare I have faithfully related every thing, and that I never proposed any plan of cure before I had thoroughly tried it. Indeed, when I come to die, I trust I shall have a cheerful witness in my breast, that I have not only, with the greatest diligence and honesty, attempted the recovery of the health of all who committed themselves to my care, of what condition soever they have been (of whom none was otherwise treated by me than I desire to be, if I myself should happen to suffer the same diseases), but that also I have laboured to the utmost of my power, if by any means it might be, that the cure of diseases may be managed after I am dead with greater certainty; for I esteem any progress in that kind of knowledge (how small soever it be), though it teach no more than the cure of the tooth-ache, or of corns upon the feet, to be of more value than the vain pomp of nice speculations."'—vol. xii. pp. 104—107.

If, since the period when this great man lived, this country has enjoyed a freedom from the visitation of the plague, let no humbug speculator, no impudent quack hunting after notoriety, ever persuade us, that this exemption is not owing to the Law of Quarantine. In the absence of this law, the plague has reached us—during its operation, the plague has staid away. These *coincidences* surely deserve as much consideration as any theory that a modern adventurer can dress up for our imagination.

The characters of Radcliffe and Mead have been so recently and so well sketched by the author of the Gold-headed Cane, (which we have duly noticed in our Review), that we are scarcely at liberty to dwell upon their histories. Although there is an evident leaning in this volume to Radcliffe, yet it is impossible not to feel, even through this description of his character, that Radcliffe was any thing but an honour to his profession. No rhetoric can disguise the baseness of his principle—"use all mankind ill." Upon this doctrine he acted throughout his life, and not content

with that, he endeavoured to perpetuate it, by enjoining upon Mead that he would adopt it as his motto. It must not, however, be forgot, that though Radcliffe, and possibly Mead, were guided by this wicked notion, they certainly atoned for it munificently, by the subsequent application of the fruits of their labours.

Dr. Pringle, author of a famous work, entitled "Observations on the Diseases of the Army," is very properly admitted to a place in this volume. Our author says of him—

'From the time that Pringle had been appointed physician to the army, it seems to have been his favourite object to soften, as far as was in his power, the sufferings attendant on warfare,—and his benevolent efforts were not fruitless. Among the important points which he illustrates, are, the force which may at any time be relied upon for service; the effects of long or short campaigns upon the health of soldiers; the difference between taking the field early, and going late into winter-quarters; and other calculations founded on the materials which warfare too liberally supplies. He has proved the indispensable necessity of a free circulation of atmospheric air in hospitals, from observing, amongst other facts, that the sick who were placed in hospitals having defective doors and windows, were more speedily restored to health, and were less subject to relapses. Desgenettes observes, that he has often verified this assertion in the French military hospitals, and that he has frequently had occasion to break the windows of hospitals, when the indifference or prejudices of the attendants precluded other means of a regular ventilation. General Melville, when governor of the Neutral Islands, was enabled to be singularly useful, in consequence of the instructions which he had received from the writings and conversation of Pringle. By taking care to have his men always lodged in large, open, and airy apartments; and by rapidly shifting their quarters from the low, damp, and marshy parts of the country, to the dry and hilly grounds, so as never to let his forces remain long enough in the swampy places to be injured by their malaria, he preserved the lives of seven hundred soldiers.'—pp. 178, 179.

As we approach our own time, it is happy to observe that the moral character of our physicians is gradually improved. Dr. Fothergill, a member of the Society of Friends, was exemplary for his benevolence.

'Charity was the predominant feature in Fothergill's character; that beautiful quality which many find so difficult to imitate, and which, in most minds, is a flower the slowest to blossom, and the earliest to decay. Few names on the record of biography will bear comparison with him in this respect. We do not know whether this noble characteristic was in him the result more of an original tenderness of disposition, or of self-discipline and principle; it seems probable that the study of our divine revelation had opened this plenteous fountain of beneficence in a mind not naturally of an enthusiastic temperament. When, during the summer, he retired to Lea-Hall, in Cheshire, he devoted one day in every week to attendance at Middlewich, the nearest market-town, and gave his gratuitous advice to the poor. He assisted the clergy, not merely with his advice, but on numerous occasions with his purse: on one occasion he was re-

proved by a friend for his refusal of a fee from a person who had attained a high rank in the church:—" I had rather" (replied the doctor) " return the fee of a gentleman with whose rank I am not perfectly acquainted, than run the risk of taking it from a man who ought, perhaps, to be the object of my bounty." When he paid his last visits to patients in decayed circumstances, it was not unusual with him, under the appearance of feeling the pulse, to slip into their hands a sum of money, or a bank-note; in one instance, this mode of donation is said to have conveyed one hundred and fifty pounds. To the modest or proud poverty which shuns the light of observation, he was the delicate and zealous visitor; in order to preclude the necessity of acknowledgment, which is often painful in such minds, he would endeavour to invent some motive for his bounty, and hence afford to the receiver the pretensions of a claim, while the liberal donor appeared to be only discharging a debt. Rarely was any subscription commenced on whose list the name of Fothergill did not stand foremost. When the success of our arms had filled our prisons with foreign captives, he was appointed member of a committee which superintended the sums raised for their relief; and it should be stated, to the honour of his community, that above one-fourth of the whole subscription was contributed by the Quakers, who then scarcely formed the two-hundredth part of the nation. To Dr. Knight, a literary man, whose character was deservedly esteemed, but who, by some speculations in mining, had become embarrassed in circumstances, he is supposed to have afforded aid to the amount of a thousand pounds. We shall not pause to calculate the total amount of his bounties, which have been estimated at so high a sum as two hundred thousand pounds; but it is evident that his generosity knew no other limit than his means.'—pp. 192—194.

Of Dr. Cullen, whose writings produced such a powerful impression on the state of medicine in this country, we have a most able and judicious sketch. The conduct of this great and good man to his pupils, is emphatically dwelt on by our well-intentioned author, who is, no doubt, well aware what extensive room there is in our medical schools for such an example to operate.

'His conduct towards his pupils was exemplary. With those who appeared diligent he formed an early acquaintance, inviting them to supper in very small parties, and freely discussing with them, at such opportunities, their doubts, their wishes, and their prospects. With the most assiduous he gradually formed an intimacy, which often proved highly beneficial to their private interests. His excellent library was at all times open to their use; he kept up a correspondence with them on their departure from the university, and was often instrumental in establishing them in desirable situations. His benevolent mind doubtless often looked back on the struggles of his early days, and sympathy with those who had to encounter similar privations often opened his purse to straitened merit. To seek out the obscure, to invite the humble, was his particular pleasure; he behaved to such rather as if he courted their society, than as if they could be bettered by his patronage. He often found out some polite excuse for refusing to take payment for his lectures, and steadily refused to accept a fee from any student; a custom which, we believe, has become naturalized at Edinburgh from the date of Cullen.'—pp. 210, 211.

Nothing can be more exactly and neatly expressed than the following brief view of Cullen's celebrated theory, and its merits:—

'He considers the human body as a combination of animated organs, regulated by the laws, not of inanimate matter, but of life, and superintended by an immaterial principle, acting wisely, but necessarily, for the general health, correcting deviations, and supplying deficiencies, not from a knowledge and a choice of the means, but through a pre-established relation between the changes produced, and the motions required for the restoration of health. This principle, in its various ramifications, governed every part of his theory of medicine. The action or the torpor of the extreme arteries chiefly influenced the motions which the living principle regulated.

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'The system of Cullen is combined with so much judgment that it fills the mind as one whole; nothing seems wanting, and nothing redundant. He has amply succeeded, at all events, in accomplishing that which he professed to be his principal aim, the improvement of the judgment: *this* should be the principal aim of every method of teaching; and when the judgment is once matured, the student may be safely allowed to pursue alone the *eclectic* path, unfettered by any of those exclusive and domineering guides, who literally represent the blind conducting the blind. Cullen was in the habit of repeating, "*there must be a tub to amuse the whale,*" and the history of medicine, in every age and country, amply confirms his application of the adage. His doctrine, modified by Brown and Pinel, has made the tour of Europe, but few of his imitators or detractors have imitated the sagacity which he displayed in searching out the indications of cure and the enlightened scepticism with which he examined the chaos of materia medica.'—pp. 212, 213.

Dr. William Hunter's life affords our author an opportunity of giving some historical remarks on the practice of midwifery in this country. He says—

'Mawbray seems to have been the first teacher of obstetrics in London. He was lecturing in 1725, and established a lying-in hospital, to which students were admitted. The Chamberlains followed him—a family which professed to possess a better method of treating difficult labours than was known to others, and maintained a sort of mystery as to their instruments. This pretension was imitated by others. Smellie gave a new dignity to the subject by his talents and his lessons; although he is accused by a rival of advertising to teach the whole science in four lectures, and of hanging out a paper lantern, inscribed with the economical invitation, "*Midwifery is taught here for five shillings.*"'—p. 118.

The abilities and character of Dr. Hunter certainly contributed very much to raise the class of practitioners to which he belonged, to that degree of consideration which they have, in latter times, very well maintained. The literary contributions of Dr. Hunter consist of—

'Several Essays to the Philosophical Transactions, and to the *Medical Observations and Inquiries*, published by the Medical Society of London.

In one of these, he had the merit of first describing the *varicose aneurism*. In his work, entitled *Medical Commentaries*, we find him warmly engaged in controversy, and principally in a dispute with the eminent Monro, of Edinburgh, respecting his claims to certain discoveries—particularly the origin and use of the lymphatic vessels. The eagerness of the contending parties in this discussion was very natural, when the interest and honour of the discovery are considered. The title of William Hunter is now generally conceded. It is chiefly to his exertions, and to those of his pupils, Hewson, Shelden, and Cruikshank, combined with those of Mascagni, in Italy, that we are indebted for the complete examination and history of that system of vessels. Blumenbach awards this palm to William Hunter, and few will be disposed to contest his decisions on such subjects.

Dr. Hunter was not a man of ardent temperament; but he was, our author says, and the reader's attention is earnestly invited to the judicious observation—

'Highly useful in his generation; and he is one of many proofs of the eminence and importance to which a good understanding, a ready perception, and a retentive memory, may conduct the man who commences life with very few other possessions.'—pp. 127, 128.

Dr. Warren's life offers little of interest, and we are the less disposed to commemorate departed virtues and abilities, which are so well depicted in a living representative—his son. The lives of Drs. Baillie and Jenner, it has been already our melancholy pleasure minutely to trace.

It would be impossible to rise from the study of Dr. Parry's life, without a due sense of the great value of perseverance and assiduity in every calling. This gentleman was a celebrated Bath physician. Pursuing his professional studies with enthusiasm, and conscious of his claims to the confidence of the public, young Parry exhibited some signs of impatience at the slow progress which he was making in practice. The kind admonitions of a friend consoled and supported him, and he lived to enjoy the profits of early attention to wise counsel. Dr. Denman was this friend, and one of his letters is so replete with practical wisdom, that it may be well expected to extend its beneficial influence beyond the mere individual to whom it was addressed.

'"Since the time of your first settling at Bath, I have ever borne in mind the wish to serve you if an opportunity offered. There have been very few, but I have mentioned you to several who have come down. I am not surprised that you find your receipts come in slowly at present, but all young practitioners think, when they set up their standard, that the world should immediately flock to it, and they are generally disturbed when they find the contrary. But all business is progressive, and the steps now taken may be so calculated as to produce their effect ten years hence. There must be a vacancy before we can get into business, and when there is, the competition must be equal in many points, as age or standing, character for knowledge, industry or readiness to exert our knowledge for the

good of our patients, moral qualities, and the like. On the whole, I do not know what any man can do to get patients, but to qualify himself for business, and then to introduce himself to the notice of those who are likely to employ him. But it is hard to say, on what hinge this matter may turn, as I see men, in great business, of every disposition, or turn of conduct, and with very different degrees of knowledge, and some, I think, with very little, but with great appearance of it. What is very hard, and yet I know two or three instances of it, is, that a man shall be esteemed as a friend, acknowledged to be a man of parts, but none of his friends think of employing him in his profession. This I can hardly explain, unless by the old observation, 'he is too good a poet to be a good physician.' You have judged very wisely in getting appointed to the charity. It must do some good, though hardly ever so much as is expected from it. I know not why the late Dr. Fothergill said it was a bad thing. With all that can be done, the progress of business must be slow, and may depend upon circumstances which no man can command; but whatever happens, it is a point both of wisdom to the world, and justice to one's self, not to be put out of humour."'—pp. 279, 280.

Dr. Parry was a very distinguished contributor to scientific literature, and paid great attention to agriculture.

We come now to the record of a very singular person, whose morbid feelings, induced by natural weakness of body, throw a sort of romantic air about his character. We allude to Dr. Gooch, whose unobtrusive merits as a physician, have only been just brought to our recollection by their loss. He was a native of Yarmouth, and was destined early for the profession. Of his boyhood, he himself has left a desultory account; but the influence of his imagination at that period may be estimated by an anecdote which he relates.

'From the age of fifteen to twenty-one I was an apprentice to a country surgeon, and when I had nothing else to do, no pills to roll, nor mixtures to compose, I used, by the advice of my master, to go up into my bed-room, and there, with Cheselden before me, learn the anatomy of the bones by the aid of some loose ones, together with a whole articulated skeleton, which hung up in a box at the foot of my bed. It was some time before I overcame the awe with which I used to approach this formidable personage. At first, even by daylight, I liked to have some one in the room during my interviews with him; and at night, when I laid down in my bed and beheld the painted door which inclosed him, I was often obliged to make an effort to think of something else. One summer night, at my usual hour of retiring to rest, I went up to my bed-room, it was in the attic story, and overlooked the sea, not a quarter of a mile off. It was a bright moonlight night, the air was sultry; and after undressing I stood for some time at my window, looking out on the moonlight sea, and watching a white sail which now and then passed. I shall never have such another bed-room, so high up, so airy, and commanding such a prospect; or, probably, even if I had, it would never again look so beautiful, for then was the spring-time of my life, when the gloss of novelty was fresh on all the objects which surrounded me, and I looked with unmingled hope upon the distant world. Now—but I am rambling from

my story. I went to bed, the moonlight which fell bright into my room showed me distinctly the panelled door, behind which hung my silent acquaintance; I could not help thinking of him—I tried to think of something else, but in vain. I shut my eyes, and began to forget myself, when, whether I was awake or asleep, or between both, I cannot tell—but suddenly I felt two bony hands grasp my ancles, and pull me down the bed; if it had been real it could not have been more distinct. For some time, how long I cannot tell, I almost fainted with terror, but when I came to myself, I began to observe how I was placed: if what I had felt had been a reality, I must have been pulled halfway out of the bed, but I found myself lying with my head on my pillow, and my body in the same place and attitude as when I shut my eyes to go to sleep. At this moment this is the only proof which I have that it was not a reality, but a dream. —pp. 306, 307.

Gooch was not long freed from his apprenticeship, when he gave proofs of a constitutional melancholy which pursued him to his grave. He qualified himself, however, for his profession with zeal and diligence, and ultimately set up as a practitioner in Aldermanbury. Being appointed physician to the Westminster Lying-in Hospital, the usual consequence of such a distinction—business, followed. His prospects were now cheerful, and he did not allow his fancy to overcast them with shadows.

In 1816, whilst on a professional visit to Ramsgate, he was first seized with a disorder in his stomach which ultimately triumphed over his life. Our author tells us that the stimulus of increasing reputation very much tended to retard the fatal progress of the disease, and in two years afterwards we find Gooch expatiating on the promises that were before him.

In 1820 he lost his son, a boy about five years old, and upon that calamity we have the following affecting letter:—

' "There is only one subject I can talk to you about, and that is my boy; he is always in our thoughts. Southey, in 'Roderick,' gives the recipe for grief with a truth which shews he has tried it, and found its efficacy—religion and strenuous exertion. Whoever says, that the latter is the chief, says false, for the former affords support when the mind is incapable of exertion; it tranquillizes in moments which exertion cannot reach, and is not only not the least, but the best of the two. When we went down to Croydon to deposit our dear boy in my little tenement there, you will easily believe that I approached the town and entered the churchyard with strange feelings: ten years back I had visited this spot to lay a wife and a child in the same tomb; since then I have recovered from my grief, and had formed new affections, had had them wounded as bitterly as the former, and was now approaching the same spot again on a similar, and as poignant an occasion. The scene was singularly instructive, it cried out with a voice, which I heard to my centre, of the endurableness and curability of grief—of the insecurity of every thing—the transcience of life—the rapid and inevitable current with which we are all hurrying on; and it asked me, how I could fear to submit to that state into which so many whom I had dearly loved had already passed before me? You

will be interested to know the state of the contents of the tomb after the lapse of so many years; both the coffins looked as if they had been deposited yesterday, as clean, as dry, as firm: if they could have been opened, I have little doubt the bodies would have been found in proper form, though changed. I added my beloved boy to its former inhabitants, and then asked myself, who goes next."

'Within ten years,' continues our biographer, 'he was himself deposited in the same spot. The death of his favourite child and his own ill health naturally directed Gooch's thoughts more and more to the subject of religion. Like many wise and truly pious men, he had at times misgivings with regard to the efficacy of his own faith: one night, soon after the funeral, when he had been harassed by doubts, praying fervently for their removal, and in a very excited state of mind longing for the apparition of his boy, he fell asleep, thinking, that if such a vision should be vouchsafed him, he could never doubt again. The dream which followed is not the less striking because it may be reasonably explained by the state of his mind and body at the time.—He thought his child appeared, and told him, that although his prayers had been heard, and a spirit was allowed to visit him, still, that he would not be satisfied, but would consider it merely as a dream; adding, he who will not believe Moses and the prophets, will not believe though one comes from the dead. Here he awoke, and afterwards related the dream to several of his friends. At this time Gooch read a good deal of theology, and his letters and conversation showed how much his mind was occupied with this subject.'—pp. 327—329.

We conclude with the following just summary of Gooch's merits:

'On the 16th of February, 1830, he breathed his last. Enough has been stated in this brief memoir to show that Robert Gooch was no ordinary man. During a short life, embittered by almost constant illness, he succeeded in attaining to great eminence in his profession, and left behind him valuable contributions to medical knowledge. His Essay on the Plague settled the question of the contagious nature of that disease, at least for the present generation; and, when the same controversy shall be again revived (for medical as well as theological heresies spring up again after the lapse of a few generations), will furnish facts and arguments for the confutation of future anticontagionists. The paper on Anatomy in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1830, which bears internal marks of being his, and must of course, have been dictated from his death-bed, has placed the question in a right point of view, by proving that it is the interest of the public rather than of the medical profession, that the impediments to the study of that science should be removed. His book *On the Diseases peculiar to Women*, is the most valuable work on that subject in any language; the chapters on puerperal fever and puerperal madness, are probably the most important additions to practical medicine of the present age.'—pp. 340, 341.

In our progress through the lives which form the contents of this little book, we have been struck with the uniformity with which benevolence forms a leading feature, sooner or later, in the character of each of these distinguished physicians—a proof how much the virtues and exalted feelings of our nature are the result

of cultivation. The man who for twenty or thirty years bends all the energies of his mind to the alleviation of human suffering, acquires an inveterate habit of sympathizing in the calamities of others, which will more or less govern the chief actions of his life, but will particularly actuate him in that moment when every counter influence springing from worldly views is nearly paralized. Hence, even where a physician does not mark the years of his life with acts of beneficence, he will always be sure to try and expiate this violation of his duty, as he must think it, by the splendour of his posthumous charity. Few of them, too, have played their parts in the domestic world without meriting approbation, and causing their loss to be felt in a very different manner from that in which such casualties are generally regarded. Shall it be said, then, that the lives of such men, represented by the combined judgment, talent, and experience, of one of their own honourable fraternity, are not worthy of being made the subject of perusal by every person who has the laudable ambition to deserve the friendship of his fellow men whilst living, and to deserve their sorrow when he dies?

NOTICES.

Art. XI.—*Reflections on the Nullity of the Elective Franchise.* By a Freeholder. pp. 24. London: Gilbert and Rivington. 1830.

Our author seems to be firmly persuaded that the actual government of this country is neither in the possession of King, Lords, or Commons, but that it is clandestinely wielded by an oligarchical party, described by him with something like the periphrastic ambiguity of the Apocalypse. However, without entering into the question, as to the existence or omnipotence of such a party, we are very well satisfied that his remedy will do no harm —and, as he confines himself to a strong admonition, addressed to the electors of Great Britain, to be most scrupulously vigilant in selecting none but proper persons to fill the office of member of parliament, we heartily join the author in his appeal, and wish it may succeed.

Art. XII.—*Anti Draco: or Reasons for abolishing the Punishment of Death in Cases of Forgery.*—By a Barrister of the Middle Temple.—pp. 49. London: Ridgway. 1830.

The arguments which a sound judgment and a humane mind would suggest for the abolition of capital punishment in cases of Forgery, are in this excellent pamphlet urged with great force and eloquence. Upon all impartial persons this brief but pithy piece of reasoning must make a powerful impression—and we shall be much surprised if the more active portion of the philanthropic body who have been labouring in the same vineyard with our author, will not see the policy of assisting in the diffusion of sentiments so temperately, yet so strikingly expressed.

ART. XIII.—*A Guide and Pocket Companion through Italy, &c.* By W. Cathcart Boyd, M.D.

MR. BOYD was induced to prepare this volume, he says, from having practically experienced the defects of all former works, which purport to be guides to Italy. The present performance excludes much of those descriptions of architectural and pictorial beauty, which our author declares are not only imperfect, but useless; since catalogues, to be had for a trifle, are always to be obtained in the towns where those treasures are to be seen. Mr. Boyd, perhaps, has not calculated how much the aggregate of these trifles would amount to in the end, and therefore he leaves the question still open as to the convenience of making a guide book so complete as that it will supersede the necessity, on the part of the traveller, of purchasing catalogues, or other local registers. This work, however, seems compiled with great care, and will be found to embrace a most useful collection of practical information for the service of the tourist.

ART. XIV.—*The Suttee, or the Hindoo Converts; a Novel.* By Mrs. General Mainwaring, author of Moscow, &c. 3 vols. Newman and Co. 1830.

THE very amiable object of this animated and graceful writer in composing these volumes, would at once disarm criticism, if she were in a condition to stand in need of indulgence. Many as have been the public efforts to rouse the immediate Government of India to interpose and save the Hindoo population from the horrors of a savage superstition, we do not know that any great permanent amelioration has yet been attained. The East India Company have done no more, we believe, than modify the dreadful ceremony itself; but they have hitherto succeeded to a very trifling extent indeed, in impressing the Hindoos with a sense of the wickedness of the immolation. Perhaps before any important step shall be taken for this purpose, public opinion here must be strongly expressed, and before that is the case, opinion must be strongly felt. We have some expectation that works like the one before us, carrying impressive scenes and affecting incidents into the bosom of society, will do much towards the formation of that great moral revolution which, when once it has ripened in a nation on any question, becomes absolutely irresistible. Those who do not anticipate that their sympathies will be so powerfully interested in the Hindoo population by these volumes, may count on finding in them all the attractions of an original romance.

ART. XV.—*Donoghue, Prince of Killarney, a Poem in Seven Cantos.* By Hannah Maria Bourke. pp. 284. Dublin: Curry and Co. 1830.

AN obvious votary of the poetical school of Sir Walter Scott, Miss Bourke seeks by the plan, the machinery and metre of the Lady of the Lake, to celebrate the exquisite beauties of the Lakes of Killarney. An interesting tale forms the plot of her poem, which affords numerous opportunities for our authoress to indulge her vivid fancy and to display her power of copious expression. Those who know how to enjoy happy representations of picturesque scenery, and the contemplation of ancient and simple manners, will find a treat in this little work.

Art. XVI.—*Rudiments of Mineralogy, designed for young persons, &c.* By Mary Anne Venning. pp. 167. London: Harvey and Darton. 1830.

Miss Venning is by no means an unimportant member of that very distinguished and, we are happy to add, now numerous class of our fair countrywomen who have accomplished, and are doing so much to smoothen the path of scientific knowledge to the means of acquisition possessed by the tender youth of both sexes. The department she has chosen is certainly very far from being that which requires the least labour and ingenuity in rendering it simple and intelligible, so unaccountably pertinacious are our scientific men in retaining their partiality for derivatives from the dead languages. Difficult, however, as the task is, Miss Venning has done a great deal towards its execution, and by that peculiar mode of instruction which is made to assume the disguise of recreation, she has rendered the whole mysteries of the mineral kingdom capable of being appreciated by a child. The figures are numerous and well done.

Art. XVII.—*Observations on an Article in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, on the Public Schools of England.—Eton.* B. Etonensis. pp. 32.

This is a sensible defence of Eton school, against some sweeping charges which have lately appeared against it. The author is not a blind idol of Alma mater, but admits some of its glaring imperfections, wishes them to be removed, but ultimately he places the institution in a very different light from that in which the reviewer would have us regard it.

Art. XVIII.—*Narrative of a Residence in Algiers: Biographical Sketches of the Dey and his Ministers, &c.* By Signor Pananti, with Notes by E. Blacquiere. Second Edition. 4to. London: Colburn and Bentley.

The interest which the French expedition to Algiers confers upon that place at the present moment, justifies us in calling the attention of our readers to this valuable publication, which will afford every facility towards the easy understanding of the progress which the French have made in their attack on that strong hold of barbarism.

Art. XIX.—*The Senate: a Poem.* 12mo. Part I.—The Lords. London: pp. 43. Bull. 1830.

Forcible and harmonious numbers, that savour of the classic times of our poetry, distinguish this clever little piece. We should really like to see the author expand his wings in a sphere where his flights may not be restrained by the Usher of the Black Rod.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

His Majesty prorogued the Parliament on the 23d ultimo in person, when he delivered a speech characterized by a frank and cordial spirit. In uttering the following paragraph, all witnesses agree that his Majesty expressed himself with the energy of a sincere and resolute mind:—
"While I declare, on this solemn occasion, my fixed intention to main-

tain, to the utmost of my power, the Protestant reformed religion established by law, let me at the same time express my earnest hope, that the animosities which have prevailed on account of religious distinctions may be forgotten; and that the decision of parliament with respect to those distinctions having been irrevocably pronounced, my faithful subjects will unite with me in advancing the great object contemplated by the legislature, and in promoting that spirit of domestic concord and peace, which constitutes the surest basis of our national strength and happiness."

The model of a very curious improvement on the suspension rail way, is now exhibited at Charing Cross. The inventor, Mr. Dick, informs us, that the advantages of his discovery are these,—the rail way being carried in a given direction, the land under it may be cultivated as usual. The expense will not amount to half that of constructing a rail way on the ground;—the velocity for mail carriages may be expected to be about 50 or 60 miles an hour, and for vans and waggons 20 or 30 miles an hour; so that we may expect one of these days to find Brighton about as near as Chelsea now is to London.

A very just impression is now entertained by the prescribing part of the medical profession, that many drugs and preparations, particularly those of great energy, are very much adulterated, so as to interfere very considerably with the management of disease. An Edinburgh physician positively states, that out of twenty-four specimens of hydriodate of potash, (a medicine of great value,) two only were pure. Some of the others were only half the real article.

On the fifth of July the Swiss Diet opened, when the president made a speech, from which we gather that Switzerland is still the country of simple happiness.—He says, "our country continues to enjoy in tranquillity and liberty, its unostentatious happiness. Much has been effected for the schools and the establishments for public education. Brotherly associations, founded on the principle of mutual assistance, without desire of gain, secure to the industrious citizen and farmer, their property, whilst they afford consolation and relief to the aged and infirm, to the widow and orphan. Our workmen subsist on an economical use of the fruits of their daily labours. In spite of our limited resources, economy and management enable us to undertake works conducive to the general good. Charity alleviates misfortunes, under whatever form they may exist. The two churches (Catholic and Protestant) in friendly neighbourhood, zealously inculcate those precepts of the divine revelation which contain eternal truths, and are the only solid basis of all good."

On the same day, (July 5,) Hushein, Dey of Algiers, ceased to reign, that city having surrendered to the French arms. Among the captives delivered to the conqueror, were some who had been nearly thirty years in captivity. They were horribly mutilated by the barbarians, who made them endure dreadful torments.

In a report recently received from Captain Stirling, governor of the Swan River Colony, he states that it was much inconvenienced by the number of emigrants that had flocked to it. Persons, he said, came to Swan River without having the mental enterprise or physical strength requisite to overcome the difficulties which oppose every new settlement. "Instead, therefore," says the Captain, "of encouraging emigration to this quarter, discourage it, for the parties who come out are only likely to find the distress aggravated, under which they may be suffering at home."

A carriage road is now being made over Mount St. Gothard, so that the expense of conveying a carriage over that mountain, which used to be twenty pounds, will now be reasonable.

Mr. Haydon, the artist, a short time since, applied for his discharge from the Insolvent Debtors' Court. His application was granted after a full hearing, the Court being of opinion that no blame was attachable to him for not being able to satisfy his creditors.

Dr. Siebold, the celebrated naturalist, has returned to Antwerp, after having spent a toilsome time at Japan in search of plants. He brings home 118 chests of specimens, which are said to possess extraordinary medicinal virtues.

The number of insane persons in England and Wales, according to the last parliamentary return, is 9239, to which should be added the numbers in public or private asylums, which amount to 3466 more. The whole number, then, including those of the Army and Navy, makes a total of 13,665.

Oxford, 25th July.—GOLD MEDALS.—English prose.—"On the necessity of Moral Courage in the Conduct of Life." Palmer.—Latin verse. "Pharos Edystonia." Fellowes.—SILVER MEDALS. "T. Quinctii Oratio ad Populum Romanum." Gunner.—"Lord Erskine's Speech upon the Prosecution of the *Age of Reason*." Butler.

Mr. Britton has announced a Dictionary of the Architecture, and Archoology of the middle ages.

The following suggestions just issued by the Parliamentary Committee on the state of the working classes, are of such importance as to impose it on all persons having the means of publicity, as a duty to disseminate them.

"Your committee now proceed to state an outline of the plan they have considered, which they think may be gradually introduced so as to lessen the evils arising from the fluctuation of employment in manufacturing districts, viz.:—

"That societies should be formed in manufacturing districts, called Employment Fund Societies, of which workmen of any trades or employments might become members.

"That the management of the society and its funds should be directed, according to the rules, by such a committee or such persons as the members should elect.

"That each member, whilst in work, should contribute weekly or monthly a certain amount to the society.

"That if a member discontinue his payments for two months he shall be allowed, on paying a forfeit, to take his place again without loss; and so with an increased amount of forfeits for suspensions of payments for three, four, or five months. That six months' suspension forfeits to the society his share of its funds.

"That illness, with a certificate satisfactory to the committee, shall be a good excuse for the suspension of payments; and such a person shall incur no forfeit on resuming them.

"That the amount of contributions of each person shall stand in his name, and shall not be drawn out, except during his want of employment.

"That during want of work, each member shall have a right to such weekly (or daily) allowance as may be fixed by the rules, and which will continue till his share of the fund is exhausted.

"That no such payment shall take place when it can be proved to the

committee that he can then earn one third (or any other proportion agreed upon) more than the fixed allowance.

"That when the share standing in a member's name shall amount to (say two) years' contributions, he may be at liberty to suspend his contributions, and be a free member; but should it be brought below that amount, he is to resume them.

"That when a member's share at the annual meeting amounts to (say three) years' contributions, he may, on notice, withdraw one half, and resume his contributions; and so in the following years, a cautionary balance of a year and half's contribution, at least, always remaining as a fund for his use.

"That on the death of any member, his share shall be paid to his family or representatives, except a certain portion to be deducted for the general fund of the society.

"That a member changing his place of residence, shall be permitted to transmit his share of the fund to any similar society established in or near the place he is going to.

"That the funds of the society shall be vested in government securities through the medium of a savings' bank,

"That once or twice a year, a meeting or audit of accounts shall take place, when the amount arising from forfeits, deaths, interest, &c., shall be cast up, and the whole divided in proportion to the share then standing in each member's name, and such dividend shall be added to his share.

"That any member may pay his contributions in a lump beforehand.

"That any member may have a single, double, or treble share, contributing in like proportion, being entitled to receive on each accordingly; and having one, two, or three votes, as the case may be.

"That the society shall have all the legal facilities and privileges (applicable to their case) which are given to Benefit Societies and Savings' Banks, conferred upon them by act of Parliament."

Recent accounts from Sicily inform us of the destruction of eight villages, by a terrific eruption of Mount Etna.

New editions of Erpenius's Arabic and Michaelis's Syriac Grammars have issued from the press of the Propoganda at Rome. The editor is probably our countryman, Dr. Wiseman.

A very curious work is speedily to be published. It is an English translation, by Sir A. Croke, of a Latin poem, addressed to Robert of Normandy, on the Preservation of Health.

A Geographical and Topographical work on the Canadas, and the other British North American Provinces, with extensive Maps, by Lieut.-Col. Bauchette, the Surveyor-General of Lower Canada, is, we understand, now in the press, and the maps under the hands of eminent engravers. This is the second work that will have been produced by the same author on the topography of those colonies. The first (dedicated, by special permission, to his late Majesty when Prince Regent) was published in 1815, and is to this day considered a work of high authority.

Lady Morgan has just committed to the press her new work on "*France in* 1829-30," containing the substance of her journal kept during her late residence in that country, comprising remarks on its present most interesting and momentous state, its society, politics, literature, arts, its eminent and celebrated persons of both sexes, with the striking changes which have taken place in all within the last fourteen years, and which

render the *France of* 1829-30 *another* than the *France of* 1816, when Lady Morgan produced her first work on the same subject. Editions are to be published simultaneously in London and Paris.

Mr. Trimmer, a practical agriculturist, gives us, from his own observations, the following account of the French shepherd and his dogs:

'Intelligent, faithful, and diligent, he watches his sheep day and night; never absent from them, he is part and parcel of his flock. By day he patiently tends them, to pick over the scanty stubbles in the open field-state of the country, amidst the numerous small intermixed properties, whilst his light well-trained dogs are employed for useful, not abusive purposes. Of these he has generally three, an old, a middle-aged, and a young one in training. The old dog takes his station, lying down with a watchful eye over any trespassers, whilst the middle-aged and active dog frequently canters to and fro, at the extreme boundaries between the patches of lucern, or clover, as if kept in motion by clock-work, silent in tongue, and the whelp is either held in a string, or keeps close to his master's heels, to obey him. If he wants to examine the sheep, his steady dogs gather them together, whilst he walks in the midst of them. When he wishes to remove them from place to place, they follow him obediently, whilst he, perhaps, holds an ashen bough in his hand, with which at other times he occasionally feeds them, and the dogs walk silently behind, or even as I have frequently seen them, close to his heels, at the head of the sheep, without alarming them. His nightly residence is a small cot, drawn upon wheels, under which his dogs lie, to give him alarm in case of the wolf's approach. From this he rises almost at midnight, to change the fold! The reason assigned for it is, that half the day's fold is sufficient for the land. A far better, I believe, would be, that it is all they can allow it. Mid-day and mid-night are the times spoken of for changing the fold, but two o'clock in the afternoon, and the same hour again in the morning, is, I believe, the usual practice. The sheep are brought out very early, folded in the middle of the day, and again taken to feed till dusk in the evening, which on those dry arable soils, and even hot climate, is not prejudicial to them, as the folds are set out at large.'

Several French naturalists accompanied the expedition to Algiers, to render as far as possible the triumphs of war subservient to the arts of peace.

In the Press.—The Heiress of Bruges.—Midsummer Medley.—Separation.—Life of George the Fourth.—Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption.—Munro's Correspondence.—Travels to the Seat of War in the East.—History of the Netherlands.—Northcote's Conversations.—Irish Pulpit (second series).—The Martyr of Prusa.—Finnelly on the Law of Elections.—Illustrations of the Bible, by Mr. Martin.—The Alexandrians.—Sir William Betham on the Dignities, &c. of Parliament.—Chattaway's Sketch of the Damnonii.—Dr. Hunter on Harrowgate Springs.—A History of the County Palatine of Lancaster, by Edward Baines, Esq., author of the "History of George the Third." and of the "Topography of Lancashire," &c. In monthly parts.—No. I. of Views in India, from Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. Each Number will contain three highly-finished engravings, with descriptive letter-press.—Dr. Jamieson has nearly ready for publication, The Elements of Algebra, comprising Simple and Quadratic Equations, designed as an Introduction to Bland's Algebraitical Problems. A Key to the above is also in the press, in which the Solutions to all the Questions will be worked at full length.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

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